July 13, 1935

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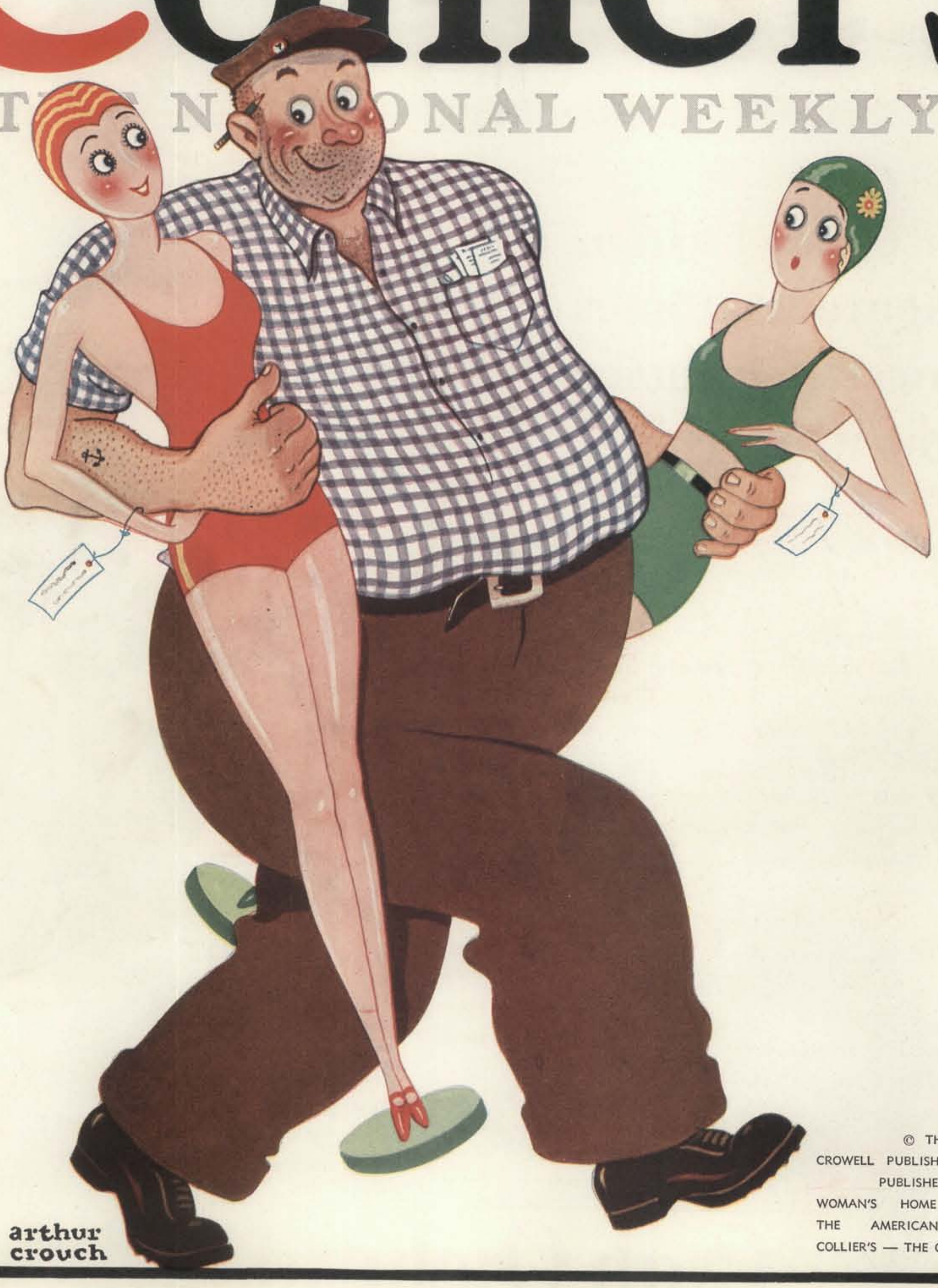
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★



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CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS OF
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
COLLIER'S — THE COUNTRY HOME

The Wizard's Touch **By Clarence Budingto**

July 13, 1935

Straight from old Kentucky comes America's first-choice straight whiskey!

THEY know good whiskey in Kentucky—and that's where Crab Orchard first won its reputation.

Many an old-time plantation owner relished the juleps made with this straight bourbon whiskey, as ruddy as a summer's sunset. But for scores of years it remained a local favorite, little known outside the blue grass country.

Then—after repeal—all America wanted a good old-fashioned Kentucky bourbon—a straight whiskey made the slow, time-honored way. And they wanted it *reasonably priced.*

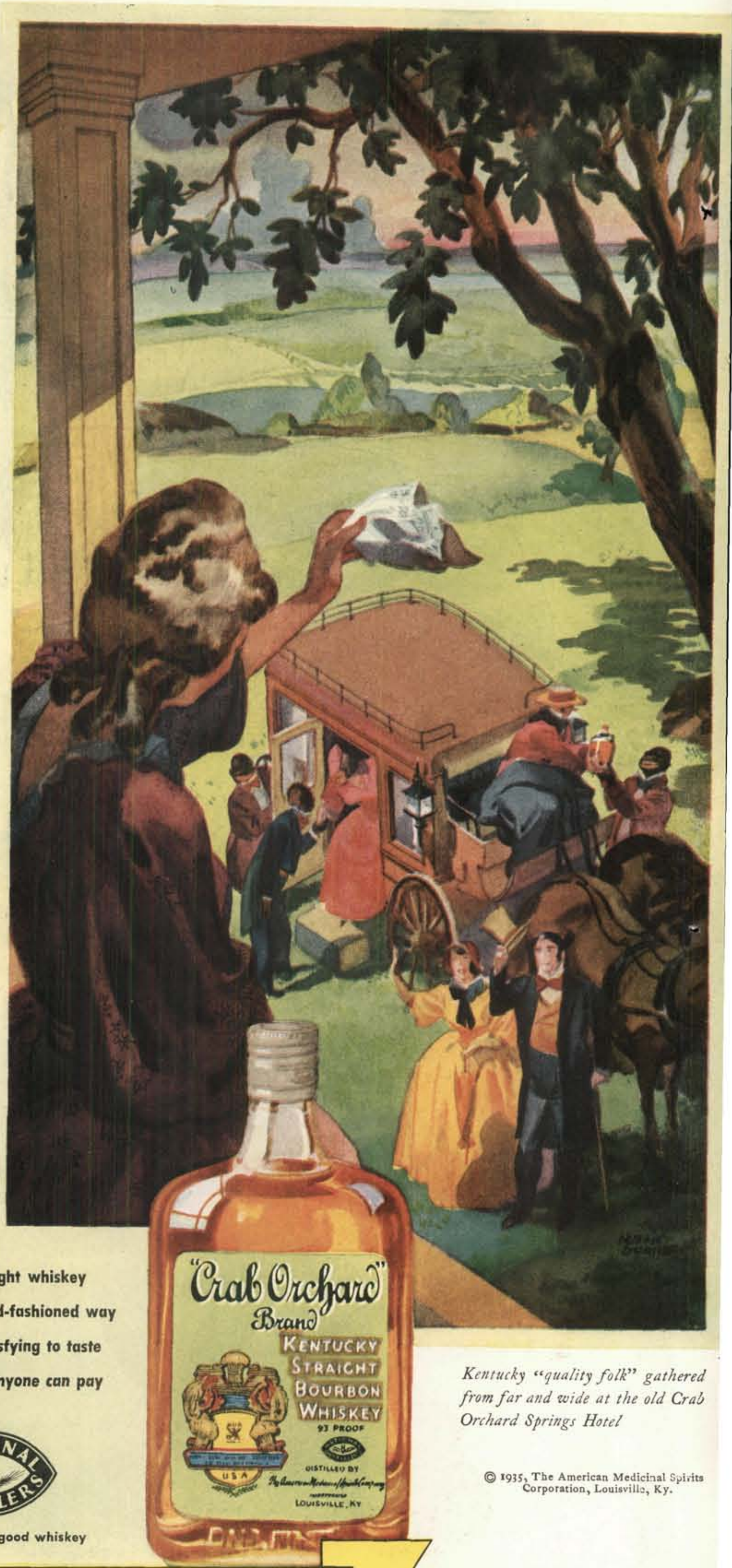
You probably know what happened. Crab Orchard became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey.*

If you haven't tried it, you're missing a treat. It's smooth and mellow—every drop a full year old—and really low-priced!

Kentucky straight whiskey
Made the good old-fashioned way
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a price anyone can pay

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

A good guide to good whiskey



Kentucky "quality folk" gathered from far and wide at the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel

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Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE

WOMEN MADE A FUSS OVER ME"

"It was wonderful to realize that charming women found me interesting . . . wanted to be with me. Always before I had been left out of things . . . the No. 1 wallflower of the town. Could it be that this wonderful change had been brought about by reading a Listerine ad and following its sensible suggestion? There was no other way of accounting for it."

DON'T TAKE A CHANCE

People who are popular . . . men and women who go places and see things . . . make friends and keep them, are almost invariably users of Listerine. They are too sensible to run the risk of having halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault.

Don't take the chance of offending others needlessly. Every morning and every night and between times before business or social engagements, rinse the mouth with Listerine, the pleasant deodorant.

Listerine instantly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles, said by a noted dental authority to be the cause of ninety per cent of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. The breath—in fact the entire mouth—becomes sweet, clean, and wholesome. You're socially acceptable.

Don't rely on ordinary mouth washes which may be devoid of deodorant effect. Use only Listerine which deodorizes longer. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

PUT YOURSELF ON THE SAFE SIDE . . . USE LISTERINE BEFORE MEETING OTHERS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

THE jobless cling tooth and nail to the security of the relief rolls, while the social workers, proffering haphazard work at doubtful wages, bewail the shattering of their customers' morale; the politician makes fine hay in the sunshine of federal funds and the agitator labors against the comfortable apathy of the unemployed. That's the national relief picture today. How will it change when Uncle Sam, his work-relief program under way at last, with jobs for all, hands the whole problem back to the states? This is one of the questions posed in the first of a series of timely articles on America's most important problem by Walter Davenport.

MR. HENRY WITHERSBEE had made two important discoveries. One was the high-tension cocktail that bears his name. The other was that Friend Bertie was in a bad way, needing to be reformed and restored, as it were, to his father's bosom. Well, leave it to Henry. Was it his fault that the twin discoveries became a little confused? Don Marquis, an authority on such matters, writes the story of that magnificent reconciliation. It's called "Bringing Home the Bride," and if you wonder how a bride got into this we recommend your reading it.

WE MAY live in the age of speed, but it's a transient age. In the air, in the water, on the ground, we are daily clipping miles and seconds from records that would have appalled us ten short years ago. Have we reached the limits? The kings of pace don't think so. They say that technical barriers to more speed are steadily being lowered in our laboratories. Quentin Reynolds invites you to take a hair-raising look into the future of man's assault on time and distance.

"THE eyes of the blind need no ointment" is an old Chinese proverb. To James Lee Wong, thinking in American and suave as usual in the face of a missing gold shipment and a poker game far beyond his means, this translated, "It isn't what you look at so much as what you see that counts." And so the mystery of the "Jaybird's Chance," told by Hugh Wiley, was persuaded to unravel itself.

THE Short Short Story is by Edward Shenton. Jean Francis Webb, James Cannon and others contribute stories and articles. Courtney Ryley Cooper brings affairs at Loon Creek nicely to the boiling point, and the realities of life take Kathleen Norris' heroine firmly in hand. An irresistible combination.

This Week

●

July 13, 1935

Cover by Arthur Crouch

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●

Any Week

A LITTLE bad news for Mr. Jack Dempsey to begin with. Mr. Dempsey, who, if your memory is any good at all, is the chap who could lick anyone he could catch, is now the proprietor of a New York restaurant. Kyle Crichton told you all about that in Collier's not long ago. Now comes Mr. Melvin E. Hite of Rawlins, Wyoming, with evil tidings. Mr. Hite is a brakeman. He read Mr. Crichton's piece and then reread it up to where the hat-check girls in Mr. Dempsey's were described as wearing jodhpurs which flared "like a brakeman's ears." Whereupon Mr. Hite wrote to us: "Dempsey should resent your bringing in brakemen's ears for ridicule in describing his place if for no other reason than that brakemen were always his friends. In his time he has ridden more freight trains by being squared by some brakeman than any man in America. If, however, he agrees that a brakeman's ears remind him of a pretty girl's panties, I, who weigh 197 and am five feet eight and a brakeman (with ears), will come to Dempsey's joint and knock his ears down and yours too."

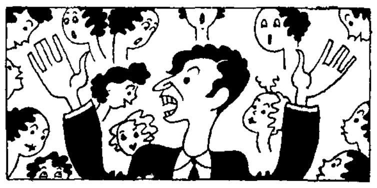
AND here's a share for Peter B. Kyne, whose story, "The Cold Trail," left Mr. R. P. DePue of Edmonds, Washington, that way. The hero of "The Cold Trail," says Mr. DePue, "wired the United States marshal in St. Michael. There is no United States marshal in St. Michael. Also there is not an automobile on the island, and if there was one, there is no road to run it on. Also there is no pavement for a bullet to ping on and—"

BUT we've found the answer in the next letter. Or Mr. Kyne's answer. Miss Florence McNish of Washington, D. C., tells us that on the day following the Supreme Court's demolition of the NRA a beautiful but none too intellectual young man reported for the necessarily light duties he took care of in one of the code authority offices. He hadn't read the papers and apparently hadn't heard anything informative. They told him he was about to become unemployed. "What have I done?" he demanded. "Nothing," they told him, "but the Supreme Court has ruled us out." "Well," said the young fellow, opening his desk, "you can't blame *that* on me."

SOME time ago, in a careless moment, we mentioned the physical beauty of our staff. Mrs. Margaret Humphreville Taylor of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, sniffs. "I feel sorry for those handsome youths in your office," she writes. "I never worked for but one handsome writer and he was messy. And believe me, he ranks ace-high in the profession. I like the fat, pudgy kind." (We keep one of those for such emergencies.) "The one who reads my stories must have lived, loved, suffered, died and been almost buried before he will know I am a find."

IF Mr. Eben G. Klapp of Brownsville, Texas, was forced to make a choice he would much "rather read your editorials than the letters of those who take you to task for what you've written. At least," says Mr. Klapp, "you're enlightened and write coldly and sensibly what you think. As far as I see, your critics write only what they remember of what somebody who doesn't know tells them. You at least study the problem before writing. Not that I always agree with your conclusions, but you give us a square shake at that."

MR. JOE G. MORGENBESSER of Peoria, Illinois, was driving "down-state and ran into a lot of G. O. P. boosters who were getting together to decide what to tell the folks in the interests of next year's election. As far as I could find out," reports Mr. Morgenbesser, "they have decided to make their appeal on the grounds of economy. They are going to attack government spending on public works and relief and I can just see the masses flocking to the polls and voting against relief, can't you?"



BUT all we can think of at the moment is a chain letter we've just received. "When you get this letter," it reads, "send your wife to Reno and instruct your lawyer to send her to the man whose name heads this list. Then, as soon as the divorce is granted, cross off the top name, write your name and address at the bottom and write ten of your friends instructing them to send their wives to Reno. When your name reaches the top of the list you will receive 16,828 wives. This will be very exciting."

THEN WHAT?

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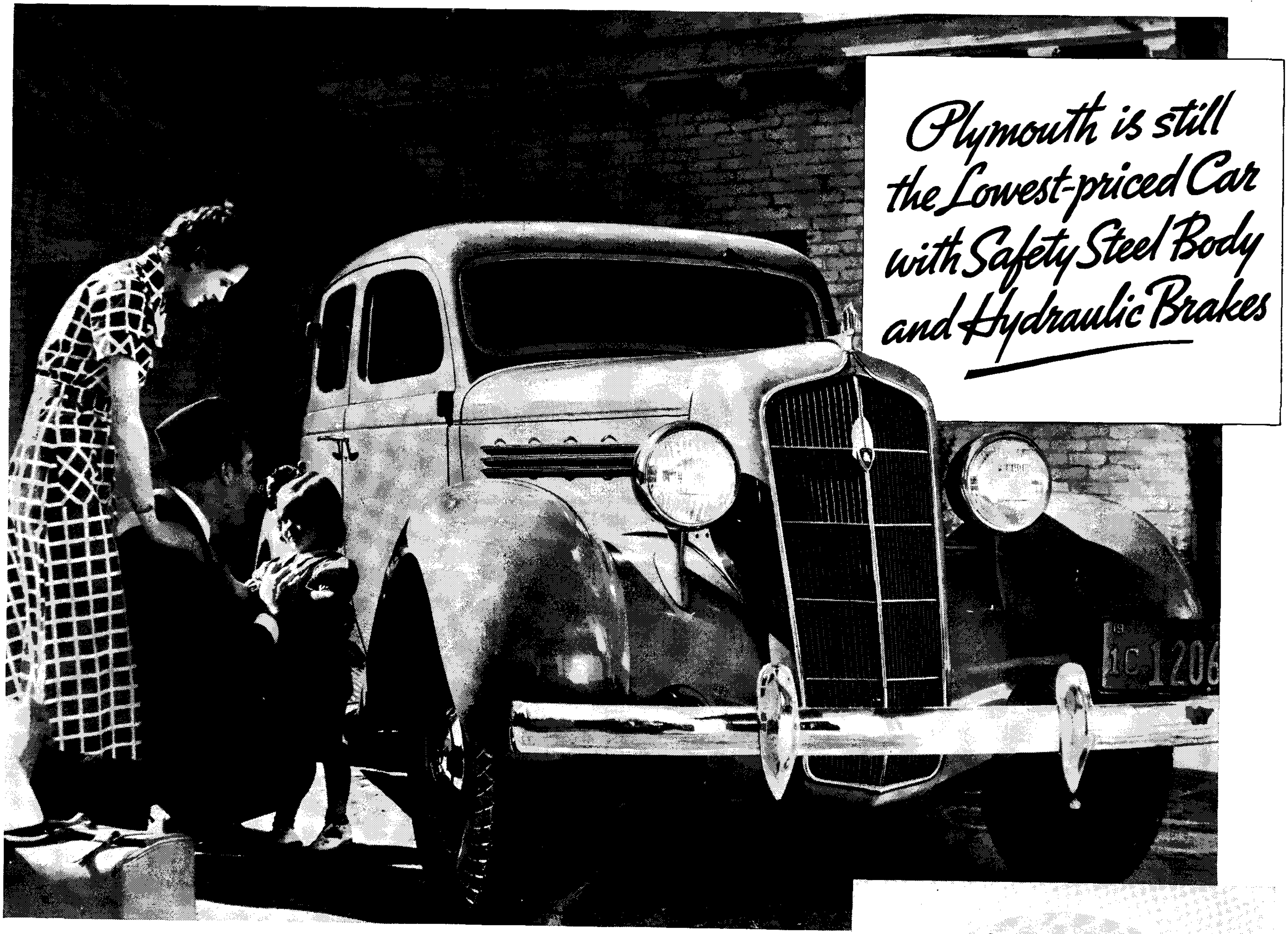
"COME HOME SAFE and SOUND"


Plymouth is still the Lowest-priced Car with Safety Steel Body and Hydraulic Brakes
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More than ever it's important to "Look at All Three"

WHAT WIFE wouldn't rather see her husband drive the safest low-priced car on the road? That's Plymouth.

Because Plymouth has an all-steel body... and genuine hydraulic brakes...that stop you quickly...without swerving. Leading engineers today endorse hydraulic brakes—but Plymouth is still the only one of "All Three" leading low-priced cars to have them.

An all-steel body and hydraulic brakes give you ease of mind. And Plymouth's marvelous "Floating Ride" gives you ease of body.

Scientific weight distribution...new tapered leaf springs...iron out the bumps, so that you seem to *float* over the roughest roads.

Be sure to see this new Plymouth. Be sure to *ride in it* before you buy any low-priced car. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer. (The official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan makes ownership easy!)

Only Plymouth gives you All Four

1. **GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES**
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3. **WEIGHT RE-DISTRIBUTION**
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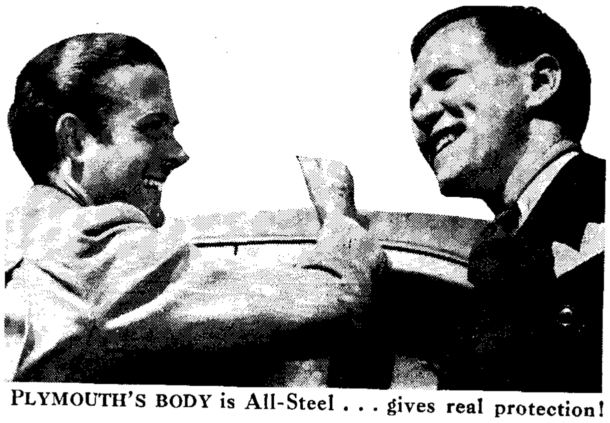
THE SAFEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD are the genuine hydraulic brakes you get on the big, new Plymouth. They're self-equalizing...stop you smoothly...in a straight line...without swerving.

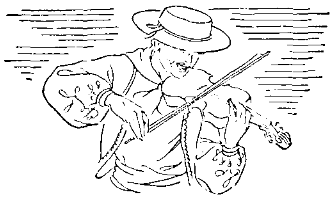


PLYMOUTH'S BODY is All-Steel . . . gives real protection!

PLYMOUTH *Now only* $510 AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT

Special Equipment Extra

New 1936 PHILCO brings you
EVERY BROADCAST SERVICE ON THE AIR

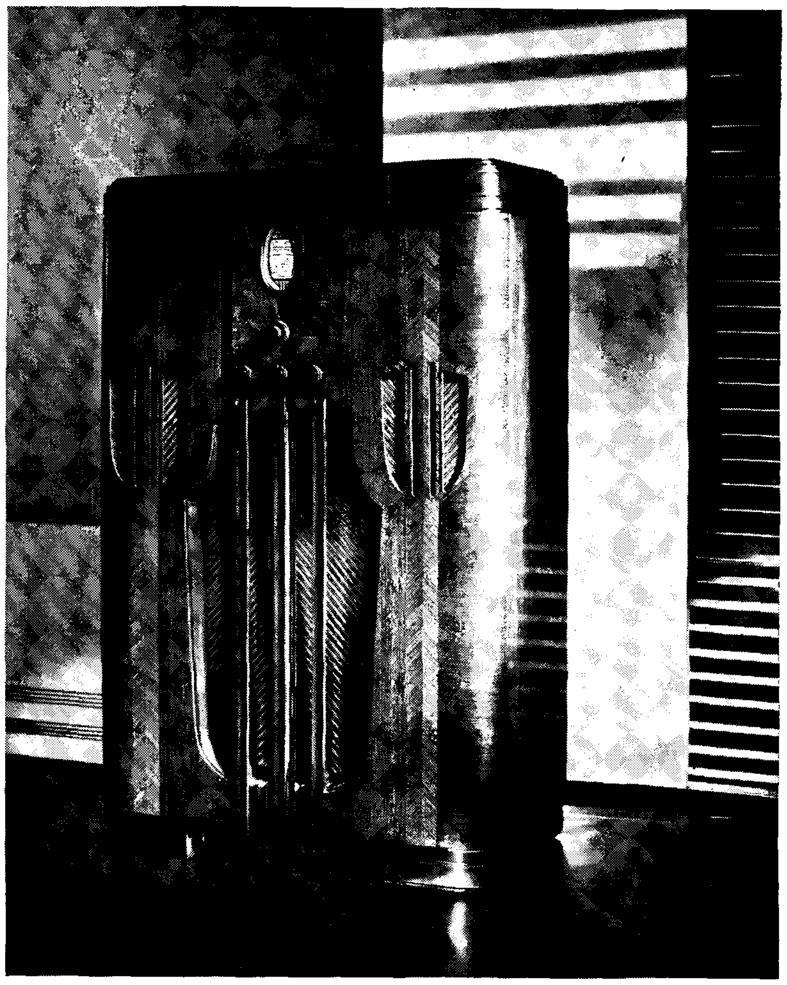


First tune-in a short-wave station in London or Berlin. Instantly you sense the ample reserve of power this Philco 116X possesses . . . power to span oceans and continents . . . power that makes you absolute master of the radio channels of the world.

Now tune an American station on the standard broadcast band. Every voice, every inflection of speech, every musical instrument comes with a tonal perfection new to radio. Here is radio as you have never heard it before . . . as no one ever heard it until Philco perfected its High-Fidelity Reception with extended musical range and a clarity of tone that must be heard to be fully appreciated!

The gossip of the amateurs . . . the stark drama behind a police call . . . the quick interchange of flying data between Air Mail pilots and airports . . . all are an open book when you own a Philco 116X. You can even get the new U. S. Government Weather Forecasts!

Why not discover how much you are missing in radio reception? Your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate this 1936 Philco . . . and explain the new Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.



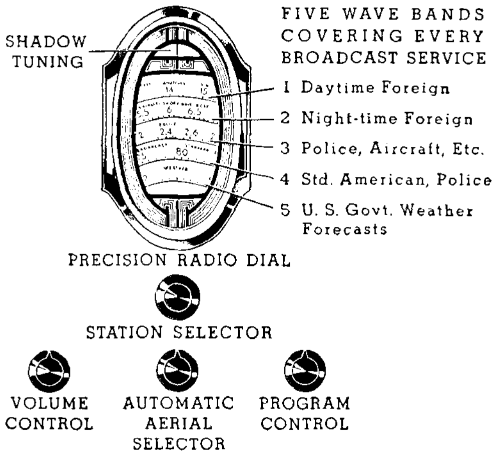
Anton Bruehl

NEW PHILCO 116X . . . $175

WITH PHILCO ALL-WAVE AERIAL . . . $180

Everything you ever wished for in radio! • • • High-Fidelity—Acoustic Clarifiers—Inclined Sounding Board—Wide Angle Sound Diffusion—High-Fidelity Audio Tubes—Two-in-One High-Fidelity Speaker—everything to produce Life-like Tone. • • • Balanced Superheterodyne—Philco High-Efficiency Tubes—Non-Radiating—Noise Excluding—Metal Shielded—Tremendous Power. • • • Every Broadcast Service on the air. U. S. Govt. Weather Forecasts—all American Broadcasts—all Police Calls—all Amateur, Ship and Aircraft Stations—World-Wide Foreign Reception.

PRECISION CONTROL OVER EVERY BROADCAST ON THE AIR

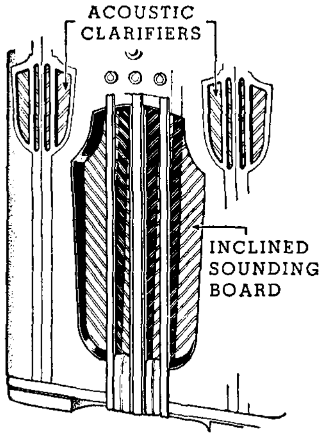


STATION settings are spaced farther apart on the Philco Dial . . . Shadow Tuning shows you visually when each station is tuned-in perfectly . . . the two-speed Station Selector makes tuning easy. The combination gives you the easiest, most precise tuning in all radio.

THE Program Control permits you to adjust the radio to receive each program at its best. Five Points:—Points A and B for music and Point C for speech, from American Stations. Points D and E for Foreign Stations.

THE Automatic Aerial Selector, used with the Philco All-wave Aerial, automatically switches-in the exact electrical values needed to maintain maximum power on each wave band. In effect, five aerials in one!

TRUE, CLEAR, UNDISTORTED PHILCO TONE



THE 116X is a true High-Fidelity instrument, with a vastly extended musical range which brings out the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. High-Fidelity is indispensable for full music appreciation.

CLARITY of tone is equally important. New and exclusive Philco Acoustic Clarifiers automatically prevent unpleasant, barrel-like boom and produce clarity of tone such as you've never heard before.

ALL the extended musical range and clarity of tone created by Philco High-Fidelity and Philco Acoustic Clarifiers are preserved and projected up to ear-level by the large area and slope of the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board.

PHILCO A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

FORTY-THREE MODELS $20 to $600

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO . . . SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR CAR . . . LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

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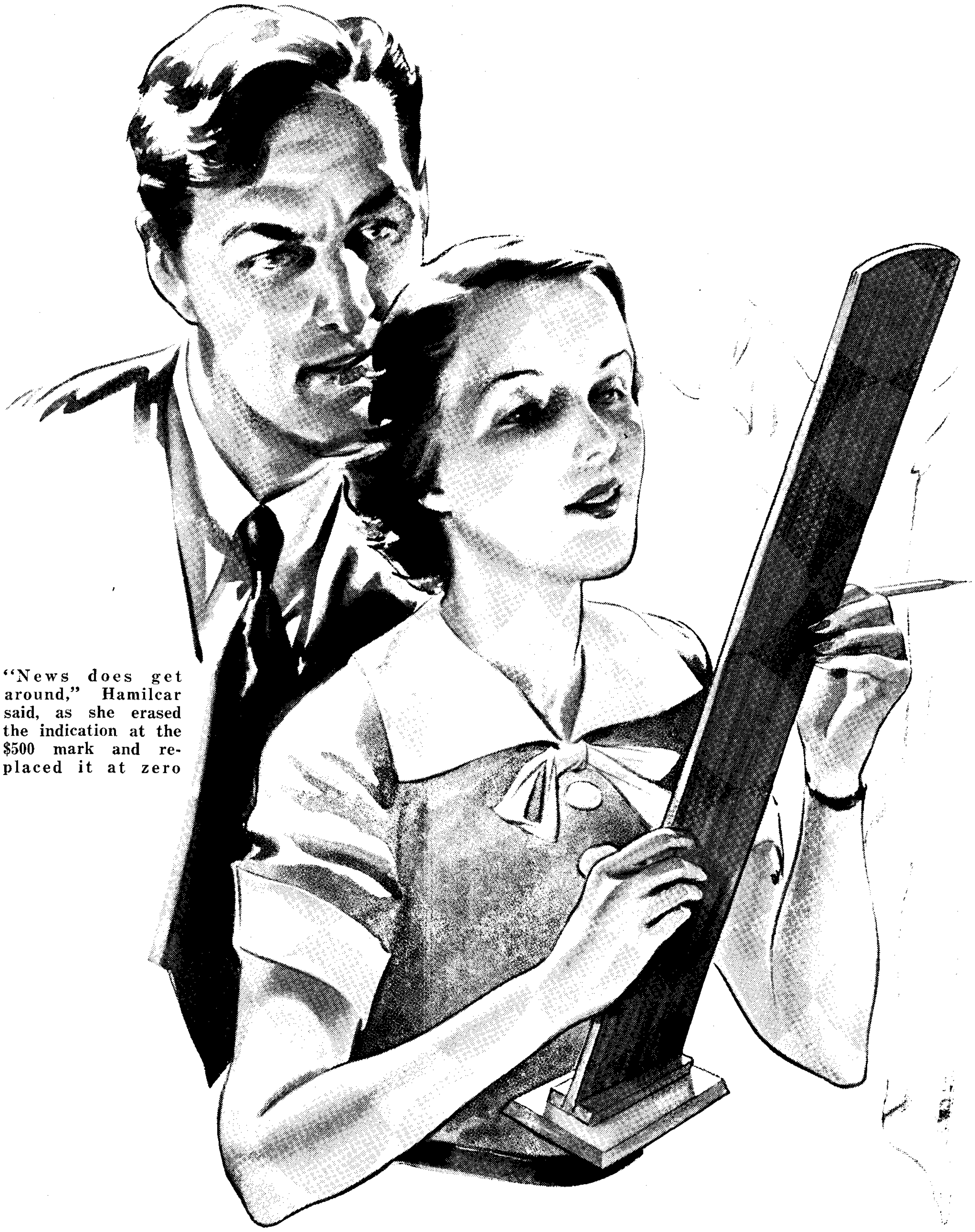
The Wizard's Touch

If you were bequeathed a barber's chair, you would sell it—wouldn't you? But stop and consider the adventures of one Hamilcar Wade, who was too wise to do that

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



"News does get around," Hamilcar said, as she erased the indication at the $500 mark and replaced it at zero

HAMILCAR WADE stood on the depot platform of New Iberia and watched the unloading of his legacy from the express car. A great many legacies do not require the ample space of an express car for their transportation, but Hamilcar's did.

Some days before, he had received from an upstate lawyer a letter informing him he had been mentioned in the will of his great-uncle Xenophon; indeed, that there was a specific bequest which, according to the terms of the testamentary document, was now being dispatched to him express collect.

This good news he had kept from his very recent wife because he had wished to give her a pleasant surprise. Frances liked surprises.

The bequest, as it was lifted from the door of the car, disclosed itself as an enormous crate, but the contents of the crate were concealed from prying eyes. Hamilcar did not venture to hazard a guess. He saw that it was loaded on a truck and then accompanied it to his home, and there was his wife, Frances, standing in the front door.

"Hello," said Hamilcar nonchalantly.

"How do you do, Mr. Wade?" she replied ominously. "And what did you trade with who for which?"

"I didn't—" he commenced to explain, but Frances was not asking explanations.

"Take it," she said, "around to the garage, or out into the woods or to any selected remote spot where it won't clutter up this locality. Begin taking it now."

"But, honey—"

"My foot is down. This is a home, not a warehouse nor a curio shop nor a zoo. I've harbored everything from skunk kittens to pipe organs. I've stood for mowing machines and miniatures. But I'm done."

"NOW listen."

"I married a dickerer. With my eyes open. But from now on you can keep the paraphernalia of your foul calling in Bill Brown's barn. But not here. So *scat!*"

"Kin I git in a word edgeways?" asked Hamilcar.

"It won't do any good," retorted Frances.

"This," said Hamilcar, "ain't the result of a deal. It's a legacy. Right out of the will of my great-uncle Xenophon. It's what the lawyer said was a specific bequest. But I'll take it off if you say so."

"You mean somebody died and left you that—that—"

"Great-uncle Xenophon," said Hamilcar.

"What is it?"

"Hain't got the remotest notion."

"Then why," she demanded, "don't you open it up and see?"

"Up to now," Hamilcar said mildly, "I hain't had no chanct."

She ran down the steps while the men unloaded the legacy from the truck. Hamilcar went around and returned with tools.

"It come express collect," said Hamilcar.

"Open it. Open it. Can't you see I'm simply jiggling?"

"Kind of curious myself," admitted Hamilcar.

He attacked the crate while Frances stood dangerously near, peering over his bent shoulder. As the matter progressed the contents of the crate appeared to be in the nature of an article of furniture. As the last board was removed and the encasing paper torn away it was disclosed in all its elegance and beauty. Frances gasped. Hamilcar wondered if it was a gasp of pleasure.

For the legacy was upholstered in somewhat threadbare red plush. It was an article of furniture. It was a large article of furniture. In short, it was a barber's chair.

FRANCES stood erect and fixed Hamilcar with her eyes.

"Have you got any more great-uncles?" she asked.

"Why?"

"Well, you better take pains to keep them alive," she said and turned and marched into the house.

The driver of the truck coughed. "Calkilate your wife don't care much for it, Ham," he said.

"I got to admit," said Hamilcar, "it kind of lacks style."

"What'll we do with it?"

"Guess you better load her on again," said Hamilcar, "and store her down in Jenkins' shed."

He brushed off his hands and mounted the steps.

"How does it feel to be an heir?" asked Frances from the dining-room.

"Better to be left somethin' than nothin'," said Hamilcar defensively.

"Was your uncle Xenophon a barber?"

"No, he wasn't."

"What was he?"

"Mostly he jest sat around and prophesied about the weather."

"Then," she asked, "how did he ever get a barber's chair?"

"Probably," said Hamilcar, "he bought it jest to will to me."

"Ham Wade, how many times must I tell you to speak English at home. The habit is growing on you. When you come through that front door you are to speak correctly. Understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wade. Here in our little home my diction shall be perfect, my grammar shall be impeccable. But not outside. Parts of speech do not aid a business transaction—"

"I know all the arguments, darling. Lunch is ready. And now tell Mother what you are going to do with your beautiful barber's chair."

"Hear it mentioned oftener than I shall relish," he said dryly.

"Now if somebody would only bequeath you a razor," she said, "you could go into business."

"Mrs. Wade," said Hamilcar, "if ye keep a-gibin' at me I calc'late I'll have to make ye laugh out of the other side of your mouth."

"Such as and in what manner?"

"I'll have to prove to ye," he said, "that bein' left a barber's chair's better'n as if it had been ten thousand dollars cash."

"That," she said, "sounds like a brag."

"Guess I'll be going downtown and look around," he said. "I been kind of worryin' about Hamilcar, Junior."

"Who?"

"Young Ham."

"There isn't any such animal."

"There may be some day," he said. "Sich events come to pass. I calc'late he's got to be taught better English than his dad. Have to go to college and all. Expensive. Now I was thinkin' if this barber's chair would pay Ham Junior's expenses down to Amherst it would be kind of nice."

"Good old Uncle Xenophon! Thoughtful of him to provide a son we haven't got with an education."

"Hamilcar Xenophon Wade—that's what we'll call him. Strikin' name."

"Get out before I call the neighbors to put you out," Frances said. "Next time I'm going to marry a man with a steady job. I'll keep him out from under my feet."

HAMILCAR walked downtown slowly. The barber's chair had assumed importance. It was a sort of dare. His lean face was thoughtful as he walked under the fine old maples of the village, but by the time he reached the bank he was whistling between his teeth. On the corner he stopped and stared for a minute at the striped pole in front of the barber shop and nodded to Jumbo Haines, who owned it.

Jumbo was not a barber. He was a landed proprietor. The shop belonged to him, as did several other rented structures about the village, and on the proceeds Jumbo played cribbage and added to his weight. The barber shop was a paying proposition, and a monopoly. He employed two barbers and enjoyed the fruits of their toil.

Hamilcar continued on past the shop and stopped before a small, adjoining wooden structure which stood vacant. He examined it through its cobwebbed windows and then crossed the street to Henry Bean's house, where he found Henry weeding in the garden.

"Buildin' across the street's been standin' idle quite a spell," he said.

"Taxes eatin' the roof off of it," Henry said disconsolately.

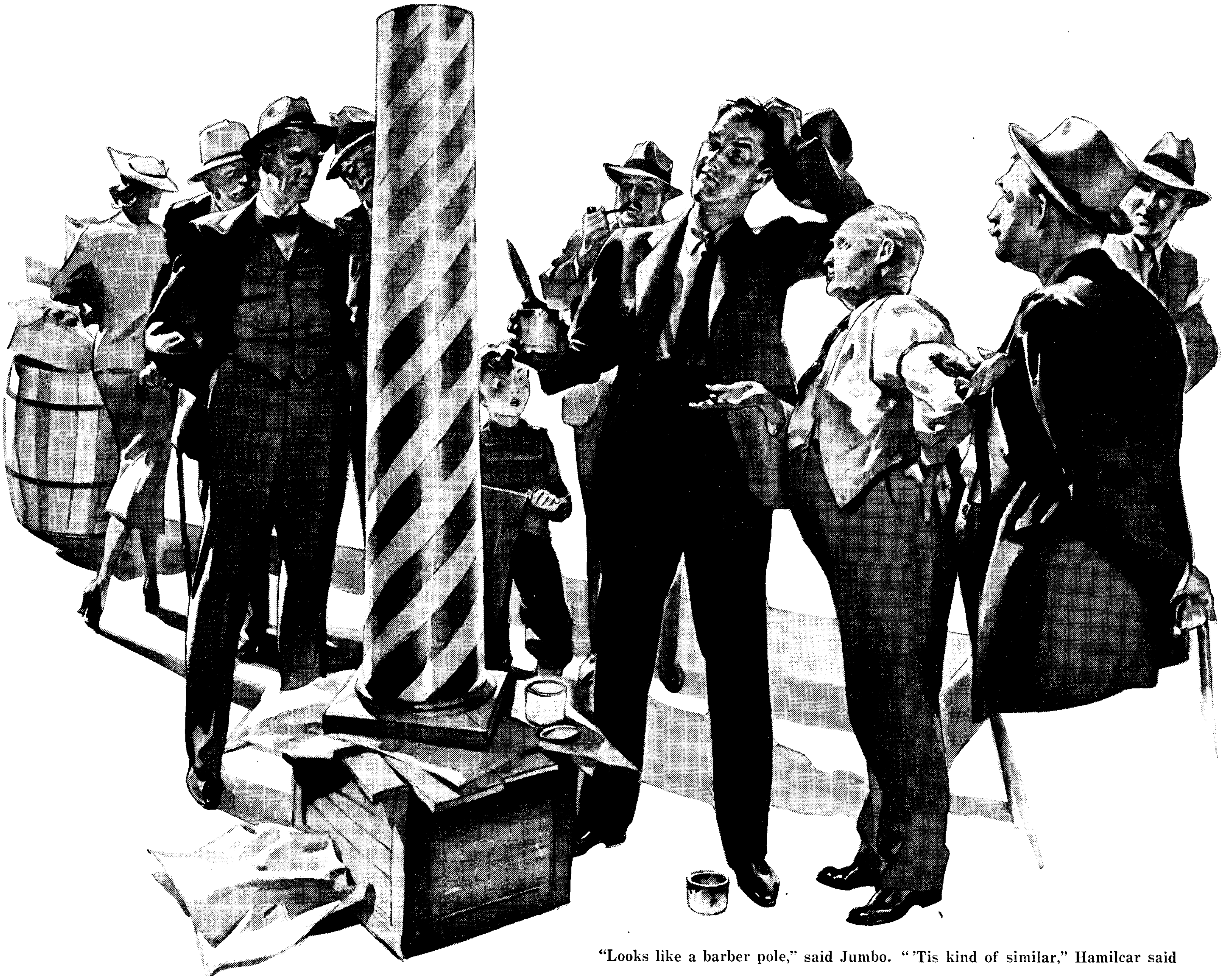
"Mebby I could use it for a spell if, say, five dollars a month is interestin' to ye. Mebby for a month, mebby for more."

"Five dollars is five dollars," said Henry. "Won't do no repairin', though."

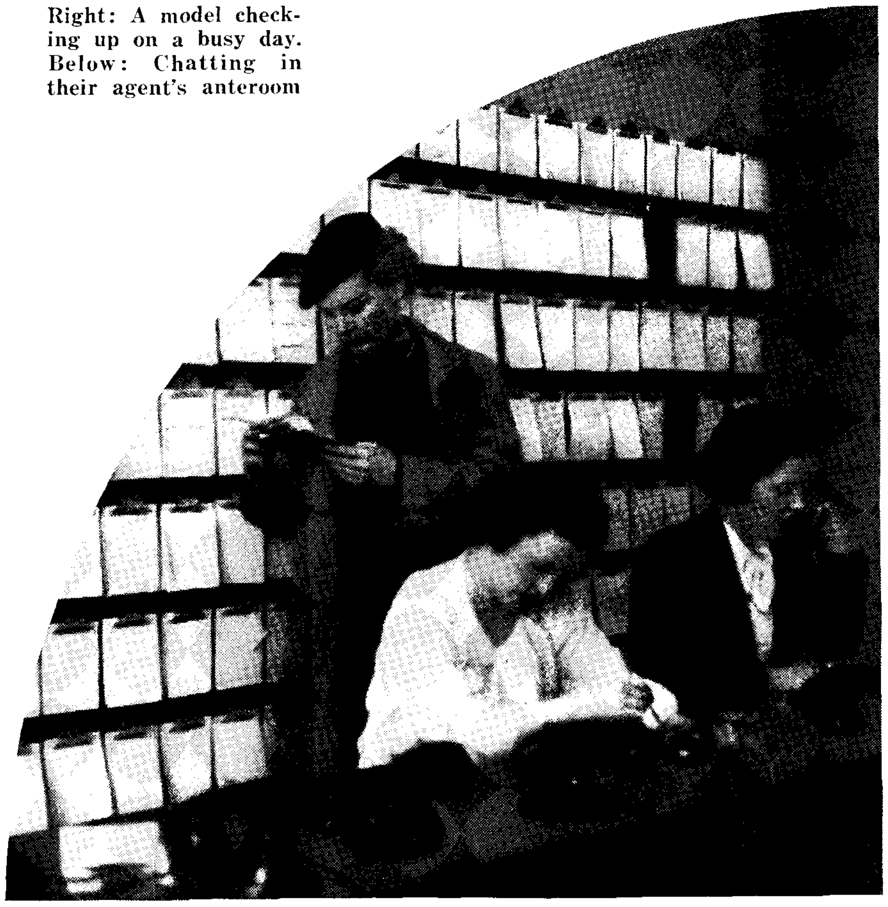
"Don't ask none," Hamilcar said. "Here's the five."

Having completed this transaction he took the key and crossed the bridge to the lumberyard. Here he nosed around until he found a thing that had been turned to be a sort of ornamental pillar on somebody's front porch. He bought it for a quarter and carried it back to the building he had rented. His next

(Continued on page 46)



"Looks like a barber pole," said Jumbo. "'Tis kind of similar," Hamilcar said



Right: A model checking up on a busy day. Below: Chatting in their agent's anteroom

Left: Anita Counihan, snapped on the job in a photographer's studio

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

They can strike a pose—and be paid for it. Wear smart clothes, look possessive over a swank roadster, smile—and collect. A very good job—while it lasts

The Show-Offs

By B. F. Wilson

THE taller the blonde, the greater the demand for her services in the model market. Five feet eight inches. Five feet nine, ten, eleven and up to six feet one inch—all are popular heights in the profession. The girl who has been self-conscious because of being too tall for any romantic purpose, now earns a perfectly good living by virtue of her inches.

The profession of being a model is a complex and slightly crazy one. When you see that pretty girl in your favorite magazine, your curiosity is naturally stirred. Who is she? What's her name? Married? Single? How old? Where does she live? Where does she come from? How much money does she make posing for those pictures? You know that she is a model, but what kind of a job is it, anyway?

There are approximately five thousand models in New York City. They come from all parts of the world. Two of the most popular ones in the field are from Norway. France, Russia, Italy, Germany, all have contributed native daughters whose faces now adorn the billboards, magazine covers, advertising pages, and fashion publications of America. New York is the mecca of all of these girls.

The models, both men and women, all work through their agent. He is exactly like the casting director in the theater. A pretty girl enters his office. He takes a look at her. She'll do, he decides, and proceeds to initiate her into the intricate business of becoming a model. There are a hundred-odd phases to the job. It takes two years to train a model properly, and not one out of a thousand applicants meets the necessary requirements.

The agent teaches her how to wear clothes. She may need alteration of facial characteristics. Out come too-thick eyebrows. Hair is properly dressed—that is, the most becoming style of coiffure is discovered. If the girl's hair is long and a boyish bob is found necessary to bring out more appeal in the face—off comes the hair. The girls are taught how to hold their hands, how to walk, how not to stand, how to smile—and when. The boys are transformed into the latest portrait of a well-groomed man-about-town.

Big Business in Beauty

The office of the agent is a clearing-house between client and model. There are a number of these agents, but the man who started the whole thing is John Powers. He has been supplying models for the various sources of demand over a period of twelve years, and in spite of competition still has a corner on the model market.

He used to be an actor, a bit-player in the movies, and business manager for the late Sir Beerbohm-Tree. Perhaps that is why he has been so successful as an agent. His office looks like the office of a busy stockbroker. There is a long desk-like affair with eight telephones lined up side by side on it. Behind the telephones are four operators; all young and pretty girls who prefer the safety of a weekly twenty-five-dollar salary to the not-so-certain income of a model. These girls talk all the day long into the phones. They have mastered the art of concentration. During the busy season they have to make between five and six hundred appointments a day.

Behind them is a large blackboard, exactly like a stock-trading board except that in place of quotations there are a hundred small white charts. Each chart bears the date, the name of a model, say, for example, Betty McLauchlin, and down the left-hand margin a time schedule starting with nine in the morning and tabulating each fifteen minutes of the day. From eleven to two-thirty, Betty can see when she comes in to take a look at her chart, she is to be at a certain photographer's. From two-thirty to four she is to pose for an artist. From four to five-thirty she must be in a fashion show, and from five-thirty on—it may be until the wee hours of the morning—she has to pose for another photographer. Alongside each appointment is listed, when necessary, the costume requirements she has to bring with her for the job.

The operator is talking into the phone. With one hand she reaches to the board and pulls down a chart. Her words go something like this: "Twelve-fifteen? Yes, you can have Janice. Two evening dresses, slippers, wrap and bag. O. K. Don't keep her after three. She's booked for a roof pose the rest of the afternoon. Thanks. Hello, sorry to keep you waiting. June Benoit? Four-thirty? Fur coat? Sure, she has. Better have the smelling salts handy; it's only ninety-two today. Okay. Thanks."

The grin leaves her face as she picks up two more ringing telephones.

"Sorry, but you can't have Betty Douglas this morning. She's making a movie test. Will anyone else do? Why don't you look through the book and call me back?"

A Catalog of Humans

The book she refers to is a publication of all agents' offices. The agents send these books out once a year—as a sort of service. The charge is a few dollars yearly. The book is subscribed to by all editors of fashion magazines, by advertising agencies, manufacturers of everything from steam yachts to garters, artists, photographers, wholesale and retail houses, etc. The book is thick with photographs. Each page carries three pictures of a model: Side face, full face and a full-length portrait. Either on the back of that page or at the bottom, there is a line bearing the name of the model and beneath that a full listing of her physical attributes:

"Size 16. Height 5' 9". Weight 116. Bust 34. Waist 26. Hips 34. Shoes 6-A. Gloves 6½. Hat 22."

On the back of the page some agencies also have a code, an alphabetical code which gives the employer further information about the model. A vertical line crossing off "B," for example,

(Continued on page 49)

Honeymoon Alone

Sam Clifford was jilted, in Japan. It was the prelude to a swiftly moving romance which could have happened nowhere else on earth

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

SAM CLIFFORD held out his arms wide as the girl stepped from the gangplank to the crowded quay; he supposed that someone on shipboard must have warned her that the Japanese considered kissing highly immoral, because she took his hands instead of coming closer. But she said at once, "Sam, darling."

"You look wonderful," said Sam, which was the truth. Prettier by far than she'd been in the States, two years ago. He held her hands tightly; he looked only at her. "Have a good trip, Fran?"

Frances said, voice low, "Lovely, Sam. Oh, perfect."

"That's swell. Everything's fixed. We meet at your hotel in an hour. We go see Dr. Willson, and then Mr. Clifford gives a dinner for the new Mrs. Clifford so everyone can meet the best-looking girl in Japan. I've invited everybody, but I haven't told them what's up. They probably think it's my birthday."

"But . . . Sam . . ."

Sam brought both of her hands together and held them in one of his. "Don't worry. They're all real people." How blue her eyes were! "D'you know," he went on, lost in them, "if I'd dreamed how wonderful you really are I wouldn't have waited for you here. I'd have come on and met you in Honolulu. I . . . what's the matter with Honolulu? Wouldn't it have been a great place to get married in?"

"Yes," Frances said, swallowing hard. "Yes, Sam." She half turned, and Sam saw a man standing beside her, older, frowning. "I . . . I was married in Honolulu."

Sam blinked, once. He looked away, because it hurt to look at her; he bowed to a group of Japanese men, who returned his greeting politely, although none of them had ever seen him before. Then he said, "And I ordered a wedding cake!"

Frances was speaking, so was the man, whose name, Sam heard, was Farnham. That was what Fran's name must be, now. Words beat about Clifford's ears. Farnham had known her for a long time, before she'd ever met Sam. Farnham had taken passage on the same ship, without her knowledge . . . she had discovered that her little romance with Sam had been a mistake . . . dear Sam must understand, and she hoped she hadn't hurt him too dreadfully and she did like him a great deal and it was a terrible thing she had done. "You've got to forgive me," she ended; "I'll never be happy if you don't."

SAM wished that she had cabled him; he told himself that he must keep his shoulders straight; he even managed a grin. "I can still introduce you as the best-looking bride in the Orient. The dinner'll be in your honor—"

"I'm afraid it is impossible," Farnham said. "We go on by rail."

Sam was feeling pretty rotten. "I've got to justify the party. Save face. After all, it isn't much of a price for taking a fellow's girl. You'd have a good time. I wish you would agree."

"An unnecessary ordeal for Frances."

Frances fluttered, "Oh, Arthur . . . Sam . . ."

The man had no intention of reconsidering; Sam realized that. He said quietly, "Very well. I hope you have a good trip, Fran. Send me a postcard."

"Oh, Sam . . . I . . . you . . ."

"I don't believe that would be wise," said Farnham. "I feel—"

Sam said abruptly, "Can you swim? Too bad. If you couldn't, I was going to throw you into the bay."

He was still angry when he reached the club, more angry than hurt, which didn't seem to be proper. It was something he was unable to understand, and neither the first nor the second Scotch appeared to clarify the situation. After the third amber glassful was served to him, the bartender ventured the opinion that a surprise marriage was tough on the bridegroom, because he couldn't have a best man with him while he was waiting for the ceremony.

The bar was empty. "Marriage?" asked Sam. "Marriage. An old established custom. Rice. Shoes. Wedding cake. I've heard of it before. Where'd you hear about it? I mean about me?" Everyone, the barman said, knew that Mr. Clifford was getting married, and was keeping it a secret until the dinner tonight, and he wished Mr. Clifford luck, and did Mr. Clifford believe that a fourth Scotch, under the circumstances, was advisable? Mr. Clifford did. "So they all know about it," he said. "I'll bet they bought me a traveling case." He finished the drink and discovered that at last he was getting to feel a little sad. Unhappy. Jilted.

SAM looked at his watch; it was difficult to tell the exact time. "One more," he decided. "I tried to keep it a secret. Big joke on me. Or I'm a big joke."

"Yes, sir. The door's in the other direction, sir."

Sam said very stiffly, "If I like exercise on my way out, that's my business." He departed with considerable dignity. He was no longer angry. He had stopped being angry all at once, and he thought that he was sad. He wasn't entirely certain, but he ought to be sad.

He dressed at the club with great care. A houseboy tied his bow eleven times before he was completely satisfied. Later, a tremendous dignity was his when he stalked into the reception-room which opened into the hotel's banquet chamber. He saw a great many faces; his friends, waiting for cocktails. Before they became recognizable, Dr. Willson was at his side. "I didn't know what to do," the clergyman whispered. "I supposed the plans were altered, so I came here. Is everything as it should be?"

For a brief instant the cloud before Sam's eyes lifted. He said, "Everything is pretty awful," and then, as the mists began to gather anew, Henry Carter, his chief, was demanding where Sam had concealed the bride. "Bride," said Sam. "Bride? Let's all go to dinner."

"Sam," said Carter, "you're lit."

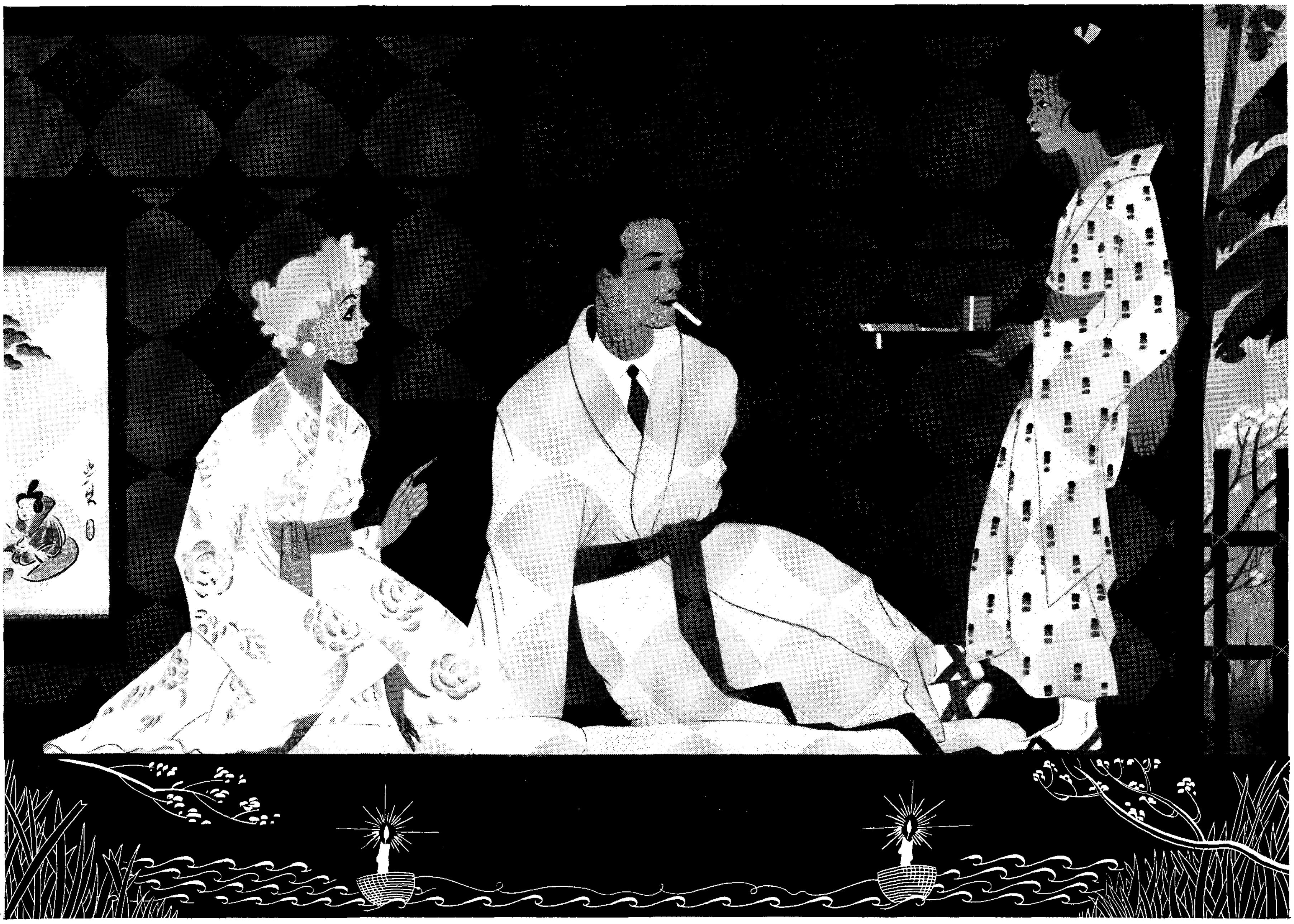
Gravely offering his arm to Mrs. Carter, Sam said, "It must be embarrassing to have such a rude husband," and, walking like a grenadier on parade, led the way to the next room. "I don't see how you married him, a fine-looking girl like you," he confided. The whispered comments behind his back were unheard; Sam was only able to think about one thing at a time, and even that was becoming difficult. "Don't let him have more than one cocktail before dinner," he suggested.

Oysters and hot soup, pheasant, asparagus, the wild boar for which the hotel was famous; Sam ate deliberately, and drank the same way. Once or twice he glanced at the empty chair beside him, once or twice he met a curious eye, but aside from that he conducted himself as if nothing at all were the matter. There were little round strawberries in ice on the table when Sam finally stood up; as he did, a houseboy brought Carter a note, which the older man read quickly and, staring at Clifford, slipped into his pocket.

Sam smiled around the table, and said, as if he had made a discovery, "Happy New Year." He lifted a champagne glass, and bowed to the empty chair. "Prettiest bride in the Orient. Married. Not to Sam. This's my honeymoon party. I'm going on honeymoon. Alone. Be sad. See little birds. Prob'ly cry. Look at flowers. Maybe c'mit suicide. Can't tell. Too soon yet. Look at waves, too. Maybe take bath."

SOMEONE laughed, shakily. Carter said, "Sam, old fellow, sit down. I—"

"Biggest cake ever baked in Japan," Sam went on. "Million raisins. Li'l bride 'nd groom on top. I told chef, 'Throw bride out of window. No bride.' Never be bride. Not for me. So I go on my honeymoon. Let's all drink to honeymoon!"



The lights began to whirl, and Sam, draining his glass, sat down. Carter, above the buzz of voices, leaned across the empty place and said, "I've a letter from the old man, Sam. A job for you. Tonight. It—"

"Nothing doing," said Sam. "No. No twice. I'm goin' on honeymoon."

Carter said, "Here's the letter. Can you read it, Sam?"

"Read anything. Sanskrit. Bohemian. Hebrew. Always could." Sam took the letter and waited until the sentences quit jumping up and down. "Hunh," he said. "Dr. Terry Warren. Explorer. Wants to go to Baiwigaijo. Tell him to go ahead. Suits me."

"But, Sam, she—"

"See?" Sam called to Mrs. Carter. "You shouldn't let him have cocktails before dinner." He explained to his chief, "Explorers are men. In short pants with elephants. I mean they shoot shorts . . . shorts . . . shoots . . . anyhow," he concluded with brightness, "bowlegged men shouldn't wear shoots . . . shorts . . ."

"It's an order from the old man, Sam. Dr. Warren wouldn't have interrupted us if the boat didn't sail tonight." He added, more to himself than to Sam, "The island is in your district, and I've heard before that there are ridiculous restrictions about landing . . . someone's got to go, because you're too—"

"Drunk?" demanded Sam. "Never more sober in my life." He felt hurt. "You can't stop me from goin'. Sam hears call of duty." He rose to his feet, standing as erect as he had on the quay, although bare shoulders and mess-jackets blended together to his vision without there seeming to be faces above them. He shoved Carter, who was sorry he had said anything, back to the chair. "Trust me," Sam leered cunningly. "Go explorin' for you. Yessir. Help old doc out. Yessir."

"But, Sam—"

THE elevator went up to the moon after Sam was in it, and as he hammered on the room door which the boy had indicated the clouds began to gather more closely. Sam decided that the thing for him to do was to agree with everything. From that moment he had only fragmentary visions of what was taking place. The door was opened, by the explorer's secretary or wife or daughter, and he was talking to her. The man he expected to see was not in sight, unless the steamer trunk was a man. Sam knew that he himself was talking, because he kept opening and closing his mouth. He was saying that no unmarried person was permitted to set foot on the island; he was also holding tightly to his chair, which had begun to rock like a ship at sea. . . .

He was positive that he was still on the chair, was Sam, although his head, now, ached like the devil. He opened one eye and saw that the steamer trunk couldn't be Dr. Something, because it was a steamer trunk. He watched it warily, to make certain; he wondered how long he had slept and how many varieties of an ass he'd made of himself. Mostly, he suffered. It was some time before he was aware that he wasn't on a chair at all, but was lying down, although the sensation of rocking continued. He ached, but his head was clear, and there seemed no reason why the motion should exist. He opened the other eye, moved his head, sat bolt upright.

A girl was watching him, her eyes amused. She was in the opposite berth; there was an open porthole behind her. "Good morning," she said. "How's the head?"

Sam put his hand to it, recognizing the sleeve of the new pajamas he had bought. "My head," said Sam. He sighed. "I'd rather not talk about it."

The girl reached out a shapely arm; Sam, wretched as he felt, observed that her eyes were brown, direct, and laughing. "I told the steward, after he'd poured you in, that the first ring this morning would mean coffee," she smiled. "It will—"

"Wait a minute. Coffee, yes, but I'd better find another cabin—"

TERRY WARREN pressed the button. "It's perfectly all right," she said matter-of-factly. "He thinks we're married; everyone on the boat does." She added, "You were very good-natured. When George . . . he's my brother . . . anyhow, you've got to sit on him to get him to bed."

A Japanese steward brought coffee; Terry filled Sam's cup, sugared and creamed her own. "I hope you don't mind being shanghaied," she said. "You didn't, at the hotel. You even made a beautiful speech in my room, about brides, birds and blossoms." She refilled his cup. "The only way I could get to Baiwigaijo was to have a husband with me. Don't look so bitter. You can make believe for a few days. Now I'm going to have a shower and breakfast. Go to sleep. We'll talk it all over later."

"Breakfast," groaned Sam. "Food. When I think of food—"

"Think of your darling new bride," Terry laughed. Her face sobered instantly. "That was rotten of me," she said, proof that she knew what had happened. "As rotten as my making use of you, this way, when you weren't in condition to object. But I had to get to the island, and Mr. Carter said that, drunk or sober, you were . . . anyhow, I hope you don't mind too much."

Sam said, "No." It came to him, as he lay with his face to the wall, alone, that Carter's bill of health had considerable to do with the girl's taking him along. He didn't think long about it, nor of her, nor of Frances. The boat rolled gently. Sam slept.

Five solid hours of sleep did amazing things for him. He bathed, dressed, was actually hungry when he came on deck. The sea was smooth, undulating in shimmering serpent green until it darkened into the thin line which was the Japan coast. The sky was pale, blank, the color of lilacs, the wind was soft. He was leaning against the rail when the lunch gong banged, and immediately went searching; he found Terry between two men, lounging with an unopened book in her lap.

She smiled up at him. "Hello, lazy," she said, and with one word made all the explanation necessary. She introduced the men to Sam. "Lunch, darling?"

Twice during the meal Sam was forced to recollect that he was a jilted man and, everything considered, had no right to feel as remarkably fine as he did. He ate with relish, which was also wrong. He discussed the island with

(Continued on page 53)

Be it Ever so Prefabricated

By John T. Flynn

In this day of science and speed we are still making oxcart progress in building our homes. Costly, too. Tomorrow's houses will be put together, not built laboriously brick by brick. And a great new industry will provide jobs for millions

IN 1903 a little show was held in New York—the very first of its kind. It was just a harmless little circus to which no one paid much attention and some people laughed at. It was an automobile show. Five motor-makers had their twenty-five-mile-an-hour, open-faced, heavy-lunged horseless carriages on display—just a collection of bicycle and buggy parts hooked up to a gas engine. Only one was priced at less than $1,800, save a toy sputterer for kids which ran on the juice of twelve dry batteries. That year we made 11,235 cars. Henry Ford would sell you a beautiful 8-horsepower, two-cylinder speed demon and dust raiser for $1,000.

This was the first little hippodroming of an industry which in another twenty-five years would grind out 4,700,000 cars in a single year and which, according to an estimate I made in Collier's in 1931, accounted for a job, one way or another, for every car sold that year.

Could we use another little industry like that now? Could we! But where is it coming from? Well, how about fabricated houses?

"Fabricated houses!" says the speculative builder. "Don't be stupid." Oh, well, "Horseless carriages!" sneered the buggy-whip manufacturer in 1903. Now look at the buggy-whip industry. A friend of mine, a widely known American publisher, told me that in 1903, when that little auto show was put on, he was there and was selling autos. Only rich men bought them, as toys. All of them told the young salesman he was wasting his time. The auto was just a trinket. It would go twenty-five miles an hour—but there were no roads for such speed. It carried only a few gallons of gasoline. But when that gave out where could you get more? No drugstore carried that much in stock. They were convincing. So the young man left the automobile business and went to selling borax—something staple. Now he has sunk to the level of a publisher. The trinket business he deserted became the biggest job-making machine in history.

The automobile business became such a tremendous job producer because of the vast changes it made in our mode of life. Cities spread out as people found they could live ten or twenty miles away from the office. Millions of suburban homes were built, hundreds of thousands of new stores to service them, millions of garages, hundreds of thousands of miles of road; it caused changes in the tastes, dress, amusements of the nation.

Recently Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, head of General Motors, said that what this country needed was not a good five-cent cigar but a new industry. There is a brand-new industry already in existence in this country which has had its little show and which will one day probably surpass the automobile industry in its direct effect upon employment and upon our mode of living.

No man can now foresee in detail what the fabricated house will do for us and to us, what forms it will take, what vast obsolescence it will produce, what unsuspected novelties in taste and design and habit it will introduce and in what strange directions, perhaps, it will send us. It will probably create new cities. It will sound the doom of some old ones. It will most certainly wipe out immense neighborhoods which we can well do without. It may conceivably change the material face of the nation and profoundly modify its cultural life. Around it will cluster great groups of industries, great armies of workers and still larger armies to service the new homes, to replace them, to build new neighborhoods for them and the new services required by them.

The Stage is Set

All this may sound visionary and incredible. But a man who uttered a similar prophecy about the automobile in 1903 as he jogged along over a dust road in his iron-tired barouche would have seemed no less irrational.

First of all, the stage is set for the beginning of this new industry. A great housing shortage is being developed for us. And this means that the good Lord and the depression and the folly of the established building industry, plus the things that have been happening unnoticed in scores of laboratories, are preparing a vast multitude of customers for the packaged home.

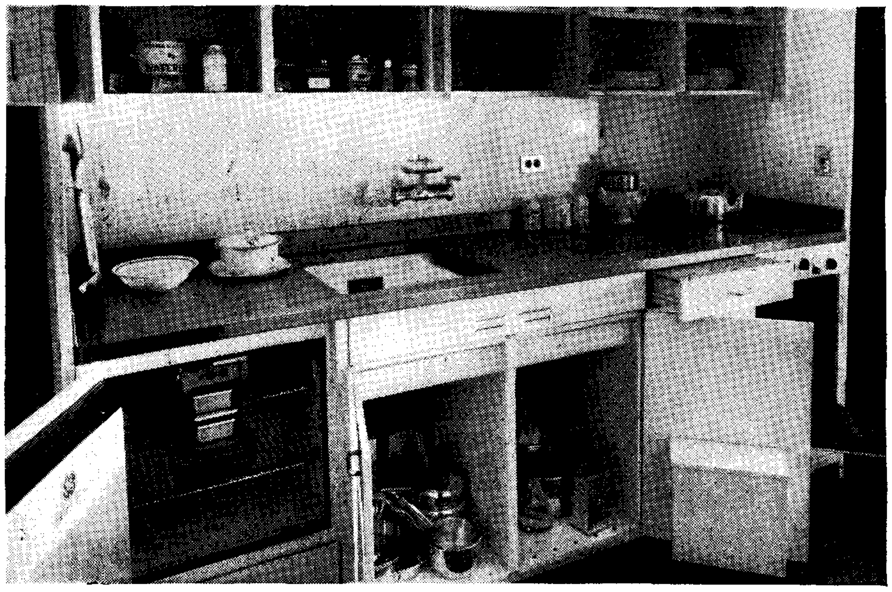
There are two markets. One is the ordinary market for the replacement of existing homes. The other is that magnificent market which has never been exploited in America, the market for the low-cost home which nobody builds.

An estimate has been made that we must build 10,000,000 homes in the next ten years to take care of the ordinary replacement and expansion needs of our population.

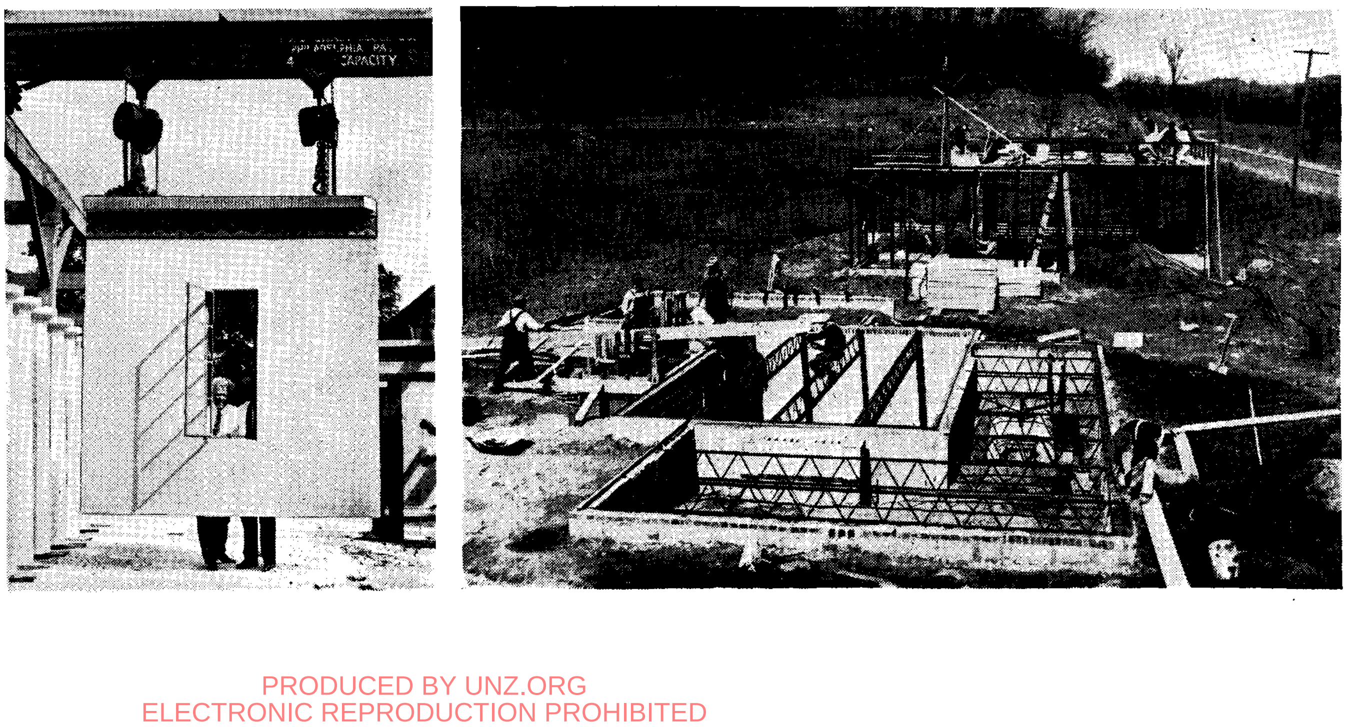
For one thing, in spite of hell and high water, boys and girls will get married. And they get married faster than their mothers and fathers die off. In the years 1920 to 1929, there were twice as many families created by marriages as were dissolved by deaths. As a result, there were 5,000,000 more potential home owners in 1930 than there were in 1920. It is a fair guess that there will be at least another 5,000,000 additional home owners by 1940.

For a little while the marriage market was in a bit of a slump. After all, one cannot expect a young lady to quit Dad's comfortable home for the boy friend who can only beg her to fly with him and share his dole. But in these

Right, attaching a wall panel, made of concrete and asbestos, to the frame of a prefabricated house



This kitchen (right) comes complete even to a supply of food



A concrete wall panel, complete with window and molding. Right, two prefabricated houses in construction. In the smaller, the steel frame has already been anchored to a concrete foundation

last two years the wedding business has been picking up. There were 1,245,000 brand-new brides turned into the home market last year. This was nearly 300,000 more than in 1932. The explanation is simple. Many a lad in 'thirty and 'thirty-one got eased off the pay roll before he could get to the altar. But you can't put marriages off forever. And besides, jobs have been picking up, and hence a lot of boys have made good on those old 1931 and 1932 betrothals.

Wanted—a Builder

There is a shortage of housing now in the better class of houses. And in the next ten years we are going to pull down quite a few million houses that are moving rapidly for the scrap heap. Hence we can figure on five million dwelling units for replacement and five million for the increase in population, which makes a need for 10,000,000 homes. And 10,000,000 homes at the extremely modest sum of $3,000—too modest to be true—would mean $30,000,000,000, or $3,000,000,000 a year. One thing is certain—we will need those homes. Will someone build them?

But this is but the smallest part of the story. Here is a fact which I submit to any hard-headed business man as worth pondering. Out of every 100 families in this country, 75 cannot afford to pay more than $30 a month rent. That makes $360 a year. Take out an allowance for taxes, repairs, obsolescence and this would leave at the very most $180 a year. That's six per cent on $3,000. Hence, 75 out of every 100 families must live in houses which can cost no more than $3,000. This does not mean all of them do. Half of these cannot afford to pay more than $15 a month rent. That means a house which would cost no more than $1,500.

Who builds such houses? The answer is—no one.

Who builds $3,000 houses? Three out of four people cannot afford to live in houses that cost more than that. Yet three out of four houses built cost more than that. Was there ever such a waste of such a magnificent market in this world? What is the most obvious business for America? An industry that will build houses that cost no more than from $1,500 to $3,000. Who will do it?

The people who live in the $3,000 class live in secondhand and third-hand houses and worse. Those who are in the $1,500 class live, as some one has truly said, in tenth-hand houses.

In no other country in the world have such altogether delightful and convenient and comfortable homes been provided for the $5,000 group of dwellers. That is one of America's supreme triumphs in the realm of living standards. Her crowning disgrace is her appalling failure to provide the means for homes for the rest of the population.

If someone will exploit this market, we could absorb not ten million but twenty million homes in the next ten years.

It is with this immense group of Americans that we are concerned here. Why are no houses built for them? Any builder can tell you. It is because of the cost of building—of land, material, labor, financing. You cannot build $1,500 and $2,000 or even $3,000 homes on terms within the reach of the small wage earner and make a profit from it. After all, this is still the profit system and you cannot expect men to go into business unless they can see a little extra change in sight at the end of their risk.

We denounce the speculative builders, the second-mortgage man and his squeeze play and the high pressure realty man for not building cheaper homes. But answer this one: Why doesn't some one else try his hand at this business?

The answer, of course, is that the whole approach to the small-house problem has been impractical. In the clothing business, the finicky, hard-to-please gentleman goes to a tailor and has his tweeds made to measure. The poor man walks up a couple of flights and buys his off the racks. They're not so bad either. And he would rather go about in a decent suit of new hand-me-downs than in a third- or fourth-hand set of tailored garments that were made for and cast off by someone else. But in the business world of housing, everybody—rich man and poor man—is supposed to live in tailored houses or nothing.

In a small way the speculative builder has entered the field and given a poor imitation of mass production methods. He has operated without sufficient capital. Instead of getting the benefits of mass production, whatever he saved on large scale orders of materials he lost on his slow credit. He bought cheap land at high prices because he paid for it with a second or third mortgage or a big cut in the profits, if any. Then he built the house bit by bit, one brick at a time or one board at a time, by the slowest, most laborious and most antiquated production method in the world. Finally he sold his little first- and second-mortgage paradises to customers who were poor risks, because the prices of the houses were too high. In the end, most speculative builders go broke.

Factory Houses the Answer

You can't build houses for three-dollar-a-day factory hands and four- and five-dollar-a-day clerks with ten per cent money and twelve-dollar-a-day carpenters and bricklayers.

It's not the fault of the bricklayers. In New York a bricklayer is supposed to get $1.65 an hour, or $13.20 a day for eight hours—$66 a week for a five-day week. That looks high. But think of the hours, days and weeks he doesn't work—the long winter days, the countless rainy days and the long waits between jobs. If he can average $35 a week the year 'round he will be a very lucky bricklayer, even in good times. This is bad for the bricklayer, but worse for the man who needs a small home. He is made to pay for all the days the bricklayer doesn't work.

The only hope of good, well-built houses supplied with modern conveniences within reach of the poor man's pocketbook is the factory-made house. Factory houses! You mean long rows of standardized boxes, all as alike as a couple of thousand Chevrolets or Fords or Plymouths? Well, I have visited endless numbers of so-called subdivisions where speculative builders have put up block after block of homes on twenty-foot lots, where the only way a man could tell his house from the next one was by the curtains on the windows or the woman sitting on the front porch. No cluster of prefabricated houses can ever attain a drabber, more monotonous pattern of standardization than in the "developed" neighborhoods which every man can point out in his own town. And so far as these Fords, Chevrolets and Plymouths are concerned, compare the beauty and design of the low-cost car with the design and ugliness of the low-priced house.

How are the factory houses to be made? Will the buyer go to a store and pick out his house and perhaps ask the turn-in value on the old one; and then will a truck drive up some fine morning and unload the new poor man's castle on the lot, all wrapped in cellophane and ready for the house-warming?

Let's Modernize Construction

No. It will not be like that. At least not at first. A house is made up of two sets of parts. There's the carcass of the house—the shell—walls, floors, ceilings, roof. Then there are the parts—standard equipment, let us call them. Many of the parts are already made in factories—plumbing fixtures, kitchen fixtures, heating machinery, and so forth. But that shell of the house—that's what has caused so much trouble. If you build a frame house now, the raw materials are hauled to the job site, sawed up laboriously by hand and put together bit by bit—foundation, frame, siding, insulation, weather-stripping or shingles, roof—a couple of thousand pieces in the roof. I saw a house in Belgium—Ghent, I believe—built several hundred years ago by Count Robert of Flanders—all frame and looking for all the world like one of those large frame mansions you can find in any mid-western town. It was built exactly like those mid-western mansions. We have stucco houses built as they were in ancient Egypt 3,000 years ago and brick houses put together like those little homes made in Holland and Germany in the fifteenth century which are still in use. We haven't changed our technique in building that house carcass in centuries.

This is all right for the man who can afford a tailor-made house cut to his own measure. But the process simply cuts the poor man out of the house market entirely.

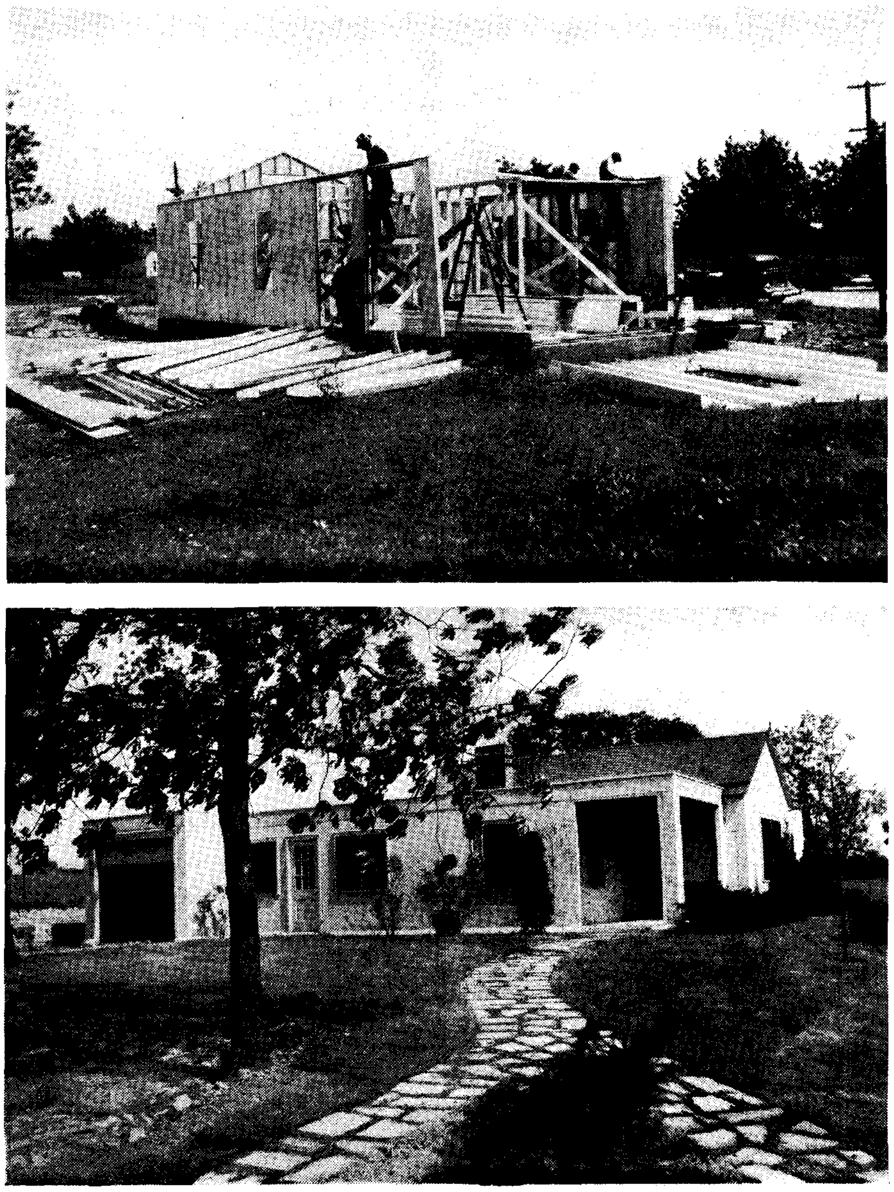
Three or four fundamental and interesting facts stand out in the various plans for supplying you with factory-built or prefabricated houses.

First, there is the problem of walls. You have seen a group of bricklayers attack a huge pile of bricks and wearily pile some 100,000 bricks on top of each other to make a wall. Most of the prefabricated houses start here and supply panels—wall panels, which can be quickly and inexpensively assembled on the lot into the shell of a house. All sorts of panels are being tried. Some are just a foot or two wide, to be fastened together by electric welding or by hook bolts. Others are 36 inches wide, and wall high. Others are larger.

Some are just panels to be fastened onto either the wooden frame of the house or steel frames. But the general tendency is to have the wall panel more or less complete. That means two things. One is to have no preliminary frame or skeleton. The walls come finished, even to the painting, and when the panels are put together they are strong enough to support the whole weight of the house. The other point is that the walls may be equipped with everything a wall needs. An old-fashioned wall was a pretty simple thing. It was just a wall. But the modern wall has all sorts of things in it, wires for lights, wires for bells, pipes for water, pipes for gas, pipes for heat, etc. Some companies plan to produce the walls with everything in them—pipes, wires. You have only to put up the panels, hook them together and your house shell will be complete, including plumbing and wiring.

Some companies have been experimenting with an advance even on the panel. Years ago Simon Lake, the submarine designer, worked out a system of building complete rooms—walls, floors and ceiling—just a plain box.

(Continued on page 50)



Two types of ready-made steel houses. The lower of insulated steel, can be built to your own specifications. The upper house is less expensive, and is built in simple design of rustproof steel

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

MARY BURLEIGH and her brother, Peter, receive an appalling shock when, following the death of their mother in their home town in California, they learn that a batch of bonds—part of their mother's legacy—*is missing!*

Old Bernard Meyers, head of their bank, gives them some friendly counsel; and young Calvin Tait, a Bostonian who, at work in the bank, has secured a job in Los Angeles, makes every possible effort to find the bonds; without success, however. After which, the entire Burleigh household—Mary, Peter, Barty, Chrissie, Lindsay and eccentric Aunt Jane, who has lived with the Burleighs for years—move from the comfortable Burleigh home to "Green Oaks," three miles distant, where they ensconce themselves in a dilapidated house which they have inherited.

There Mary becomes the head of the household. And there, carrying on pluckily with a small and very dubious income, she encounters a serious problem. It is presented by Calvin Tait, who tells her that he loves her, implores her to marry him.

Knowing nothing of love, Mary cannot quite classify her feeling toward Calvin. And, knowing that she must carry most of the little family's burdens until the children are older, she will make no definite promise. Whereupon, Calvin makes a startling suggestion. "Mary," he says, "why can't we be married in San Jose—*secretly?*"

Mary stares at him. "Let me think—give me five minutes to think," she says slowly.

III

THERE was nothing frightening at all about it, even to a girl barely twenty whose father and mother were dead. She and Calvin drove to San Jose on a certain burning hot July afternoon, and filled in blanks and answered a question or two, and were presently leaving a gentle old clergyman's pleasant whitewashed cottage with an odd elation in their hearts, and their hands youthfully linked. Mary's left hand wore a plain gold band, but she presently put that away carefully in her purse, and then she and Calvin were driving home again quite as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The day was insufferably hot; the valley farms lay flat and dry under the blaze of it; the mountains were a gauze haze hardly darker than the faded blue-white of the sky. Under the thick, dry foliage of the orchards that stretched out in spokes on all sides, prunes were ripening; the apricots and peaches were already gone. When Calvin drove by the Vershayne Cannery a strong, sweet smell of spiced tomatoes floated into the hot air. Under the great dooryard oaks farm women in limp voile dresses sat panting in the heat; a dripping cart went by, loaded with great striped rattlesnake melons.

"My wife, Mary," Calvin said.

"It sounds so middle-aged! It sounds like a covered wagon."

"I didn't write even my mother, you know."

"I don't think even Lindsay suspects; I know she doesn't."

"She'd be wild, wouldn't she?"

"She'd feel badly."

"Lindsay's jealous of me," Calvin said in an affectionately amused tone.

"Well, I believe she is." Mary had not thought of it, but she knew at once that it was true.

"Chrissie would have my eyes out," Calvin added.

"They all love you, Cal. But they're rather in the habit of thinking I belong to them."

"Which you don't any more, Mary."

"Which I don't—now." They were at home. He parked the car in its familiar place under the kitchen oak. "Did you write your mother anything at all about me?" Mary asked.

"I'm not the best correspondent in the world. But I wrote her—oh, as long ago as Christmas—that I was crazy about you. And you've been in every letter since. But that's only two, maybe."

"If you go south next month, is that all the letters I'll get?"

They were standing in the tree and house shadow now; not touching each other, very close together.

"No, dear; I'll write my wife every day," Calvin said, in a low voice that Mary felt thrill through every fiber of her being. "But I'm hoping things'll be all right here, and that you'll come with me," he said.

"As early as August, Calvin? How could I?"

"Well, we'll see. And meanwhile, how are we going to manage a few—escapes?"

"Escapes?" The heat of the day and the excitement of the occasion had combined to rob her face of color today; Mary wore last year's smart striped linen and an old white linen hat; her gloves were soft and long and white and her buckskin shoes had been immaculate a few hours ago. But now she looked a little pale and tired; her soft red-gold hair pressed in damp spirals against her forehead, her eyes ringed with shadow.

"We've got to have some time alone together, sweetheart. How can we manage it?"

"Well— I didn't think of that," Mary said slowly.

"I DID!" Calvin laughed on a note of triumphant possession. Scarlet color rushed into Mary's face, although she smiled, too.

"Oh-h-h?" she murmured, understanding.

"Yes, 'Oh-h-h!'" he mimicked her joyously. "Look. Could you tell them you were going to spend a week-end with—oh, with anyone? Tell them my Aunt Julia, if you like. Tell them that you're going with Uncle John and Aunt Julia and me to Carmel for a week-end, and you and I'll slip down there for a honeymoon!"

"Oh, Calvin, but if they found out! If they saw your Uncle John in town."

"How would they, darling? Peter's working, your aunt never goes anywhere, the children wouldn't be interested anyway. After all," Calvin said, kissing her, "you're my wife!"

"Oh, sh-h-h!" the girl said, with a glance toward the farmhouse windows.

"Look. If I arrange it with Aunt Julia to use the cottage at Carmel this week-end, we'll go down, see? Tell Pete and Lin anything you like. Tell 'em I'm having a house party and that the Masons are going along. This is Wednesday. I'll come for you about two on Saturday and we'll drive down through the new cut. It's too easy!"

"Easy!" Mary echoed ruefully, with a laugh. Easy to go away from the dishes and ashes and the beds and the damp towels and the hot weather problems of ice and meat and general souring and spoiling, on a honeymoon trip. No detail of it would be easy. But it was Calvin who asked her, and it would be Calvin who came for her on Saturday, Calvin in his white flannels and his dark blue coat, with his cap pulled down over brushed fair hair and his big pigskin bag in the back of the car, and it would be coolness and summertime, woods and the blue reaches of the Pacific toward which he would take her!

"Saturday," she told him, with her goodby kiss. Peter would be home for supper in half an hour; Aunt Joan, now lying flat on her bed with the shades of her small boxlike downstairs room drawn tightly against the afternoon light, would emerge exhaustedly and sit on the edge of a kitchen chair watching Mary's languid preparations without offering to help. Lindsay would be dropped from Maria Elena's car, and tell of the cool iced luncheon in the Moultons' house, and the swim afterwards in the Parkers' pool; they would all be sitting down to lettuce and sliced tomatoes and corn bread and peaches at half past six, with perhaps some of the cold mutton for Peter if he wanted it, and no one of them would dream that Mary was no longer one of the Burleighs: that Mary was Mrs. John Calvin Tait!

SHE saw Calvin for a few minutes the next evening; saw him on Friday for a picnic supper. The picnic was simple as to food, and was carried no farther than the great oak in the corner of the back lot, but it ended for all the Burleighs with a flat box of delicious cold ripe figs contributed by Calvin, and for Mary with the most satisfying talk she had ever had with Calvin, when the others had drifted away, and he and she sat on in the warm summer dusk, with the empty coffeepot and the empty basket lying forgotten near them, and the embers of the picnic fire languidly licking at the box that had held the figs. Calvin rested his back against the bole of the oak, and Mary rested hers against Calvin's shoulder, and they talked.

"Been thinking about your husband this week?"

"Oh, Calvin, not of much else! It's given me such a confused sort of feeling—as if I were two places, or two persons, at once!"

Instead of answering, Calvin said: "I wish you could know for one instant what it is to me to hear your voice again! I get so frantic for it that if you had a telephone I'd be ringing you up every hour or so just to hear it."

"People who are just married *do*," Mary said.

"I suppose they do. I suppose fellows right in the office are doing it—Melton's just married, and Jim Choate got a divorce and married again. But I don't believe they feel the way I feel."

"It feels safe," Mary's satisfied little voice said in the dusk. Slim and soft and with the scent of wood smoke and summer dews on tarweed and yarrow somehow clinging about her, she pushed her crown of soft red-gold against his shoulder, and snuggled her firm little hand tight within his. "It feels good to belong to you, Calvin," she said.

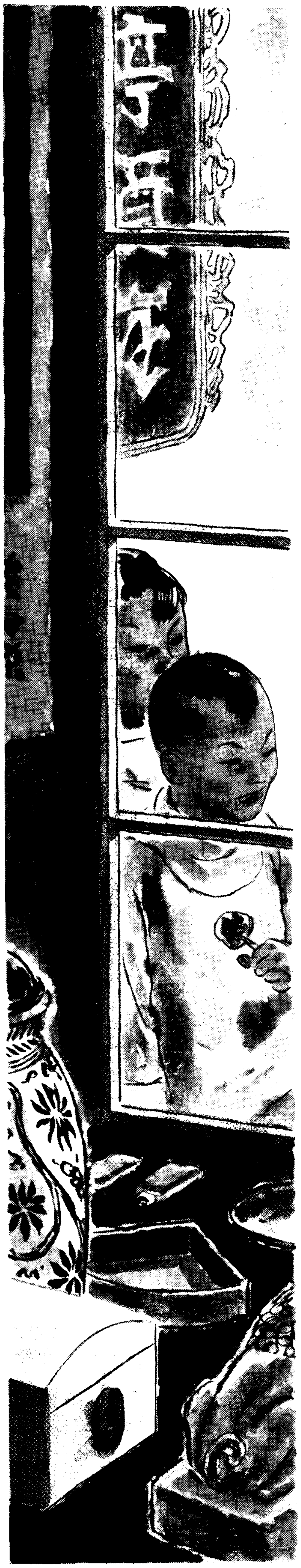
"Not scared about going away with me tomorrow, and having me register at the hotel for Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Tait, and having your bag put into my room and your bed next to mine?"

A silence.

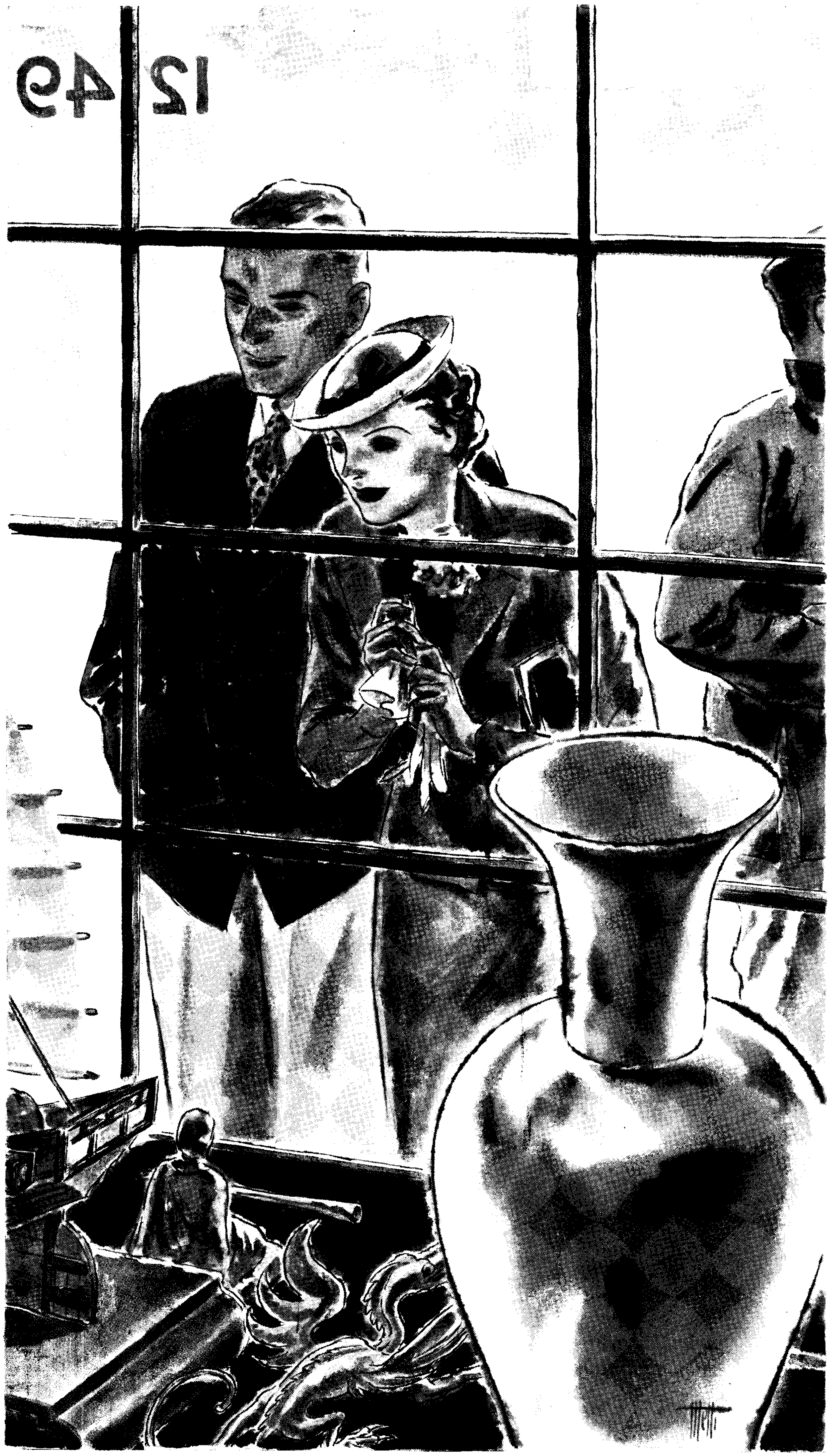
"Scared a little," said Mary.

Calvin dropped his cheek against her hair, tightened his arm.

"You're adorable!" he said. "This was a smart thing for us to do. We'll



Mary was eager to loiter through Chinatown and look into windows



only have two days and one night over at Carmel, Mary, but in a week or two we can do it again. Then when we go south we'll tell 'em—"

"When!" Mary echoed on a little sigh, as he paused in great satisfaction. "But that may not be for awhile, for me anyway."

"Ah, well, I'll go ahead and get a little place all ready. And tomorrow, at about ten minutes past one, remember, I'm arriving here to carry you off."

"I'M APT to remember it," Mary said with a rueful laugh. "They're all acting as if I were going with Byrd to winter at the pole! My aunt said quite cheerfully this morning that perhaps it would rain—rain in July, imagine!—and that then your house party wouldn't come off."

"She little knows! Now let's talk sense, Mary," Calvin said out of thought, "and see where we stand. I'm getting fifteen hundred a year, and I have a couple of thousand in the bank."

"You *have!*"

"Oh, yes. We have to have something for furniture and incidentals and all that."

"And so?"

"And so I go south, probably about the middle of next month. I'll scout around the bank down there to find some little place for us, probably furnished. They say it's easy to find those places in Hollywood, because so many people just come for a little while. Well, anyway! I'll write you all about everything, and I'll not take anything until you approve. And somewhere along around Thanksgiving I'll count on you. Or maybe I'll come up here for Thanksgiving, and take you back with me."

"Fun, driving south!" Mary sighed, looking up at the hot night sky, glancing about at the baked hot fields misty in summer moonlight.

"Oh, you'll love it. We'll have our little place, Mary, and our car, and in no time at all we'll have friends."

"Chrissie could spend the winter with us." Mary thought it; she dared not say it. That was one of the things she would have to manage later. And Bart, her heart added, with a sudden pang of devotion for the rough-headed, affectionate, eager little fellow—Bart would have to be with her some of the time too. And Lindsay—Mary was conscious of a sharp premonitory pang of homesickness for them all. "What a strange thing it is, getting married!" she said. "It feels like cutting yourself in half, or cutting your life in half!"

"THE rest of 'em can get along without you," Calvin said. "Girls are always getting married, and their families making a fuss. But you'll see—they'll get used to it."

"I hope *I'll* get used to it!" Mary thought. It was a thought that came to her persistently during the next few weeks. When she was with Calvin she had no misgivings; every moment that they could steal together was colored by his own supreme confidence. But there were many other moments, when Mary would find her hands suddenly arrested in their sweeping or dishwashing, and stand quite still, to stare absently at the bright tip of a can-opener or the glint of hot summer sunshine on a glass or a cup, wondering—wondering. She was only twenty, after all; she was in many ways a little girl still, but she had infinite courage and a fund of natural common sense. The adventure of her secret marriage did not so much frighten her as puzzle her.

She and Calvin had three week-ends together before he went to southern California. On three Saturdays Mary told her trusting family that Calvin and some of his friends had arranged a

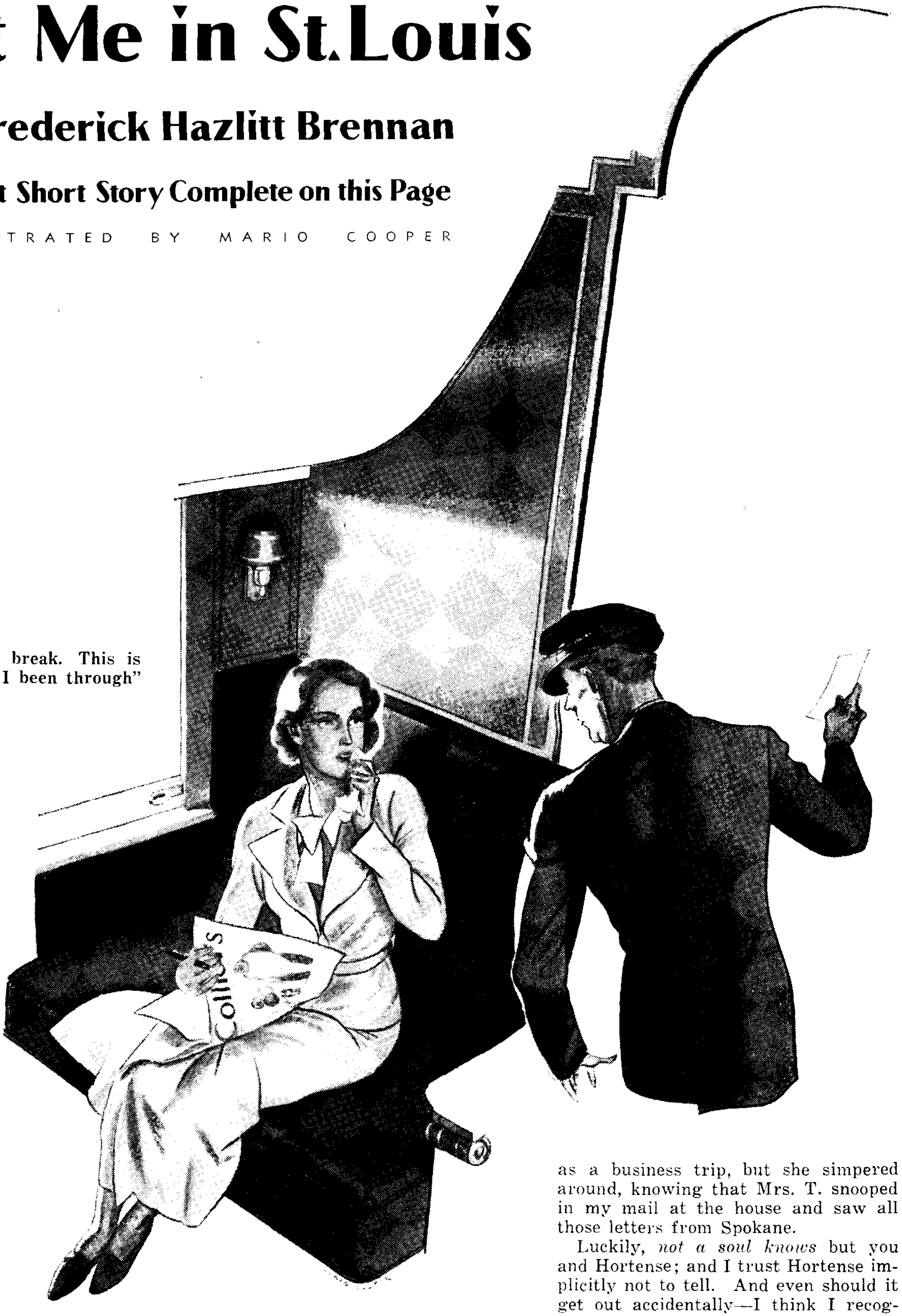
(*Continued on page 40*)

Meet Me in St. Louis

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"Lady, that's a break. This is the third train I been through"

SHE sat in her Pullman section, writing a letter on a sheet of paper which she shielded from possible passers-by by holding a magazine half open on her lap. Now and then, she pretended her eyes were watering from a cold and coughed, the sound not very realistic because her throat was tight and dry. She wrote:

On the train, May 6, 1935.

Dearest Lew:

I want you to understand what happened to me today—why I couldn't meet you. My courage failed me. I *saw* you, though. You must believe me. I did get as far as the doorway to the lounge. I saw you in the mirror-paneled wall. And even now I still say, Thank God you didn't see me.

Oh, my dear, why did you tell such fibs in your letters? I think I know; it was just your good, kind heart trying to give me courage. I remember you said in your last letter: "I'm afraid it is going to be an awful shock, Edith. Eighteen years is a long time, and it hasn't done me any good at all." And then you went on to tell me such horrible fibs about yourself. I mean about your being a candidate for the bald-headed row and having to wear eyeglasses an inch thick and having two chins. I know, Lew dear, that you meant to do me a kindness. But it wasn't kind so to malign yourself. Yes, it was, too. Because without your terrible fibs I should never have had the courage to agree to meet you in St. Louis. And I *did* see you. I shall have that to remember, anyway.

BUT I was going to explain why I didn't walk right into that lounge and say, "Hello, Lew," wasn't I? Why poor old school-teacher me came all the way from Jackson, Miss., and turned around and went home again. I bet M. B.—you know, I mentioned her as the cat I was obliged to engage as my substitute, although I know she has tried to undermine me with Mr. J. and get seventh grade back because Mr. B. is making absolutely nothing—won't she put on a face when I walk in Monday morning! Of course, I described it as a business trip, but she simpered around, knowing that Mrs. T. snooped in my mail at the house and saw all those letters from Spokane.

Luckily, *not a soul knows* but you and Hortense; and I trust Hortense implicitly not to tell. And even should it get out accidentally—I think I recognized Mr. Leavis, a shoe salesman from Jackson, in Union Station—I shall hold my head just as high. I'm glad I had the courage to go to St. Louis. And I'm even glad I was a coward after I saw you. You see, I have known for the last two years, after that blessed day when we found each other when I saw your name in the Shrine magazine, that you were idealizing me horribly. Bless you for it, dear. I shall always have your letters. Nothing can take them and their dear words from me.

But I know that you have been thinking of me as the girl you knew those long ages back when you were at camp. How silly and foolish we were in those days and how wonderfully young! And I must have known even then that you would stay young. It was so like you to go off to that hospital without telling me because you were ashamed of a simple little operation. And it was so like me to get jealous of that nurse. Oh, why did we quarrel, Lew? Why did the awful government send you away to the state of Washington, when we might have made it up?

Well, you can never say I didn't try to be honest and truthful. I warned you how quickly a woman ages in outside appearance. Although Hortense called me a fool for it, I do not regret writing you about my hair. I'll tell you a secret no other person could tear from me with red-hot pincers. Just before I left home I had Miss May give me a color rinse. But I was ashamed of myself on the sleeper and went to the dressing-room and washed it all out. I thought, "No, Lew must see me as I am—a woman of forty-one."

BUT this morning I weakened again and went to Scruggs' beauty shop and had a complete facial. The girl there advised me to have a permanent, but I compromised on a finger wave. She was awfully sweet, that girl. She said: "Your face really looks younger with prematurely gray hair, dearie." I could have hugged her. I tipped her fifty cents. But when I started to that hotel to meet you I knew it wasn't so. I saw a scarf in Steinberg's window and dashed in and bought it, and put it around my neck, although it doesn't go with my suit at all. And all the way to the hotel I kept repeating your dear letters—those awful fibs—and tried to tell myself that maybe you did look your age.

Oh, dear one, you'll never know the sick, terrible thrill you gave me. To see you sitting there looking hardly a day older—just more solid and distinguished and handsomer. Your glasses are extremely becoming, as you well know, and your forehead is so well-shaped I didn't even notice what you insist on calling your bald spot. And I had such a wonderful opportunity to see you, too. I had stopped just outside the door and you were in profile in the mirror panel opposite the other door. I stood there for a moment that seemed a century and a still, small voice told me: "You would look like his mother."

I couldn't face you, dear. I'd rather have you remember me as I was when you saw me last. So I turned and ran.

Yes, it is best so. I'd rather get a few more of your dear letters idealizing me so horribly. Just a few—before you go off and marry some younger woman. I knew that should I walk into that lounge and say, "Hello, Lew," you would try to be your dear, kind, generous self. But it is better to end it this way. . . .

"TELEGRAM for Miss Edith Flanoy. Telegram for Miss Edith Flanoy."

"Oh, boy, I'm Miss Flanoy."

"Gee, lady, that's a break. This is the third train I been through—"

MISS EDITH FLANOY
EN ROUTE JACKSON MISS
CARE OF STATION AGENT MEMPHIS

CAN YOU FORGIVE ME STOP I SAW YOU IN THE MIRROR BUT I COULDNT BEAR TO LET YOU SEE ME STOP I BOLTED OUT THE DOOR AND TOOK SEVERAL DRINKS AT THE BAR TO GET MY COURAGE BACK AND RETURNED TO LOUNGE STOP OF COURSE YOU HAD GONE AND I DONT BLAME YOU STOP MY CONDUCT INEXCUSABLE STOP I DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL STOP YOU MADE ME FEEL LIKE A GRANDDAD EIGHTY YEARS OLD STOP WILL YOU FORGIVE ME AND GRANT ME ANOTHER CHANCE TO MEET YOU STOP PLEASE WIRE ME HOTEL JEFFERSON AND I WILL FLY TO JACKSON AT ONCE STOP MUST SEE YOU EVEN THOUGH YOU GIVE ME GATE AS TOO OLD LOVE

LEW

"Any answer, lady?"

"Where are we?"

"Memphis."

"Could I get a plane for St. Louis here?"

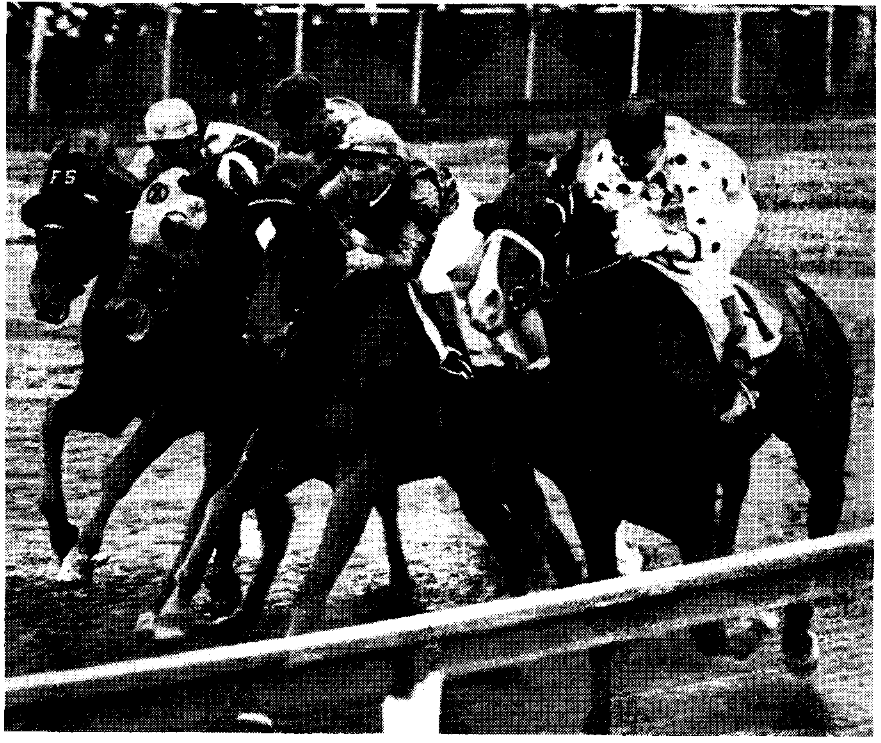
[illegible] Sande

[illegible]

[illegible] the mike. Yes, he's [illegible]. But it's the same [illegible]

IFOR THOMAS

ACME



Earl Sande, hero of a thousand horse races, singing in a night club. Below, the great jockey on Gallant Fox (on the rail) winning the Wood Memorial in 1930

THE orchestra played very softly and then a spotlight cut through the dimness of the room. A sleek-looking orchestra leader stepped out into its hard brilliance.

"It is now my pleasure," he said, "to introduce to you one of the immortals of the sport world, the man who rode three Kentucky Derby winners, the one and only Earl Sande."

The Earl of Sande, pale, looking very small, walked through the din of applause and the blare of the awakened orchestra to the microphone. For a moment he seemed uncertain, but the applause broke over him, engulfed him in its warmth and conquered his nervousness. He was making his debut as a professional singer at the Stork Club in New York City and he knew that he would have to stand or fall on his own merits. He raised his hand, the applause stopped, men wearing white ties sat back in their chairs, women in evening gowns leaned forward, the waiters retired and the accumulated silence from them all asked Sande, "Can you really sing?"

He began, "It's June in January . . . because I'm in love . . ." and the crowd raised eyebrows in surprise. Why, he could really sing, this ex-jockey. His voice was pleasant and it was warm and it was friendly and persuasive.

"It always is spring in my heart,
With you in my arms."

His voice reached every corner of the night club and his personality reached out too, and gripped everyone who was there. Sande sang on and he looked out of calm gray eyes.

You watched him, and as you watched you couldn't help but think of the Sande you once knew—the Sande of iron hands and steel nerves, the Sande who was born with a clock in his head so that he always knew just how fast his horse was going, the Sande who— The rose-tinted walls of the night club receded, the voice of Sande faded away and you felt a breeze on your forehead and you caught the odor of fresh hay. . . .

He owned a dog and a horse. What more could any fifteen-year-old kid ask, especially a kid who lived on a farm near American Falls, which is in Idaho. He'd saved his pennies for a year to buy that horse. A cowboy found the horse wandering around the plains. It was a wild pony, full of life, with proud, bold eyes. He sold the pony to young Earl Sande for fifteen dollars. The dog and the pony and Earl were inseparable from that time on. The three would go streaking along the dirt roads and they'd laugh with the sheer joy of living and the dog would bark joyously. Now when there was a chill in the air the dog would feel full of life. He'd bark and leap up and nip at the flanks of the pony, which only answered with a disdainful silence, and then he'd shoot down the road. In a moment he'd be nothing but a brown speck chased by a cloud of dust.

By Nature a Rider

Earl knew what that meant. He knew the dog wanted to race. "Come on, pony," he'd shrill, and the pony would flatten out his belly and arch his neck and away they'd be after the dog. Earl discovered that it was easier to ride with a short stirrup and it was easier to bend over the neck of the horse when he went fast. All unconsciously he assumed a perfect riding position as he galloped the pony after the dog. Sometimes the wily dog would scurry through a fence and light out across the fields. Nothing daunted, Earl and his pony would follow. Always, always they caught the dog and then the three would rest, panting, happy, quite at peace with the world. And Earl, mind you, never knowing that he was learning to be a great rider.

Of course there was school. And such a nuisance, especially on a spring day when every bird in the countryside was whistling to you and the very breezes were filled with insinuating whispers. But there was recess, too, and one day Earl and the youngsters in his class were playing in the schoolyard. A covered wagon came up the road and then stopped in front of the yard. Two horses drew the wagon and behind the wagon were two more, two thin-stemmed animals with long necks and not much fat on their flanks. The man who was driving the wagon looked at the kids and the kids looked at him.

"Where you headed for, mister?" Earl Sande asked.

"I'm goin' to Arizona to race my horses, son. Want to come along?" the man smiled.

Sande looked at the covered wagon and the horses behind it and he took a deep breath. This was adventure, glamour, romance and they were beckoning to him. This was his fate, too, had he only known it.

"Sure, mister, I'll come." Sande grinned and he sneaked back into the schoolhouse to get his cap. He climbed up on the front seat with the man in the covered wagon and he looked at the world with calm gray eyes. Slowly this strange cavalcade of a man, a boy and four horses started down the road which was leading to Sande's destiny.

Arizona, a Beginning

Sande was sixteen then and he rode horses in county fairs in Arizona and he learned about riding from them. He was good, too, and he was happy until someone told him about New Orleans, where they had horses which would run away from those Arizona horses and where they paid jockeys big money to ride. Earl rode horses in the afternoon and dreamed of New Orleans at night. He met someone who boasted that he knew Joe Goodman, a big race-track man in New Orleans. Sande asked for and obtained a letter to Goodman and, with hope in his heart and very little money in his pocket, he headed for New Orleans.

He couldn't find Goodman but he found the track. He asked John Lowe and he asked Ab Clopton, who handled the Whitney horses, for a job as exercise boy, but they didn't have an opening. Then one morning Joe Goodman was pointed out to him. Goodman was working some horses. Among them was a mare, Adeline L. Sande walked up timidly and presented his letter.

"Can you gallop horses, son?" Goodman asked kindly enough.

"I can gallop horses," the kid told him confidently.

"Take the mare, then," Goodman said, "break her off at the three-eighths pole and work her half a mile."

Sande was puzzled. "I don't know one of those poles from another," he said, "but tell me what to do and I'll do it."

Goodman laughed and explained the different poles to the boy. Earl galloped the horse and the mare responded well. As they say in turf language, "she worked good," and Goodman was satisfied. Five days later he let Earl ride in a real race, and for the first time the kid saw "E. Sande" printed on a program and for the first time he felt the thrill of wearing silks.

It was a plater called Liberator, a twenty-to-one shot, that Sande rode and he brought the horse home second. Heartbroken, he told Goodman: "I should've won with that horse."

"It was a twenty-to-one shot, son,"

(Continued on page 51)

Pitch Your Own Game

By Marian Sims

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

She loved a baseball player, but it was her father who brought her to her senses

IN THE beginning this was just another ball game to Johnny and Kay. A little special, perhaps, with a sort of valedictory sadness, because it was the last game Johnny would pitch for the university, and the last game Kay would ever see him play. Unless, of course, he should become kittenish in middle age and lead the Rotary Club to a stirring victory over the Lions. . . .

Beyond this game were diplomas: law for Johnny, science for Kay; and beyond the diplomas loomed one of those gallant, uphill fights that are supposed to be the making of young people. Law, like art, is very long.

But (and this was the factor that altered the complexion of the affair) Johnny Cason was more than a college wonder. People who ought to know said he looked good enough for any league, and news like that has a way of seeping out. When the University of North Carolina wound up the year with a series against Virginia Tech, Lou Shaney appeared unannounced at the final game and took a box seat directly behind the catcher. Lou, with his sunburned straw hat on the back of his head, and a frazzled cigar in one corner of his mouth.

The final score was two to nothing, with the university on the big end. Johnny had given up two hits—one of them a little scratch hit the shortstop should have handled with his eyes shut—and struck out fourteen men. Besides that, he had accounted for one of the runs by lifting a little Texas leaguer over the second baseman's head.

When the game was over Lou substituted a new cigar for the wreck of the old one, and ambled down to the dressing-room. Johnny was just out of the shower, polishing himself with a towel. and the play of muscle across his back would have excited Michelangelo. Lou watched him a minute, appraising his wide shoulders and his slim, straight legs. He even took in the modeling of Johnny's blond head and the line of his jaw, and decided they'd do. They indicated brains and grit, and the Lord and Lou Shaney knew a pitcher needed both.

Johnny caught Lou's eye, stopped polishing and grinned. He knew Lou by sight and reputation: anybody who followed baseball did. Lou's team was three games in front in the South Atlantic League, known to baseball initiates as the "Sally."

"HELLO, Sherlock," Johnny said. "Who are *you* stalkin'?"

Lou shifted the cigar, manipulating his lips like a horse. "I wanta talk to you. Get on some clothes and come on."

Johnny's eyes widened in surprise that Lou decided was genuine. Whatever the kid got to be later, he wasn't conceited now.

"Just a minute," he said quietly.

They got in Lou's car and drove off by a back street. Lou was one of those men with a lot of ideas and very few words, so he went straight to the point.

"You got stuff, Johnny. What you gonna do this summer?"

Johnny grinned. There was something funny about trying to toll a lawyer into baseball. "Go on studying, and take the bar in August."

"This is no time to start practicin' law," Lou pointed out. "Even the veterans can't pay their office rent."

There was nothing new in that information, so Johnny laughed. "You're telling me? But everybody's got to start somewhere. Maybe I should sit and suck my thumb until things pick up?"

He realized instantly that he'd made an opening for Lou as big as a barn door, and that Lou was diving right through it.

"You could pitch for me. At three hundred a month if you made the grade. And you'd make it, or I'm a bat boy."

Three hundred a month. Johnny's young mouth tightened. "Yeah, and keep on pitching until I was wind-broke and spavined. I know ball players."

Lou needed a right-hander badly, so he conceded a point. "You needn't start until school's out. I'll wait. Even that would give you four months—twelve hundred dollars and a bonus if we're in the play-off series, which is practically in the bag. You'd have somethin' to keep the wolf from the door while you were gettin' a start." Privately he was figuring that he ought to get three or four thousand for Johnny from the big boys, and that Johnny wouldn't be able to resist the thrill of going up.

"But that would mean I couldn't take the bar in August."

"Well, there'll be another one before long. When?"

"January."

"All right. You pitch for me this summer and get ready for it this fall. You'll be earnin' your own way, and a few months won't be noticed ten years from now. How old are you, anyway?"

"Twenty-three."

"Then Lord knows you can spare three or four months, and if you're smart you'll be supportin' yourself on the proceeds for several months more. That is," he added craftily, "unless your old man's plenty able to do it for you."

JOHNNY winced. His father wasn't able, and that was the biggest rub in the whole business. Lou knew he'd scored and liked Johnny the more for it, but he sat still and waited.

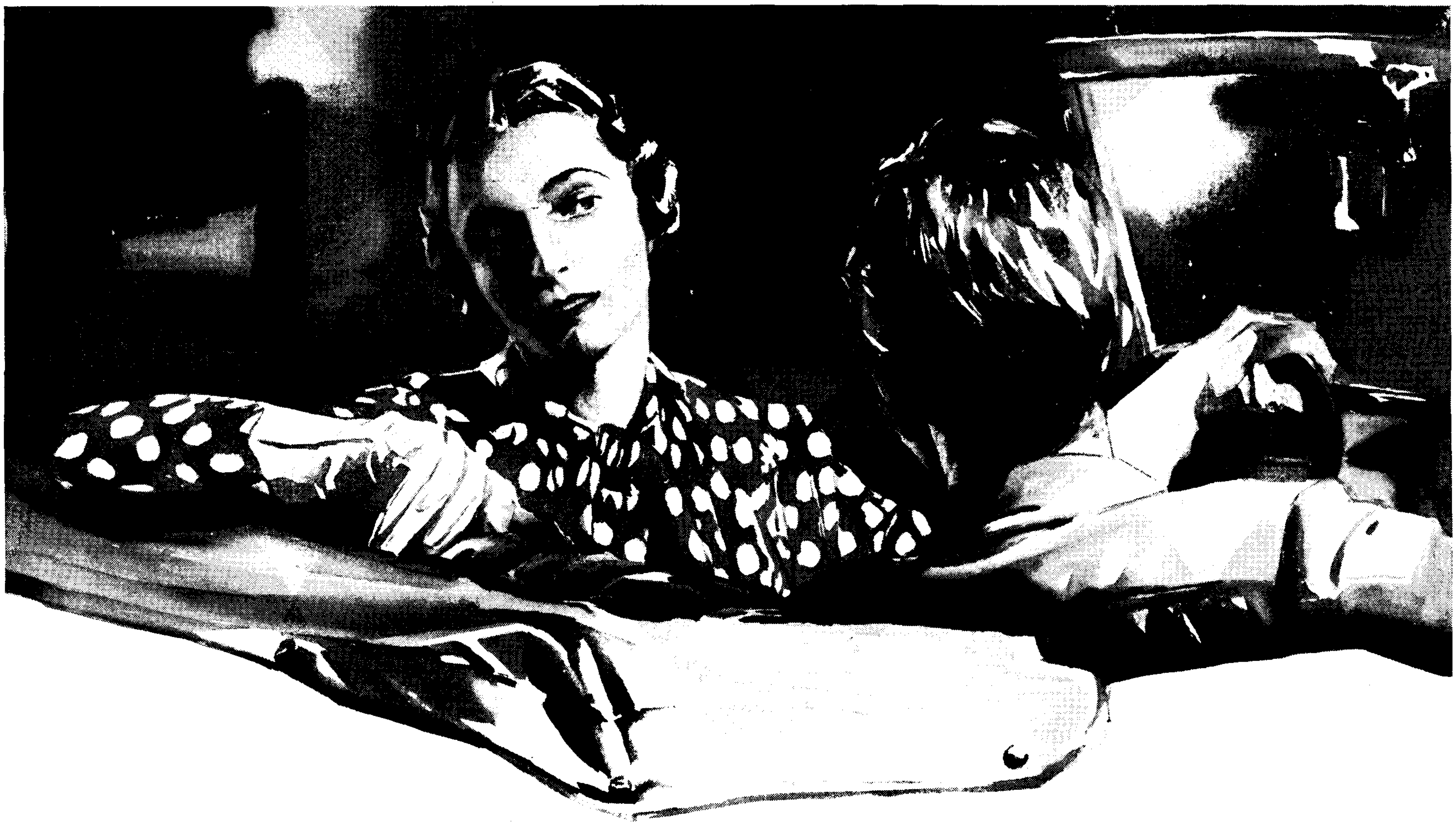
"He's not," Johnny said shortly. "But he's as hot for it as I am, and I don't know what he'd think about this. I'd have to write him first." Maybe, he thought, that would give him an out.

Lou nodded. "When'll you let me know?"

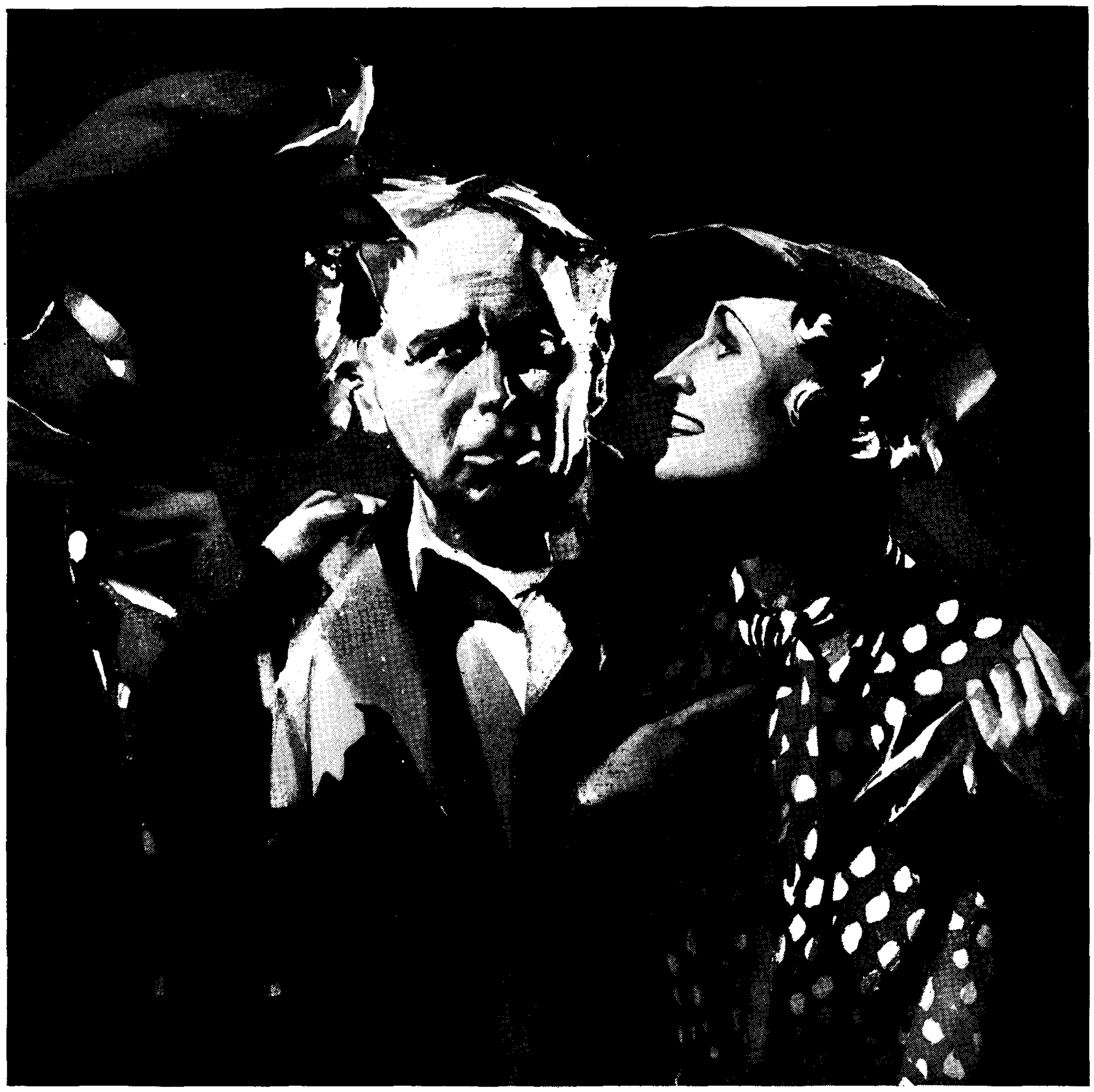
"As soon as I hear from him. I'll write tonight."

Lou nodded. "You c'n wire me collect."

Johnny walked into the Theta house, thinking hard. Somebody yelled:



"If that's the way you feel about it, yes. I—guess I'll go home, Johnny"



"Please," she said. "He isn't this sort, really—this is a special occasion"

"Swell job this afternoon, fella; come over and tell us about it." But he shook his head and grinned.

"Got to see a man about his daughter. See you later."

In his room he sat on the bed and stared at an ink spot on the floor. There was one thing he hadn't told Lou about, and that was Kay. Kay was none of Lou's business.

But she was his business; she was practically his mission in life. It wasn't one of those white-hot affairs that burn out and leave a heap of ashes: it was an even, steady glow that had fed itself for two years—one of those rare and lovely fires to warm your heart by. It had grown so gradually and so naturally that they hadn't even had to name it. Just: "Beautiful, we're going to be poor as hell for a while. Is it worth it?" That was Johnny's proposal, between kisses. And Kay, with her face against his: "It's cheap at the price, Johnny. . . ."

Which would have been lovely and romantic and comforting just now—but for one thing. Kay's father was a lawyer; a big one, with corporations hanging on his every word, and he had an almost fanatical regard for the dignity of his profession. He was one of that choleric, fast-disappearing species known as Gentlemen of the Old School, and his favorite sport was resenting "this present-day tendency to lower the bars and admit every Tom, Dick and Harry." Johnny respected his opinion and even subscribed to it, although not quite so militantly.

Kay subscribed to it, too; that was the thing that had Johnny staring at the ink spot and knitting his brows. She wouldn't mind starving, but she would mind, very articulately, being engaged to a professional ball player. Johnny could hear her now, minding it.

He went to the desk and wrote to his father. He tried to be noncommittal about it, in order not to sway Mr. Cason in one direction or the other. The only thing he omitted was the very probable reaction of Kay and her father.

"For cat's sake be honest, Dad," he ended it, "because you're the one to be considered. I've sponged for twenty-three years, and you deserve a vacation if anybody ever did. If you can't afford to support a son any longer, and don't think I'll disgrace the proud name of Cason, I'll go ahead and sign. What's four months?"

He mailed the letter before he could weaken, and went to supper. And after supper he got out his battle-scarred roadster and went to find Kay.

HE DROVE slowly out a country road, and Kay talked while he thought and worried about what was going to happen next. When she said: "The game was swell, Johnny. I almost busted a button with pride," he pulled the car into a side road and stopped.

He took her in his arms first, because he had to, and because it was an auspicious position for this sort of argument. The cool, sweet smell of her face and hair distracted him so he forgot the issue. He said huskily:

"During the day I think you're the swellest job that was ever turned out, and when night comes you're double that. You're a disease with me, angel." He smiled down at her in the darkness, and remembered the hurdle ahead of him.

"And there's something I've got to tell you," he ended abruptly. Then, quickly: "I may not take the bar until January."

Kay sat still. She was the only other person in the world who knew how much that examination meant to him.

"Why not?"

"Because I've got a chance to make some money this summer. Enough to start practicing on. Dad's—hard up as the devil and this would give me a chance to quit living and eating off him."

Kay had, among a lot of other things, intelligence. She said: "You don't mean—playing baseball?"

He put his lips against her hair that smelled like new hay. "Right the first time. Lou Shaney, manager of the Arlington Club, has offered me three hundred a month to play this summer. Twelve hundred cold dollars, sugar, with a bonus if we get a berth for the championship series. It would only mean four months lost, and it would give Dad a rest and me something to start on."

Kay was quiet a long time. Then she said skeptically: "Four months? And if you make good and they dangle a big offer before you? . . ."

"Nothing doing. I'm a lawyer, not a ball player; until next fall you'll have to take my word for it."

She wanted to believe him, so she said: "I see your point, and if I were the only one concerned I'd probably string along with you and pretend I liked it. But you know Dad: he's sixty-five, and he's not quite rational about his profession. He—couldn't take it."

Johnny looked pretty grim. Privately he felt it was his affair and not Mr. Lowry's, and that it was high time the old man learned to adapt himself to a changing world. He said slowly:

"After all, precious, isn't it—between you and me? If you don't mind—well, it looks to me like that's enough. Besides, I seem to remember hearing more than once about the mean curve he used to pitch in the old days."

"THAT was in college," Kay pointed out. She said unsteadily: "Darn it, Johnny, you know what a rotten break he's had with his family; Robin killed in France and Helen married to a bum and divorced a year later. She's running wild now; we don't even hear from her more than twice a year, and the news is always bad. I was a sort of postscript, and he says I'm his last hope. Of course he's wrong about a lot of things, but you don't change much when you're sixty-five. I wouldn't hurt him for the federal debt."

"All right," Johnny said steadily, "look at my side of it. Dad's fifty, he's put me through five years of college, and he's broke. I should sponge on him another couple of years just because of a fool notion about what's dignified and what's not. It looks to me like my obligation is as big as yours and a darn' sight more pressing."

Kay stiffened in his arms. "You don't need to sponge. Mr. Chapman's taking you into his firm, and that's a living, to say the least."

"A hundred a month is a living by courtesy only. You spend that on clothes alone. Damn it, Kay, I want to marry you: I don't want to wait till I've got a long white beard before I'm able to support you."

Kay said eagerly: "Dad will keep up my allowance afterward; I'm sure of that. And four months of baseball isn't going to help much."

"It'll help Dad," Johnny insisted. "And I'd rather support you myself. Looks to me like it's just as—undignified—to take his money as to earn my own playing baseball. If I could get a thousand or so saved up we ought to be able to get along until I was started."

Kay said uncertainly: "Well, I'll write Dad, but I can hear him now."

"And if he turns thumbs down you do too?"

"I'm—afraid so."

He took his arms from around her and sat gripping the steering wheel instead.

"That makes everything lovely and clear, doesn't it?" His voice sounded as if it were lined with fur.

Kay was mad now; she hadn't dreamed Johnny would sacrifice her for twelve hundred dollars. Stubbornly, that was the way she chose to read it. She shrugged, and her voice was as distant as Mars. If she could help it, Johnny shouldn't guess she was hurt.

"If that's the way you feel about it—yes. I—guess I'll go home, Johnny."

Desperation swept over him, washing away his determination. He cried: "Kay, sweetheart . . ." and reached for her in the dark, but she wasn't there.

Then Johnny drove her back to the chapter house. . . .

Ten days later Johnny signed with

(Continued on page 36)

Poor Man's Gold

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

JACK HAMMOND and his partner, Mackenzie Joe Britten, find gold near beautiful Sapphire Lake, in Northwestern Canada; and a gold rush promptly ensues.

Within a few weeks, a village of log cabins is created. There is a restaurant: "The Slumgullion." There is a grocery store. And "Around-the-World Annie," who has brought in a number of girls, is planning to open a dance hall. Financed by Hammond, who takes a friendly interest in her, Jeanne Towers, a girl who will reveal nothing concerning her past, runs the grocery store.

Working his claims with Mackenzie Joe, Hammond dreams of a happy future. Kay Joyce—who lives with her widowed mother in Seattle—has promised to join him, as soon as possible. In love with Kay, whose father is reputed to have left a large fortune, Hammond plans to marry her—when he, too, is rich.

And Kay *does come to him. Preceded by* Bruce Kenning, an experienced geologist and the Joyces' oldest friend, she and her mother arrive in an airplane flown by Timmy Moon, whom Hammond has known for years. Kenning immediately offers Jeanne Towers two hundred dollars for a small claim she holds; and the offer is accepted, the deal made. Kay and her mother ensconce themselves in a comfortable cabin which Hammond has built for them. And Timmy Moon, under the influence of liquor, tells Hammond a secret—the Joyces, far from being wealthy, are almost penniless; they are being supported by Bruce Kenning!

The news surprises Hammond. But what of it? It was not Kay's money which had attracted him—it was Kay. And soon, he feels sure, he will be rich; in a position to care for both Kay and her mother with ease. . . . But Hammond is worried, perplexed. A stranger—who says his name is Lew Snade—of none too prepossessing appearance, has reached the settlement; and his arrival has, obviously, greatly perturbed Jeanne Towers. He finds himself wondering *constantly who this Lew Snade is*—and who Jeanne Towers is. He admires the girl; he realizes that she has fled to the wilds from something she fears, and wonders about her.

IV

MORNING, however, brought a spirit of gayety; everybody had been tired and excited the night before, Hammond told himself. Nevertheless, on his way from breakfast, he could not help turning toward the cabin-store of Jeanne Towers; nor could he conceal a certain expression of concern as she began what was meant to be a sprightly conversation about Hammond's guests. Then she turned to the subject of Timmy Moon's airplane.

"It's changed the whole camp!" she exclaimed, rearranging a few containers of dried food on the almost empty shelves. "Everybody's been asking me when I intended to lay in new stock."

"Buy me some tobacco that isn't half hay when you do," Hammond ordered with a grin. "That's Mackenzie's I've been using—he could smoke moose hide."

Jeanne got out a pencil and a sheet of paper; already there was the beginning of quite a list.

"I can't get it for a week or so," she said. "Mr. Moon is booked up until then. I was up early—but the Slumgullion people and the flophouse and the hotel were already ahead of me."

"What's a week?" asked Hammond. "I've put up with Joe's tobacco for months."

"And I won't lose my trade?" She smiled up at him, almost wistfully. Hammond reached out with an impulsive gesture and covered her small hand with his big one. The girl tightened; a quick flush passed over her cheeks. Hammond did not notice.

"You'll be the merchant queen of Sapphire Lake first thing we know," he joked. Slowly the girl pulled her hand from beneath his and walked to the door.

"I'm afraid I'm getting as bad as you prospectors," came with an uneasy laugh. "I've been wishing for another mining rush."

"Why?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know—the excitement, I guess, the thrill of going somewhere." Then: "I'm sorry. That doesn't sound grateful."

"But this camp hasn't really gotten started." Quickly he asked: "Jeanne, what's bothering you?"

"Spring, maybe."

"Sure?"

She fenced.

"What else?"

"Who was that man in the restaurant last night?"

"Oh, that!" she exclaimed with a smile that for the moment disarmed him. "It was all too silly. I could have sworn I knew him—a boy I'd gone to school with up in—back home!"

"It was a mistake, then?"

"Oh, yes. I'd looked up hurriedly—it was just like seeing a ghost. Did you hear me? I almost shrieked. The poor fellow must have thought I'd gone crazy. I did feel like an idiot."

Hammond agreed that it was indeed a silly feeling. Soon he went onward, again to take the trail up to the cottage. But he carried with him an uneasy presentiment that Jeanne Towers had not told the truth. He felt sure that this man, this Lew Snade, go-between for Around-the-World Annie and today's employer of Timmy Moon, had played his part in the girl's misfortunes. But with Jeanne's denial, there was nothing he could do about it.

Kay was waiting for him, as well groomed as if she had come from a beauty parlor. Hammond watched the sun play on her hatless head as with her mother they went down the trail. Then at last, on the banks of Loon Creek, the man pointed out the claim which he had saved for her, a stretch of gravel extending along the stream near where upturned stones and earth told of the workings held by Mackenzie Joe and himself.

"I got them as near mine as I could," he announced.

"And is this a claim?" asked Kay. "Why, it's just the bank of the stream!"

"Look," Hammond answered. All along the creek were evidences of labor. Here and there, disregarding the high water, men labored at the shoveling of earth into long, wooden sluice-boxes which, picking up the water from a flume running from a higher point in the stream, carried it downward on a slow decline.

"YOU just wash it through and it becomes gold?" Kay said curiously. "Isn't that cute?"

"It looks like a day laborer's job to me," her mother reflected.

A shout answered her from upstream where the rawboned Olson and two partners were working. Instantly labor stopped elsewhere. Necks craned. Heads appeared above the higher portions of earth where the stream temporarily ran between cut banks. Then men began to converge upon the sluice box.

"Let's go up," Hammond exclaimed. "Olson's found something in the clean-up."

"The clean-up?" Kay asked, hurrying beside him. Mrs. Joyce followed somewhat in their wake, glancing acridly about her, a woman who seldom smiled, who seldom gave interest, yet who seemed always to be weighing everything within her range. Hammond turned to explain:

"Yes, the clean-up. You see, those long wooden chutes are called sluice boxes. They've got cleats across the bottom, called riffles. The dirt is shoveled in at the top and is carried along by the water. The dirt and light gravel flow on out. Anything heavier settles behind those riffles."

"Oh, I see. Then you stop shoveling and pick up the gold."

"Not that easy. It takes a long time for those riffles to fill up. Then everything they've caught is scraped out. After that the miners pan it."

"Pan it?"

"Yes—there's one." He pointed to a discarded miner's pan on the creek's bank, flat-bottomed and with sharply sloping sides. "They put the scrapings in there and dip water into it, swishing it around. It takes a long time to get rid of everything but the nuggets."

"Oh, I'd love to see a nugget again. Like those you gave me in Seattle."

Hammond laughed.

"It looks like you'll get your wish. Olson's pretty excited."

THE big man was running about with both hands in the air. Other miners attempted to halt him, but only momentarily. At last he saw Hammond and headed for him.

"I told you it was a new Klondike!" he shouted. "Look what I found in the clean-up!"

He opened his clutched hands. In each were at least a dozen nuggets, some no larger than a pinhead, others bigger than peas. Kay squealed with interest.

"Isn't it perfectly thrilling?" she asked. There was a queer, feverish glint in her eyes. Her hands opened and closed spasmodically. "Just to think of digging up the ground and picking out gold! Can you take that right to the store and spend it?"

"Yah," said Olson. "I could go right up to Jeanne's store and buy everything she's got."

"That shouldn't be difficult. Kay's tone seemed to contain a queer snappiness. Then she looked up at Hammond, caught the stare in his eyes and added: "The poor child hardly has enough stock to fill a shelf."

"You've been there?" Jack asked.

"Oh, yes; before breakfast."

STRANGE that Jeanne had not mentioned it. But before he could consider the thought, Kay nudged him. Olson had veered again into mad gyrations, at last to bring up short before Mrs. Joyce and extend his treasures to her.

"Look at Mother," the girl said. "She's actually interested!"

Mrs. Joyce was asking questions and with an extended finger was turning over the nuggets as they lay in the giant paws of Olson. The big man stood there grinning; somewhat surprised, Hammond saw Mrs. Joyce smile quite gayly. He laughed.

"Gold certainly is anybody's introduction!"

Kay shrugged her shoulders.

"But Mother!" she exclaimed, and did not finish the sentence. They went on then to examine the sluice box. After a time Hammond followed Kay's glance as she once more looked back. Olson and Mrs. Joyce were still talking. At last, Kay said, almost fretfully:

"But, Jack, all this isn't getting me started on my gold mine."

He looked at her:

"Why the hurry?"

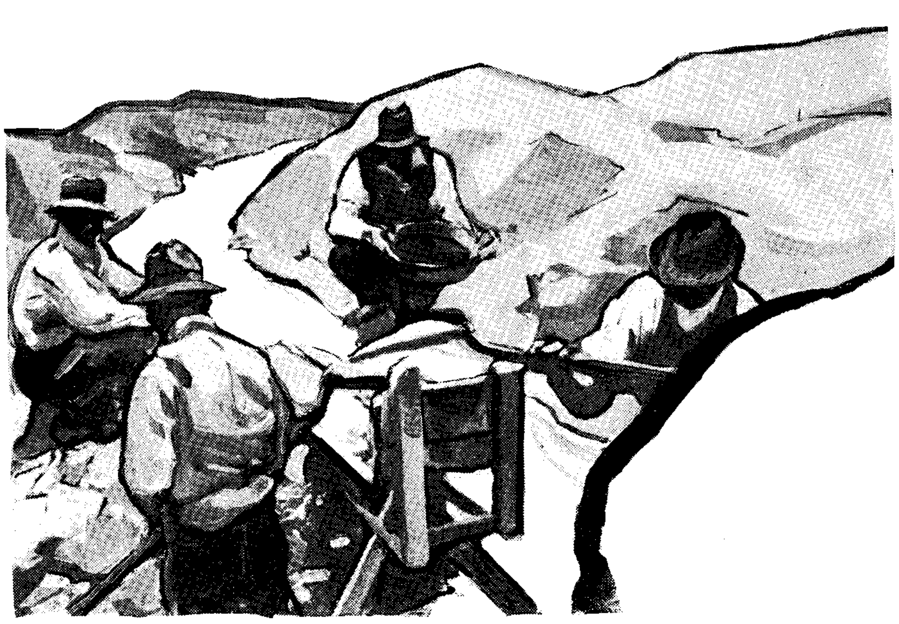
"But isn't that what a person is supposed to do? The minute you get in camp?"

Jack stared.

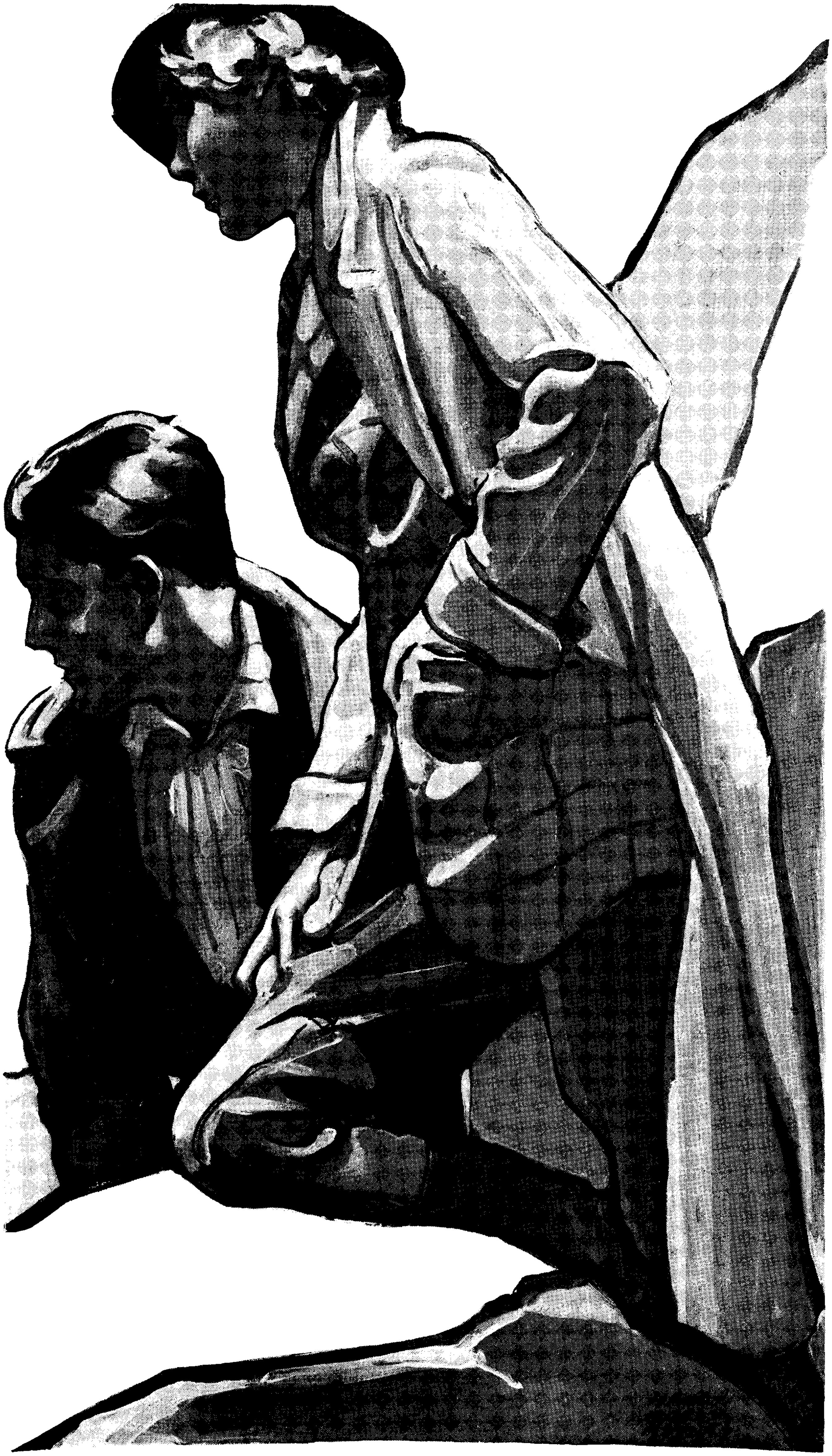
"You're not serious?"

"Of course I'm serious, silly. Why else should I have a gold mine?"

"A placer claim, since you are serious," he corrected her laughingly. "But I just laid the thing aside for you—merely for fun."



"You just wash it through and it becomes gold?" Kay asked curiously



"Then you mean there isn't any gold in it?"

"Of course, I hope there's gold. But what's the need, Kay? There'll be enough coming out of Joe's claim and mine."

"But that wouldn't be my claim, would it? I want to feel it's really mine—that I got it out of the ground."

"But you couldn't do the actual labor."

"No—" she hesitated. "Of course, I couldn't do that."

"Then I'll try to scare you up some men tomorrow. I didn't have any idea you'd actually want to work this. I just laid it aside—so you could say you owned a placer."

"Why shouldn't I work it?"

"Couldn't it wait until we get back from Vancouver?"

"Vancouver?" she asked.

"Or," he bantered, "shall we be married here, by Sergeant Terry of the Mounted Police?"

"Oh!" She pushed him playfully. "I thought for a minute you were serious!" Quickly she turned. "Oh, Mother!" she cried almost petulantly, "aren't you ever coming?"

STILL smiling, Mrs. Joyce parted from the voluble Olson, and then a few feet away, raised a hand, wiggling her fingers in an extra gesture of parting. Kay straightened.

"Well," she asked in a tone meant to contain banter, "is he Clark Gable or John Barrymore?"

"He's a very nice man," snapped Mrs. Joyce, her features again emotionless. "And that's an end to the matter." Shortly after that, Kay complained of a headache and led the way back to the cottage. Hammond returned to his work with Mackenzie Joe.

It was evening when he once more took the trail upward. This time he did not hurry. The man was thoughtful, obsessed. There was something strange about Kay, her nervousness, her quickness. All afternoon he had been thinking of Timmy's revelations of the night before when, his tongue loosened, he had told of a change in the Joyce fortunes, and in their standing. And Kay's queer way of throwing him off this morning when he had mentioned marriage.

Higher he swung along the trail, at last to veer under the jutting point of land which ran out from almost beneath the cottage; the trail here followed the cliff until almost to the veranda, where it jutted straight upward and came out at the cabin steps. Suddenly he raised his head. Low voices which had come to him faintly from the rear of the building now had shifted to the front, close by, until he could hear every word.

"And I'm telling you, Mother, that I'm not going to stand for it! I won't—I won't!"

"How are you going to help yourself?" The usually calm tones of Mrs. Joyce were high-pitched, excited. "You live your life and I'll live mine. But I'll tell you this—I had all the damned hypocrisy I wanted with your father."

"But, Mother, this terrible Olson!"

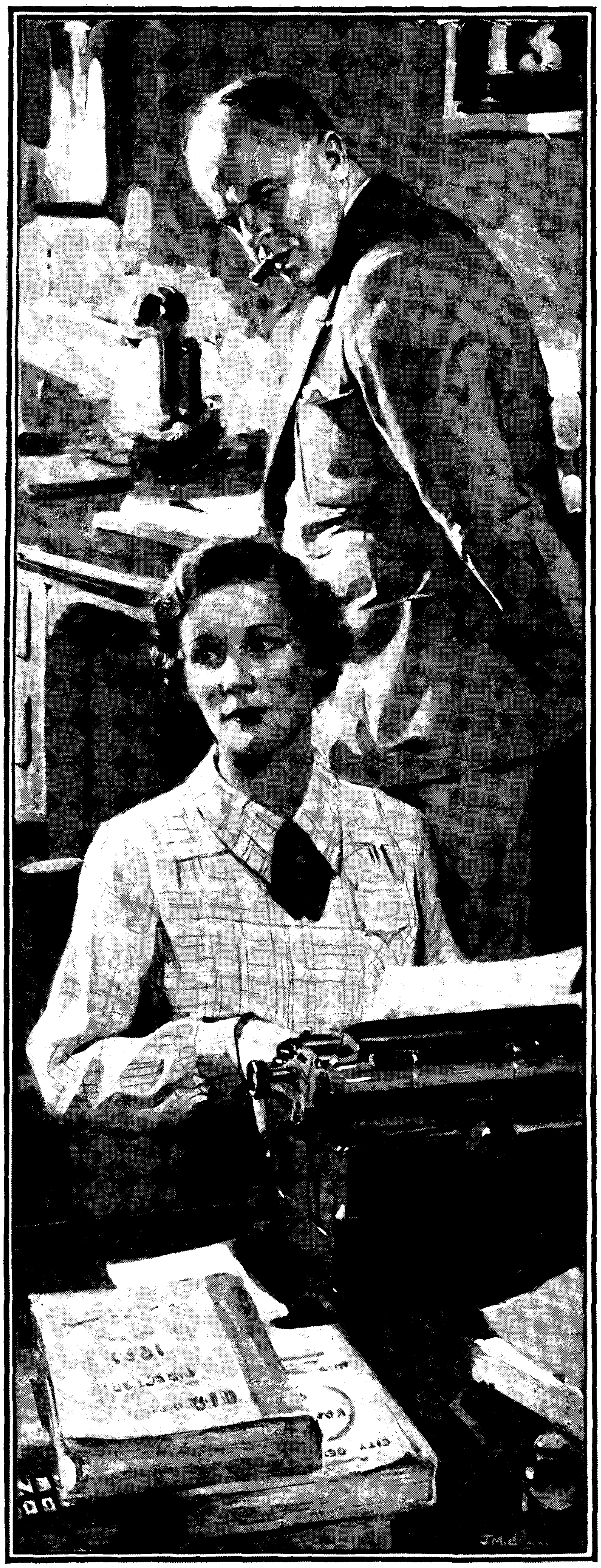
"That's enough about Olson!" Mrs. Joyce cried out. "I'll be the judge in that matter!"

Desperately Hammond began to whistle. The voices ceased. A moment later, Kay Joyce met him at the door, her usual vibrantly pleasant self.

"Oh, come in," she said and kissed him. "We had begun to wonder what on earth had become of you!"

LATE that night, Jack Hammond stood with Kay on a jutting point overlooking the valley. Here and there a faint light gleamed in the settlement, a vagrant candle or the dying embers of

(Continued on page 26)



He noticed that she had ceased typing and he halted to stare at her

The Sign of the Ram

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

A story of love and strange chicanery, in which Astrologer Tarat meets a lawyer whose star is not the best

THE interest of the Hobywassin case is in the search for the heirs made by Mr. Leonard MacNally, and its result as affected by the interference of Tarat the astrologer.

The circumstances of the death and the finding of the money are hackneyed, at least in New York. A brief splash in the newspapers.

The old lady had been found in a squalid room, dead of age and neglect; the average New Yorker, skimming his headlines, gave a cursory glance at the name and the sum of money discovered, and skimmed away, forgetting. Mr. MacNally, however, skimming the morning newspaper of Monday, November 13, 1933, in his Forty-second Street office, came upon the item and was detained.

"'Hobywassin'!" he called pleasedly. "'Woman eighty-nine years old found dead in Twelfth Street rooming-house where she had lived for fifty years. Police unearth one hundred thousand dollars in cash and bank accounts.' A fine name and a fine estate, Miss Emmet; get up your list for the sad-duty letters."

"Hobywassin is a honey," agreed Miss Emmet, his new clerk; and she hurried enthusiastically to the book shelves.

Mr. MacNally, a lawyer who had been disbarred for selling out his clients, had invented a simple and police-proof racket. We must notice it, tedious as rackets are, and inconsiderate as it may seem to put the blast of publicity on any man's livelihood in these times.

When a New Yorker of uncommon name died and left a sizable estate, Mr. MacNally informed people of the same name but living afar off, in the hope, frequently realized, that they would pay to learn if they were in the money.

ON HIS shelves were business and telephone directories for distant states. Miss Emmet explored these directories now for Hobywassins; in an hour she placed a sheaf of letters at Mr. MacNally's plump elbow for signing.

Of the sheaf, here is the one that interests us:

"Mr. Luke Hobywassin,
Blue Gap, Idaho.

Dear Sir: It is my sad duty to inform you of the death of Vrouwtje Hobywassin, this city, November 11, 1933, leaving an estate of One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

"Kindly send twenty-five dollars for certified copy of Will or Order distributing. . . ."

Miss Emmet lingered, watching Mr. MacNally signing.

"'Vrouwtje,'" she murmured, standing at gaze.

"Vrouwtje," grumbled Mr. MacNally. "Old Knickerbocker name."

"Is it really, Mr. MacNally? It gave me a start. I never heard of anybody else having that name."

"Dutch New York. Are these lists on Gonde and Boklejohn complete, Miss Emmet? Take another run through California."

While Miss Emmet had been getting out the sad-duty letters, Mr. MacNally had opened the morning's mail.

He had fifteen letters from hopeful outlanders whom he had informed of the deaths of well-to-do New Yorkers, and each letter enclosed twenty-five dollars. This was not all profit to Mr. MacNally; there would be Miss Emmet's time in copying the wills and orders at the Surrogate's office, and the fee of twenty-five cents for certifying each under the great seal of the state.

THE point of interest in the letter set out above is that it was addressed to Vrouwtje Hobywassin's brother.

The letter came back unopened and stamped Undeliverable—brother Luke had crossed the Great Divide long since—but there followed a letter from the postmaster of Blue Gap, who seems to have been a leisured and chatty sort:

"Dear Mr. MacNally: I saw you wrote to Luke Hobywassin. Old Luke is dead and gone these many years, and that is just the name of the general store, Luke Hobywassin & Company. There is none of the family left, or I could give them your letter.

"Luke had an unmarried sister named Vrouwtje on Twelfth Street in New York, though. He had a daughter here, Mrs. Tom Emmet, a widow. Mrs. Tom sold the store and took her youngsters, Magdalena, Valentina and Vrouwtje, to New York. That was during the war. Put me in mind of old times. . . . Come to think, I heard Mrs. Tom died in New York. . . ."

"Miss Emmet," called Mr. MacNally, struck by a whimsical thought.

She came hurrying—a tall, ungainly girl with wispy bronze hair, heavy eyebrows and nice gray eyes, honest and eager and unreflective. Mr. MacNally was well pleased with his new clerk; she was cheap, competent and diligent in the simple work, and had not perceived that it was a racket. She was not pretty, but he preferred plain clerks.

"What's your first name, Miss Emmet?"

"Viola."

"Huh. Are you an orphan?"

"No, sir." Her tone was light and aggrieved.

"Live with your parents?"

"Oh, I see what you mean, Mr. MacNally. Yes, my parents are dead; but, goodness knows, I'm not an orphan—what you'd call an orphan—with nobody. Was that all, Mr. MacNally?"

"Who were your people, Miss Emmet?"

"Father," lifting her eyebrows, looking at the desk and speaking in a flat recitative, "was a wealthy Wall Street man who failed for millions. Mother was a woman of the world and society.

After my father unfortunately died—"

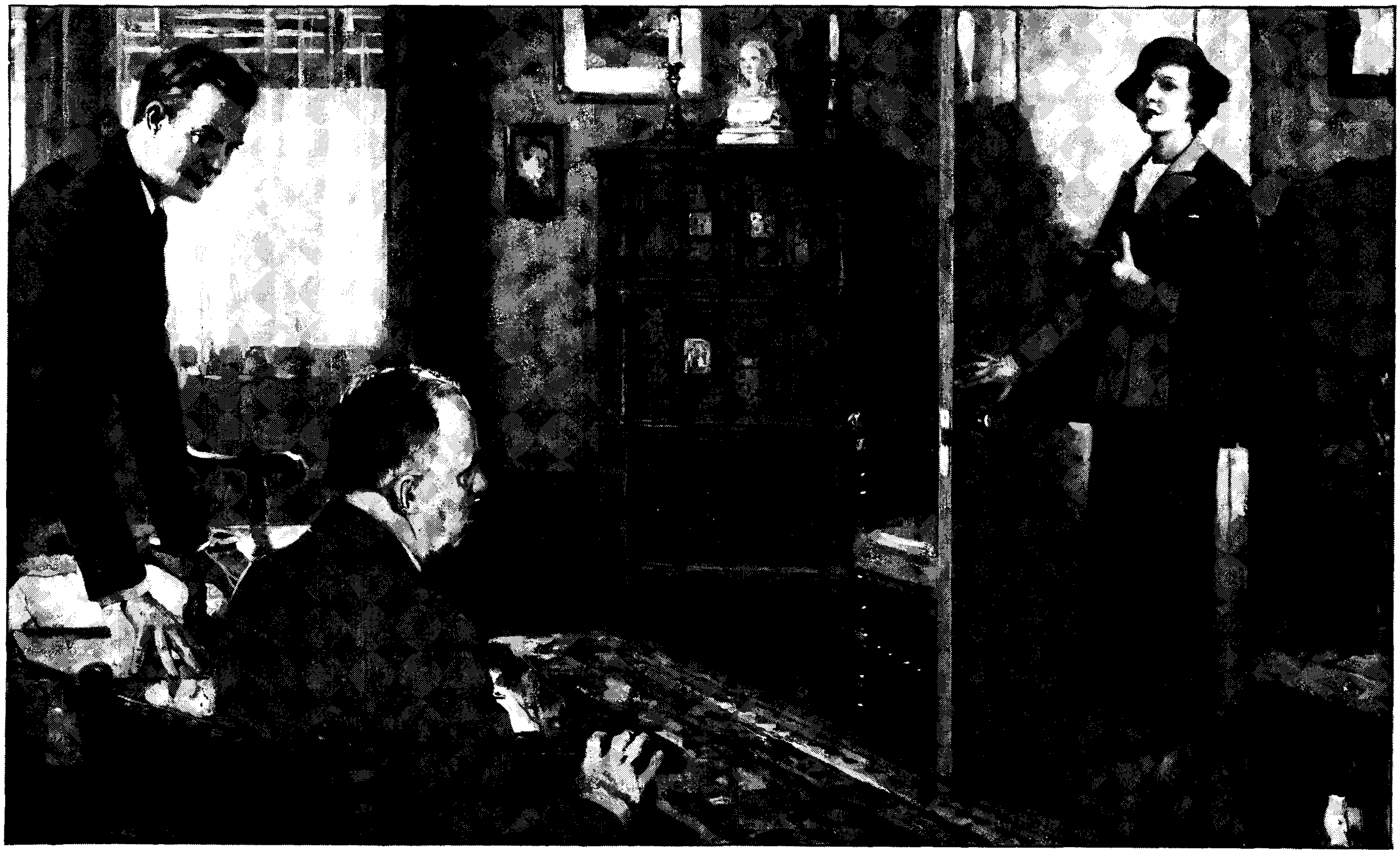
"Yes, yes. Have you any sisters?"

"No, sir."

Mr. MacNally dismissed her and lifted the hand with which he had shielded the letter. He stowed the letter now in his inside pocket and buttoned over it his double-breasted lounge suit. That was a letter to be kept in strict seclusion.

He bit a Havana and took a turn up and down in his tight and perfectly polished shoes—an elegant, buttoned-up, paunch-squeezed roll-necked gentleman of the type that was Broadway before Broadway went Midway.

More than two weeks had passed, and no pious kinsman had put in for Miss Vrouwtje Hobywassin's hundred thousand dollars. And yet there were heirs, and probably in New York; the letter named them. They were evidently unaware of their inheritance. It might prove to be Mr. MacNally's sad duty to inform them; but not for twenty-five dollars. Mr. MacNally would find them.



Miss Emmet entered. "Oh, hello, Mr. MacNally," she said timidly, moving to withdraw

FINDING a New Yorker, after whatsoever span of years, is a mere chore; there are crossroads which every New Yorker passes.

His name and address bob up in the Hall of Records, the surrogate's, the county clerk's, the municipal bureaus. Once his trail is cut, the corner grocer can tell of him, the newsdealer, the moving people, the oldest neighbor. If he remains mysterious, unseen, unheard, he is the party who lives in the flat across the hall and steals the milk.

Mr. MacNally, a skilled though disqualified lawyer, knowing where to look, learned in an afternoon that Mrs. Thomas Emmet had died in 1916, and that her three children, Magdalena, Valentina and Vrouwtje, had been committed to one of the orphans' homes within the city limits. He went to the Home.

"IT'S years ago," said the superintendent of the Home, thumbing his register. He looked like a prison warden: large, clean, quiet of manner and grimly pleasant. "But here they are: Magdalena, Valentina and Vrouwtje Emmet."

"How old were they, and when?"

"Eleven, four and two, when committed here, and that was in 1916. Destitution; the mother had just died, and there were no relatives to take the children."

"None that were known of, eh?" commented Mr. MacNally, thinking of a miserly old woman in a Twelfth Street basement who had let her grandnieces eat the dark bread of charity.

"None that took the job, anyway. But that reminds me. A Miss Emmet sometimes visits here, and she is one of these three sisters. I don't know what one, as they were here before my time."

"What's she like?"

"A fine girl. A rich and serious-minded young woman who devotes her life to charity. Last Christmas she gave the children a barrel of candy, and once she hired a bus and took them for a ride, and she always buys them peanuts and ice cream when she takes them to the park to see the animals. A fine, brainy young woman."

"How old is she?"

"She must be the oldest. That would be Magdalena."

"But what does she look like?"

The superintendent leaned on his desk to think.

"Well, now, she wears one of these hats the girls are wearing; I couldn't just describe it. And a big mink coat. I can tell you how tall she is: you see the roof of that porch out there? Last winter when she stretched up she could just hit the icicles with a stick. Quite stout, I'd say. No, I don't know where she lives; somewhere on Park Avenue, with a private phone; she's not in the book. Those rich people often don't put their names in the book."

"Do you know anybody else who knows her?"

"Except that she's keeping company with a big artist who draws the pictures in the newspapers and magazines. What's this his name is? No, come to think of it; I never heard it."

"I'll write a letter to her here. You said one of the girls is still under age?"

"Vrouwtje; yes. She'd be nineteen or twenty. But here's an address you might inquire at: 'V. Emmet, No. 60 West 121st Street.' It's against the names; it doesn't say which one it is, Valentina or Vrouwtje. I'll give her your letter."

A LARGE and sallow woman, smelling of soap and disinfectant, stood in the doorway of No. 60, a high-stoop private house, and looked at Mr. MacNally with the eye of a provost sergeant. "Was you looking for a room? I'm Mrs. Gimler, and you'll find the rooms—"

"Have you," said Mr. MacNally, "a Miss Emmet here?"

"Oh, her," said Mrs. Gimler. "No, I don't have. This is a respectable house, and I don't tolerate those kind of women. Yes, she used to, but she don't."

"Can you tell me where she lives now?"

"Staying out with a man till all hours," said Mrs. Gimler, who had evidently been suffering in silence. "In those colored dives and night-clubs; men calling her up all the time. I'm not the kind that watches and listens, but I want to know what goes on in my own house, and when I found a man in her room, she took a walk."

"Perfectly right of you, Mrs. Gimler. But I must see her on business, and I'll gladly pay you for your trouble. Do you know any of her family?"

"Her? She had no family; she come from a Home. I'm not the kind to read letters, but I do want to know who lives in my house. And coming from a Home—"

"What was her first name?"

"We never got so promiscuous, thanks."

"Did she work? Was she employed somewhere?"

"Her? What would she want to work for? Even if with all the decent women out of places these days, they would have to put up with a tramp. And I'm not the kind will apply an epitaph to any woman."

"How old was she?"

"Patricio! How old was that Miss Emmet?"

"Not old," said a Spanish-American voice in the darkness.

"As old as Mrs. Gimler, Patricio?" asked Mr. MacNally, peering.

"Oh, no, Señor!"

"Not such a hell of a difference, at that," said Mrs. Gimler, looking behind her. "It might be ten years."

"What did she look like? Tall or short? Stout or thin?"

"Let's see. What did she look like? Patricio, you?"

"She look like Mrs. Onklebag."

"Yes, she looked like Mrs. Onklebag. That's the best I can describe her."

"I don't know Mrs. Onklebag. Was Miss Emmet plain or pretty?"

"Her? With buck teeth, tiger's eyes, a voice like a screech, a face like a horse, and looking like a hippopotamus

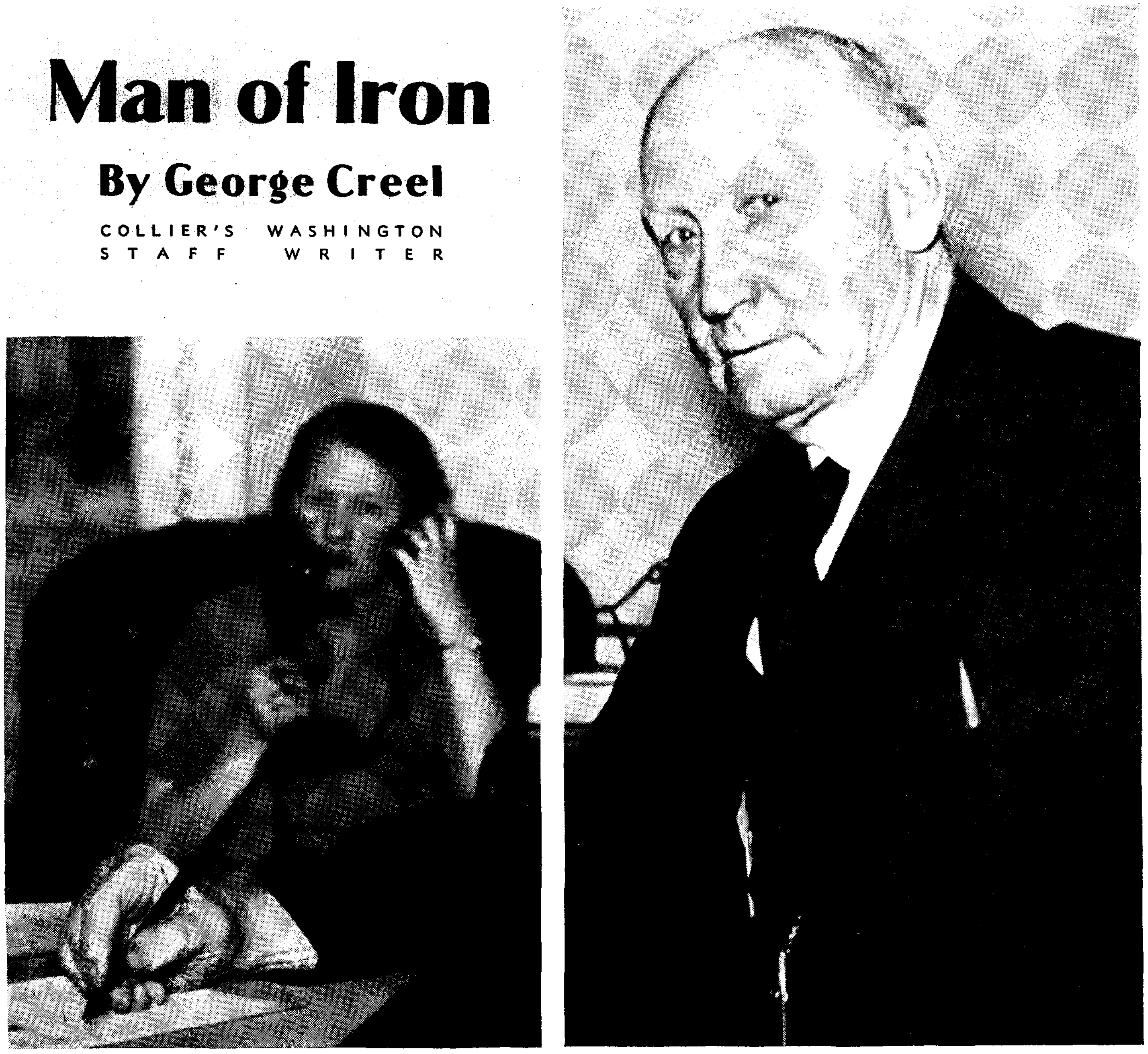
(Continued on page 33)

Man of Iron

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer



Robert L. Doughton, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and a pillar of Roosevelt strength

IF THADDEUS STEVENS, Ben Wade and other Bloody Shirters were to revisit Washington today, their screams of rage would shatter high heaven, for the Solid South is in full command of the Congress of these United States. Of the seventeen standing committees of the Senate, thirteen have chairmen who come from below the Mason and Dixon line, and it is the same way in the House.

Gather together the powerful figures who ride herd on the four hundred and thirty-five members of the so-called "popular" branch, and a G-man could search the lot without finding an *r* among them. Gaunt Joe Byrns of Tennessee sits in the Speaker's chair, Doughton of North Carolina presides over Ways and Means, and Buchanan of Texas heads the Committee on Appropriations. Steagall of Alabama is chairman of Banking and Currency; Sumners of Texas, Judiciary; Rayburn of Texas, Interstate and Foreign Commerce; McReynolds of Tennessee, Foreign Affairs; McSwain of South Carolina, Military Affairs; Vinson of Georgia, Naval Affairs, and Mansfield of Texas has charge of the "pork barrel," otherwise known as the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

Of all the soft-voiced oligarchy, "Farmer Bob" Doughton is easily the most interesting and picturesque. Seventy-one years old, and with the penthouse lids and craggy face of a major prophet. The first man to reach the Capitol in the morning, brushing the dew away with a pair of size fifteens, and the last to leave his office at night, lugging a pile of papers with him to look over before he decides to call it a day.

A story is still told of the late Ollie James, the quaint, lovable senator from Kentucky. At the age of seventeen it seems that he drew his year's wages in the shape of a two-dollar bill, and walked down from the mountains to see a circus in the lowlands. The ticket seller pushed him back seventy-five cents, whereupon Ollie leaned down from his height of six feet seven inches, and entered an emphatic protest.

"That was a *one*-dollar bill," snarled the man. "Get down off that stool an' chase yourself."

"I ain't on no stool," roared Ollie. "I'm a-standin' *nateral.*"

"What's that?" The ticket seller leaned out, took one good look and then almost broke an arm returning the proper change.

A Real Farmer Legislator

"Farmer Bob" Doughton is built on the Ollie James model. Well over six feet, and the two hundred pounds of him all bone and muscle. Twenty-four years in Congress might be expected to have a softening effect, but between sessions he goes back to Laurel Springs, the hill town where he was born, and where his father before him was born, and does his regular day's work in the hay field, or else mends fences or cuts brambles. Fifteen miles is a stroll for him, and while a deeply religious nature does not permit him the vice of pride, he loves to mention the fact that he has no trouble walking down either of his two sons.

Those who know "Farmer Bob" are always tempted to ask, "Well, why not?" Laurel Springs, it may be explained, is in the Yadkin region, where Dan'l Boone got his start. A hardy section, with every boy able to strike fire from rocks with his bare feet, and having to be hunted down by hounds when it came time to put shoes on him. A mighty poor land after the Civil War, the period that saw Young Bob growing up, and he looked on it as a short day, almost a vacation, when sunrise and sunset didn't catch him in the fields.

Big-boned and strong as bulls, that Appalachian stock. Once, as a young man, he rode down into the low country on a pretty good horse, and before the day was over somebody made him a tempting offer for the nag. Bob snatched up the offer, but shrewdly noting that nothing had been said about the saddle he threw it across his broad shoulders and tramped the seventy miles back home.

As he sits at his desk, huge and calm, or stands to speak, straight as a pine, he brings into the noisy chamber a breath of the days when women wove their cloth, when ox teams plodded along dirt roads, and men went out with a rifle to fetch home fresh meat. A tremendous simplicity, a natural dignity, and an utter absence of the sense of rush and worry that boils around him. A carry-over from the time when men took time to think.

With it all, however, an intensely modern man. It was "Farmer Bob" who put his mighty bulk behind the President's social security bill, pushing it through the House, and there was much that was beautiful and moving, as well as profoundly convincing, in the speech in which he asked his fellow members to join with him in freeing old age of its terrors and robbing involuntary idleness of its despairs.

Courageous, too! When the Townsend movement was sweeping the country, with every politician trembling in his boots as he read of petitions with twenty-five million signatures, "Farmer Bob" rose in his place and denounced Doctor Townsend as Public Enemy Number One, and scourged him as one who raised hopes that were doomed to tragic disillusionment.

Internationalist from the Hills

Back in the Hoover days, when a sales tax was about to be jammed through Congress, the gray old giant fought it and defeated it, declaring that the burden of government could not and must not rest on the backs of consumers.

A man from the hills, and yet the stanch and unswerving supporter of Secretary of State Hull in his belief that complete recovery can never come to the United States without the recapture of some of our foreign trade. At every stage of the fight he has stood as the champion of the Trade Agreements Section in its negotiation of reciprocal treaties with other nations, an immovable obstacle in the way of those gentlemen who insist that Economic Nationalism is the panacea, and that America can and should build an economic Chinese Wall.

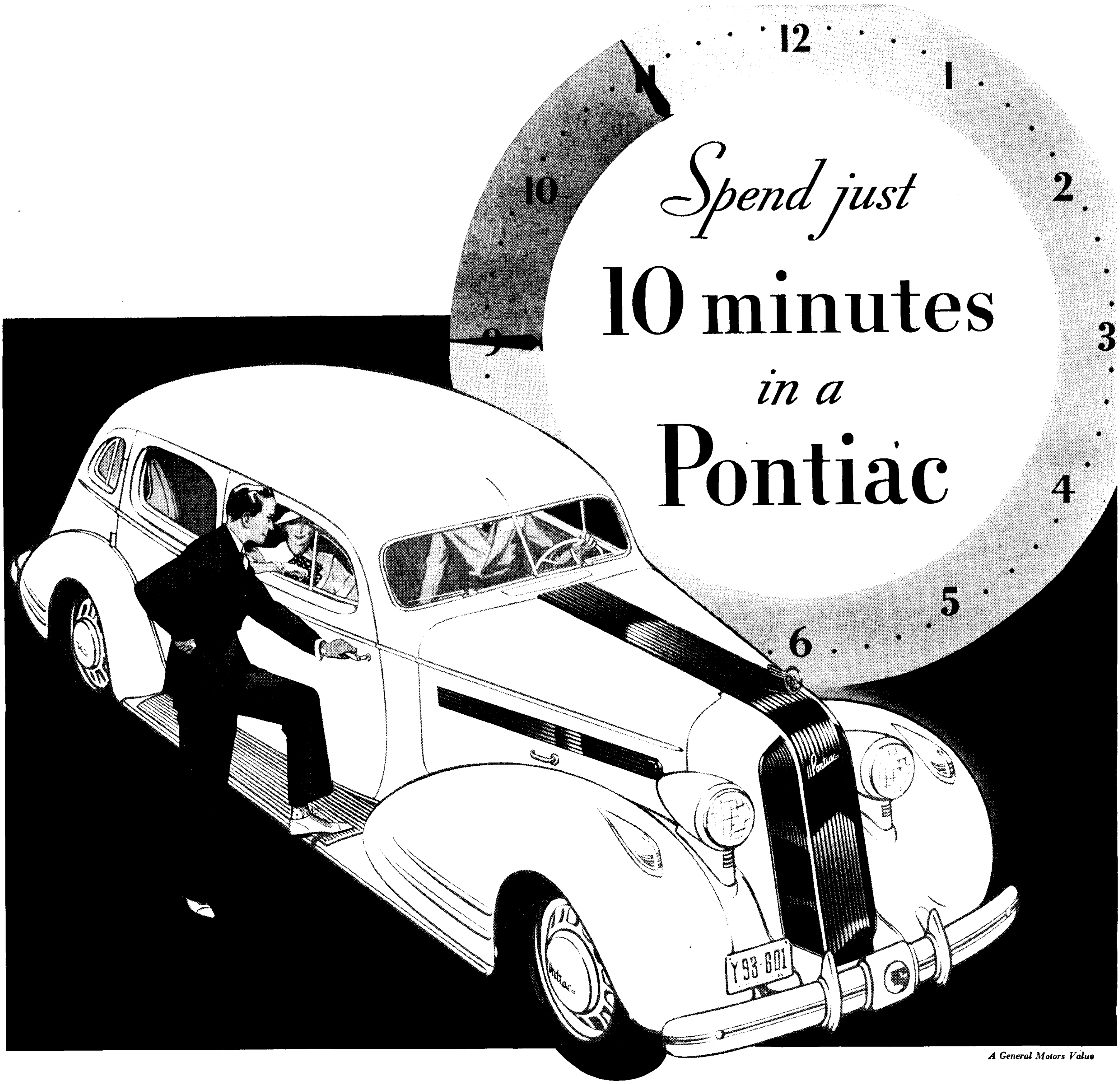
In all Congress there is no stronger supporter of the New Deal than this "Farmer Bob" of the seventy-one years. There are some things about it that he doesn't like, and he makes no bones about confessing this dislike, but the fundamentals, as he sees them, hold the hope of a better and fairer world. And that, he contends, is the real purpose of government. Not merely law and order, and the imposition and collection of taxes, but the business of making tomorrow finer than today, and handing on a larger and richer inheritance to those that follow after.

A Man That Roosevelt Needs

Not a Harvard man nor even a college man. About all of his schooling was received in a small building on his father's place that they proudly called an academy. Ask him about literature, however, and there is hardly a classic that he hasn't read. Not perfunctorily, but with the hillman's passion for learning, the Appalachian's instinctive craving for betterment, the same craving that made Lincoln keep his pine knots alight.

They like "Farmer Bob" in North Carolina. It was not until he was well along in his forties that he ever thought of politics, and then the neighbors sent him to the state senate. In 1911 they elected him to Congress, and so great was the satisfaction he gave in his very first term that the district has been reelecting him ever since. Thirteen terms! It is a record beaten only by Joe Byrns of Tennessee.

This year the folks sent him word to come home and run for governor. No question that he wanted to, for what finer way to round out a life than at the head of his state? But when the President decided that he couldn't be spared, that his wise old head was needed in Congress, "Farmer Bob" took it standing. And who is there to say that Mr. Roosevelt *doesn't* need him?



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$615

PONTIAC

Silver Streak SIXES AND EIGHTS

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 21

a prospector's evening fire. The lake was shimmering in silver, the mountains somnolent in shadows.

"Kay," said the man almost abruptly, "I want to talk to you—about ourselves."

"And I want to talk to you about yourself. Why are you so nervous—so ill at ease?"

"I?" It amazed him. "It's all news to me. Maybe I've been overanxious—to please you."

"Perhaps that's it." She clasped his hand with both of hers, raising it to her breast. The yield of soft flesh fired him. He whirled and caught her tight to him, his kisses burning her—he felt the touch of her soft hair against his cheek, the brush of an ear lobe on his forehead as, eager, roving, he bent to caress the flaccid smoothness of her throat.

"I've waited so long for you," he begged. "All my life—"

"Jack, dear," she gasped, freeing herself. "You say you want me—and then try to crush me to death. But," she shivered deliciously, "how I love it!"

From afar came the roar of an airplane motor, at last to reveal the riding lights of Timmy Moon's plane, skimming high over the mountains in the moonlight; it was the third trip the pilot had made to Wrangell that day. At last the ship banked in wide circles and, the motor cut off, the ship dropped downward to the surface of the moonlit Sapphire and the nicety of a landing.

"Timmy's taking chances," said Hammond.

"Oh, he's gone mad with a little money."

"Well, don't we all?"

"I suppose so—although it's been so long since I've seen any."

THIS was a different Kay, strangely frank, calmly bringing up a subject which Hammond had been reluctant even to mention.

"I want to talk about that," he said at last.

"And I still want to talk about you," she countered. "About your plans."

He was silent a moment. Then:

"Did I build too pretty a picture down there in Seattle?"

"Don't be silly, I'm thinking of you. Has everything turned out the way you wanted it?"

"Of course," he answered with a little surprise. "Naturally we're not making a lot out of those Loon Creek placers."

"But you've got other claims, worth a lot more."

"Yes—if we can only find the gold."

"That's what you mentioned last night."

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"The claims? Back on the flats, away from Moose River."

"But how would you go about finding gold away off there?"

A long period of silence followed.

"I don't know how Joe will feel about me telling that," came finally.

"But you're just telling me."

"Yes, that's true. If the theory ever got out, this camp would go crazy staking claims."

"And you're afraid I might publish it?" she asked with a queer little laugh.

"Oh, Kay! Of course not. Everything I've got is yours, even my thoughts."

He looked out over the shadowy valley.

"Somewhere over there," he said throatily, "is enough gold to make us all millionaires a dozen times over. Tons of gold, Kay—the deposits of thousands of years, just waiting for someone to come along and wash it out of the gravel."

"But where?" she insisted. He ran a hand across his forehead. A long moment passed. Jack Hammond was struggling with his promises to Joe. Then suddenly the secret flooded forth, the belief that somewhere, far in the past, Moose River had run in a different and long-abandoned bed, there to deposit alluvial gold, washed down from the hills by thousands of freshets and spring floods.

"ONCE we find that old river bed—" he said.

"But where will you find it?"

"That's the problem. There's nothing to indicate where it might be. We're sure it's there, somewhere. But that's all we know."

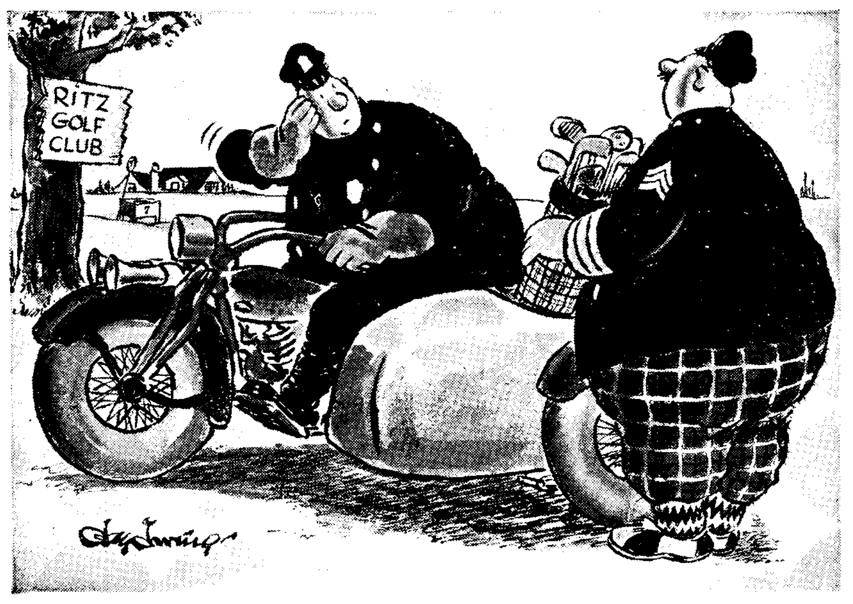
"Then it's like looking for the proverbial needle."

"Just about," Jack agreed. "We'll just have to keep on putting down test holes; one of them may turn out."

"Isn't that rather silly?"

Hammond shrugged his shoulders.

"All we can do is follow Joe's hunches—as to where he thinks that river should have run. Of course, other persons might go at it scientifically."



"Call for me about four—four-thirty" JAY IRVING

"And find what they were looking for?"

"Perhaps."

"Then why don't you?"

"You don't know Joe's breed. They distrust scientists. Any old prospector will tell you that an engineer or geologist can ruin the finest mine ever discovered. Oh, they're funny!"

Kay tossed her head.

"I can't see anything funny about it. Why should you give up everything in life just because your partner is—what do you call it—bushed?"

"But he's my partner, Kay! We've fought the North together."

"That's carrying chivalry too far. You'd both be better off with scientific help."

"Of course we would, Kay."

"You haven't thought of Bruce Kenning."

Hammond's eyes widened.

"No, I hadn't."

"My father trusted him for years and wasn't sorry. He did all that work down in Peru and Bolivia." She added bitterly: "We wouldn't be penniless now if he had listened to Bruce." Again there was silence. At last Kay clenched her hands and walked to the edge of the ledge. Slowly Jack followed, entranced by the picture of her in the moonlight.

"I wish I could talk to that partner of yours."

"You'll change your mind when you meet him. Might as well argue with a tree stump."

"But why bother with him?"

"Kay! He's my partner."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. Why not get your advice and know where you're going, instead of staggering around blindly? Doesn't it amount to just that?"

"In a way."

"It seems guidance would help both of you. A geologist could figure where that river ran a thousand years ago."

Hammond spoke slowly:

"Maybe that's an idea, Kay."

"And you can trust Bruce to the limit. Father did. As for the fee, I'll see that he doesn't charge you anything until after everything is over." She laughed. "He'd know better. I'd slay him if he put in a bill."

"Mackenzie Joe would have to stay in the dark. He'd kick over the traces."

"Why tell him anything?"

He could think of little except that she was close to him, vibrantly warm, that her hair brushed his cheek, that a soft hand stroked his throat.

"I'll have to be terribly quiet about it," he said at last. "Maybe it'd be better if you'd sort of pave the way to Kenning. Don't tell him too much—just enough so that he'll know what I'm talking about when I see him."

"I will, dear," said Kay Joyce softly. For a deliciously long time, she remained close to him. Then slowly she drew away, at last to become solitary, somehow lonely, as she looked out over the valley.

"JACK," came after a long time, "I've a disappointment." Then with jerky abruptness: "We can't be married."

"But, Kay, that's impossible!"

"Please don't ask me a lot of silly questions about not loving you," the girl said crisply. "I can't stand it."

Instantly he was beside her.

"What are you trying to say?"

"Nothing—of consequence. I'm just terribly unhappy, Jack."

"But why? You say you're crazy about me. You know I worship you. What's come over you, Kay?" he begged. "That night in Seattle—"

"We were both mad in Seattle."

"But why not stay that way?" he begged. Suddenly he asked: "Are you disappointed in me?"

"Of course not."

"Then what worries you?"

"Mother, for one thing. She's been terribly difficult since Father died."

"But—"

"You must have heard her raving tonight, as you came up the hill."

"I couldn't help it."

The girl shuddered.

"Imagine! Falling for a man like Olson!"

"Oh," Jack laughed. "He means well."

"He says 'Yah!'" sneered Kay, dismissing the subject. Hammond moved closer.

"But Kay, how can that affect us?"

She turned her golden head.

"Do you think a man like Olson could interest Mother if we weren't penniless? Can't you understand? We're broke; positively flat broke!"

"I know that. Timmy had a loose tongue last night."

"Father left hardly enough for the funeral," the girl went on bitterly. "He even dragged poor Bruce down in the wreck; almost ruined him. Bruce has been a saint. He's kept Mother and me alive. But just the same, the fact remains we're broke, flat broke, penniless!"

"Well, what of it?" Jack demanded impatiently. "I've got money."

She whirled, facing him.

"And am I to go through life, calling myself a gold digger?"

"But you're not. That's absolutely silly."

"IS IT?" she asked. "I was the snooty banker's daughter. I wouldn't have anything to do with you. Then, suddenly, I haven't any money and you've got a lot. So I marry you. What's the answer to that?"

"The answer is that I'll marry you any time you say."

"That's the wrong answer. Suppose we marry, and you get the idea that I was desperate and grabbed you because you had money?"

"You know I'd never do that."

"That's what they all say, Jack. That's why we've got to wait."

He caught her eagerly, tight to him.

"Then this isn't a turn-down?"

"Of course not, silly," she answered. "We simply have to wait, that's all."

"How long?"

Her lips were close to his.

"Until I make some money out of that placer. Oh, it's a subterfuge, I know. But at least I'll bring you something besides myself—something I've earned."

"But you can't work that claim with your own hands."

"You said you'd get me some men."

"That takes money."

"I've got a little. A few hundred dollars. That will be enough."

"But suppose you don't hit it?"

She raised her head, chin high in the moonlight.

"I've got to hit it. I can't have you until I do. It will be my dowry."

Jack Hammond went down the hill with the feeling of having kissed the lips of nobility.

A few nights later, as Mackenzie Joe scraped the sandy mud off his boots and prepared to start for Jeanne's store and a new tin of tobacco, Hammond came out of the semi-darkness of the cabin and leaned against the doorway.

"Listen, Joe," he began, "I've been thinking about something."

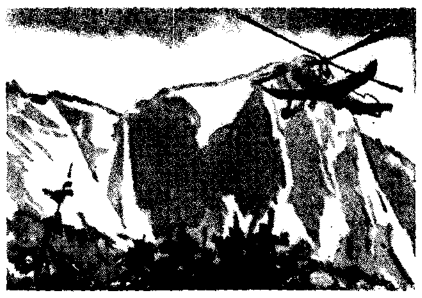
"Yeh?" The old prospector tossed aside the mud-smeared stick and stood waiting.

"We've been going at this proposition of that old river bed in pretty haphazard fashion."

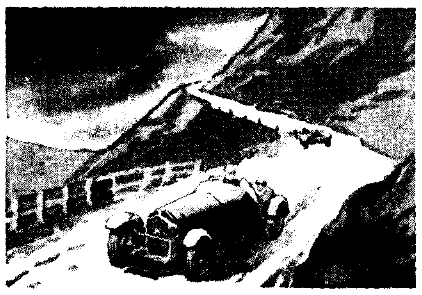
"Have we?" asked Joe.

"Well, haven't we? We dig a hole

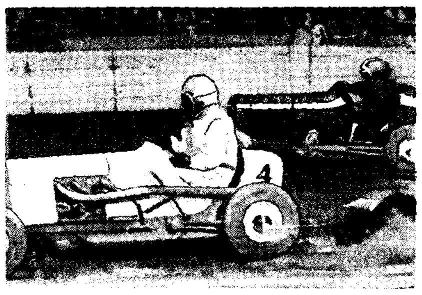
(Continued on page 28)



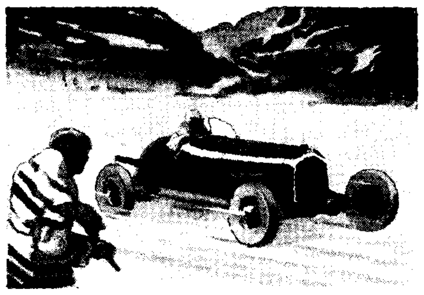
TOLEDO—*This autogiro, one of the first, has traveled over 300,000 miles including record water flights, an autogiro altitude record and thrilling landings and take offs in the jungles of Yucatan and the Yosemite Canyon. Champions used exclusively.*



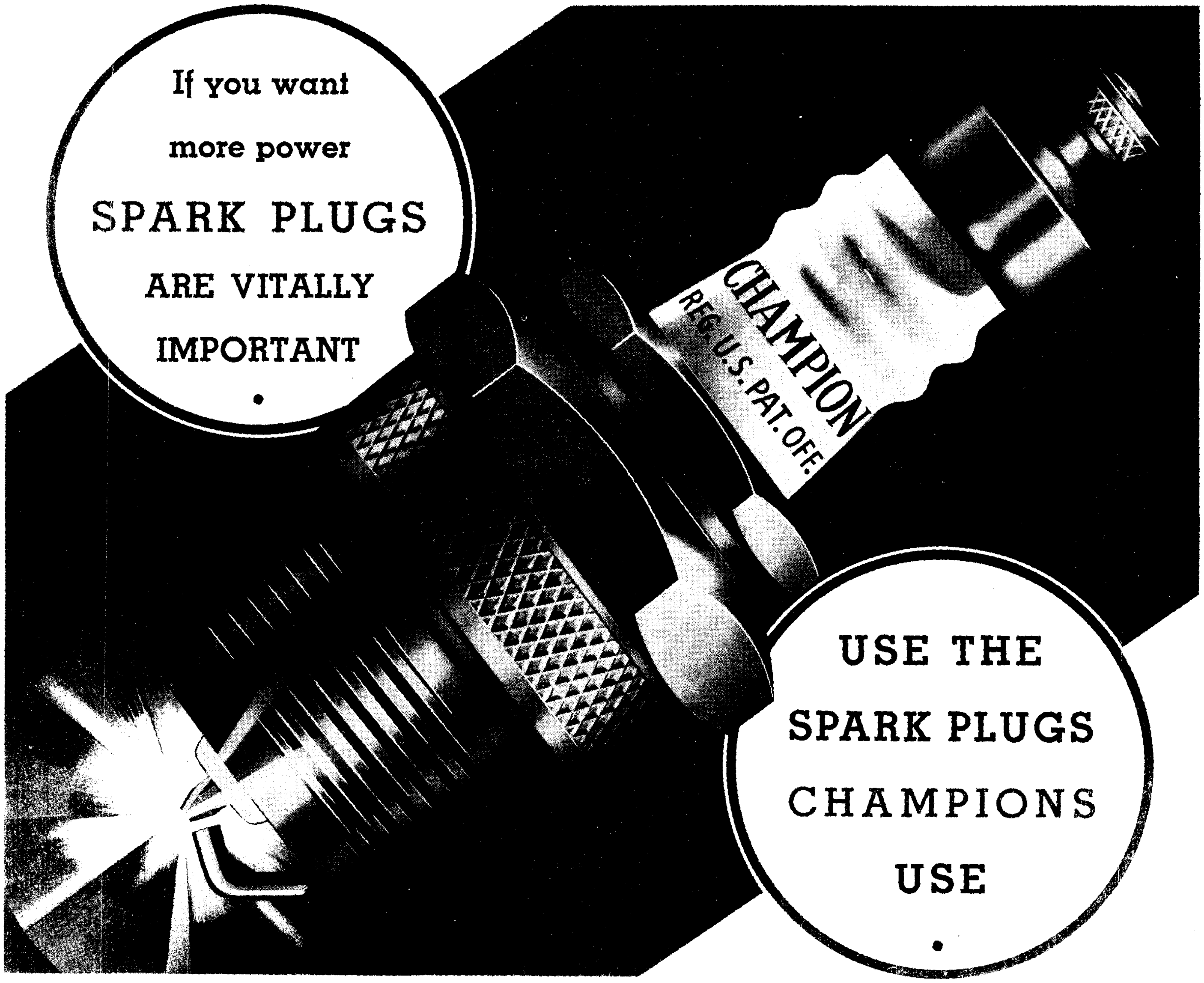
ITALY—*Pintacuda, driving a Champion-equipped Alfa-Romeo, won the 1000 Mile Race run over treacherous mountain roads, city and village streets. His record-breaking average was 71.72 m.p.h. Champion-equipped entries placed first, second and third.*



UNITED STATES—*Midget car racing, a new sport, is taking the country by storm. Enthusiastic audiences from coast to coast have greeted these miniature racers with acclaim. Like other racing champions, these midget cars are practically all Champion-equipped.*



NORWAY—*Widengren drove his Champion-equipped Alfa-Romeo to victory in the Grand Prix of Norway, a thrilling race of 100 kilometers over the ice. Ebb, in a Mercedes, was second and Ruesch, in a Maserati, third—all used Champions.*



When it comes to choosing spark plugs, these impressive facts should guide your choice. Champion Spark Plugs are preferred by the motoring millions; they are the first choice of racing champions, and have helped to win the world's major racing events for eleven straight years. Obviously, your choice should be Champions.

KEEP YOUR ENGINE YOUNG · CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES

NRA CODE
APEM 34-01

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 26

here and a hole there—just stabbing blind, in the dark. I've been thinking that we ought to map out a campaign. Suppose we swing away over to the right, almost to the end of our holdings on that Number 5 lease and start putting down a series of test pits. Then, if those don't work out, we can start slowly across the valley—"

The coldly appraising look in Mackenzie Joe's eyes halted him.

"What crooked mining shark has been telling you the wrong place to dig?" he asked gruffly, and walked on toward Jeanne Towers' cabin.

ALL in less than two weeks, the little settlement of Sapphire Lake had become a village—and was robustly looking forward to the day when it would be a town. Timmy Moon's airplane had caused it.

Not that he any longer held the monopoly. Two days after his first trip into Wrangell, another gypsy had flown in from the Alaskan Coast and begun a canvass of the town for business. Then a third had found his way up from Vancouver. They had brought about astounding changes.

For days Timmy Moon had been chartered by Around-the-World Annie, feverish for artisans, woodworkers, glaziers and their supplies.

"Yeh," said Mackenzie Joe as he watched a ship drop to the lake and taxi to a landing, "everybody's in a hurry. They could go for months without glass in their windows—but now they've got to have it by the next plane. That's the trouble with a new gold diggin's. Nobody wants to let it stay the way you found it."

Hammond began to file the ragged edge of a long-handled shovel.

"Don't you think it's up to us to get as much gold out of that creek placer as we can? We'll have to be hiring men soon."

The older man shot him a quick glance.

"That's the fourth or fifth time you've brought that up," he said.

"Well?" asked Hammond. "Didn't we talk it over the other night?"

"We didn't come to any decision."

"I did."

"That doesn't make two of us."

A CERTAIN asperity had grown up between the two; looking back, Hammond felt that Mackenzie Joe's nature had become steadily sourer ever since the first arrival of Timmy Moon's airplane and its passengers.

"Look here, Joe. We've got to get our money out of this discovery. And not be here forever."

"Seems to me," Mackenzie Joe said, "when we found this place, we both figured it was where we were going to settle down—that we had a life job."

"We're not going to have a year's job if we don't find that older bedrock. That Loon Creek placer won't be enough for us."

"It's enough for me right now," the older man said. "I ain't ever seen that much money before."

Hammond bent over the shovel blade. "Our ideas are different there."

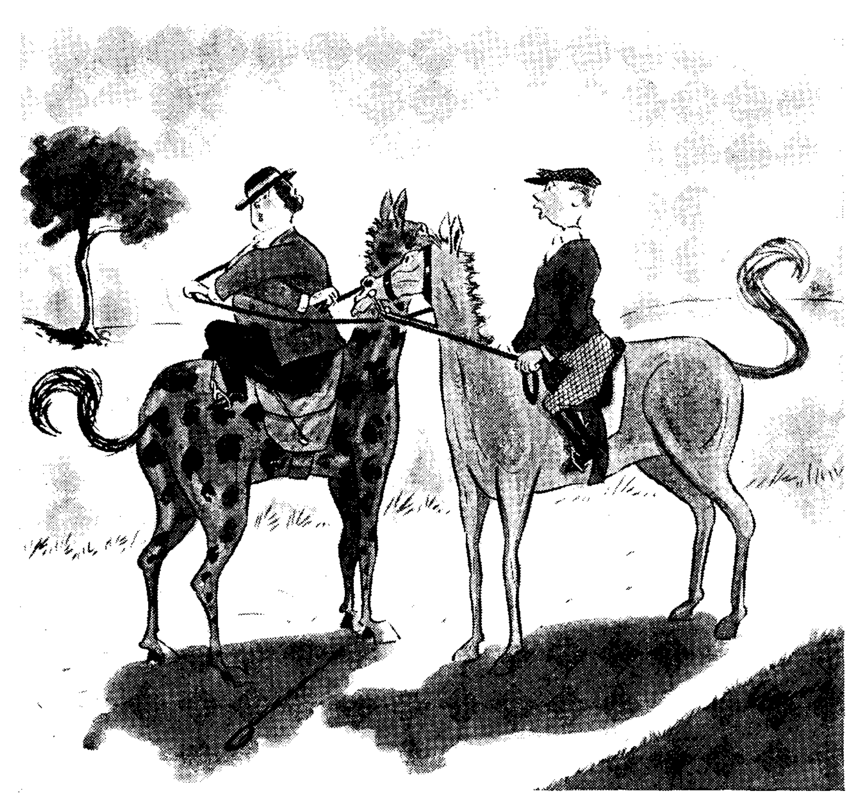
"You mean you've let somebody change 'em for you."

Hammond threw down the shovel; it clattered on the wooden floor.

"I'm getting tired of that. If you've got anything to say about Kay Joyce, come out and say it."

The other man glanced at him over his shoulder.

"Did I mention any names?" he asked quietly and moved away toward the upper diggings, a new test shaft somewhat distant from camp and rather deep in the forest, by which they sought the bedrock. Hammond did not follow him. Instead, with the shovel over his shoulder, he headed for the placer workings along the creek. It was a rejuvenated camp through which he moved. A roar sounded from the lake and Timmy Moon's airplane took off for Wrangell. From far away came the sound of hammers over at Around-the-World Annie's, on the Alaskan side; a tiny town had begun there; she called it Whoopee. As Hammond walked on, he passed a squat Siwash squaw, gleaming in a new shawl of wildly checkered design, an importation by air. Down at the Slumgullion the Chinese cook, the Chinese waiter and the Chinese proprietor stood before the unpainted building in awed survey of the glass windows which had taken the place of drab mosquito netting. All this caught strangely at Hammond; this was progress, even though it was measured by small things.



"You have to watch Marigold, Mrs. Fendig. When she turns she turns *quick!*"

DAVE C. GERARD

Then he became aware that someone was calling him. It was Jeanne Towers, waving excitedly from the doorway of her cabin store.

"I've almost sold out!" she exclaimed as he approached. "Look, I've only got these handkerchiefs left."

Hammond laughed.

"You went a bit strong on those, didn't you?" he asked as he unshouldered the shovel and reached for the box. It contained five delicately beautiful pieces of sheerest hand-embroidered Irish linen. Jeanne chuckled.

"Well, maybe I did. I wanted one myself. I thought maybe I could sell the rest. But I haven't had much luck."

"Have you shown them to Kay?"

HE HAD to repeat the question. Then Jeanne said:

"Maybe it was because she's wearing outdoor clothing so much. She didn't say why she didn't like them."

"Probably too fluttery," Jack said. "Kay's got the idea she ought to be a great, big, strong he-woman of the North. Maybe there's something else I could buy her."

Hammond looked at the nearly bare shelves.

"Not much but nails, putty, white lead and gold pans. I'm going to send in another order tomorrow. Larry Baine, he's the one with the all-metal plane, is going to bring me back a whole list of stuff from Fourcross."

"That's the way a business grows," Hammond bantered. "Two hundred dollars for a claim, doubled all in a couple of weeks."

JEANNE laughed, tipping her homemade gold scales with a toying finger.

"Well, nearly doubled. I hope I do it again."

"And a dozen times after that. Then I'll know where to borrow if the gold-mining business plays out!"

He went on then, at last to reach Loon Creek. Kay was not yet there; it was still breakfast time in most of the camp. But Bruce Kenning was moving along the stream toward one of his claims a quarter mile beyond. A few hundred yards up the stream, where the raw-boned Olson scooped the earth by great shovelfuls into his sluice, was Mrs. Joyce. Hammond saw her there often; now and then he had found Olson sitting on the veranda of the Joyce cabin, talking of wanderings in many lands in his search for gold, while Mrs. Joyce gave far more than her monosyllabic rejoinders. There was something about the man which seemed to fascinate her. Hammond found himself wondering what kind of a woman Mrs. Joyce might have been had she not become the wife of Kirkland Joyce. Hammond remembered him as a sort of living stone who never smiled. Suddenly he ceased his musings. Bruce Kenning had come beside him.

"How's the work going with Mackenzie Joe?" he asked quietly.

Hammond shrugged his shoulders.

"I haven't been able to get anywhere. He still wants to put down one hole at a time and give the rest of his life to it."

Kenning frowned.

"You can't have that. I'm convinced that the old river bed lies over toward the British Columbia hills." He chuckled. "I wish it were the other way around—all my claims are in the other direction."

Hammond grinned.

"Well, you can't say I didn't tell you."

"Oh, you're talking about that stuff I bought from Jeanne Towers. I've added to that a great deal—on the chance that somebody around here would want it. But everybody's looking the other way. Just as well. I'm obligated to turn over some worthless claims to an English syndicate."

"That's beyond me."

"Something I took over out of what was left when Joyce died. I guess the house is crooked. They say frankly they probably won't develop the property. They just want something cheap in a live mining camp."

"A stock-selling scheme, probably."

"I haven't much doubt of it. Be glad to have the thing over."

"So would I." Hammond felt he could share Kenning's repugnance. He was fired these days with the thought of new gold, clean money. The eagerness had been mounting ever since that night when Kay had told him her decision. To get gold for Kay—his hands clawed for gold, his mind was centered upon little else. It was as though the girl and himself were running some sort of a queer race in which he strove always to keep ahead of her—if she could offer him a competence, a dowry as she called it, then he must be able to offer her a hundred times more. Avidly he asked:

"How deep do you think we'll have to go to reach that old bedrock?"

"A lot deeper than you'd imagine—ninety to a hundred and twenty feet. From my study of the strata, I can't see any other answer."

"That means a lot of work."

"You bet it means work, and men. And a concentrated campaign. Any other method will keep you here for the next fifty years. You've got to spend money to make money in mining."

"That's what I've been trying to tell Mackenzie Joe. But he—"

THERE he halted. Kay was coming down the trail. Bruce Kenning called good morning and went up the stream. Hours later, with Kay and Hammond watching intently, the workmen began a clean-up of the sluice box on the Joyce claim. It only revealed the usual flour gold, indications of something more to come, but as yet, nothing worth saving.

"Neither this flume nor the sluice is long enough," one of the workers complained. "Me 'n' Jim waste an awful lot of time, just standin' around, for fear of shovelin' in too much gravel."

"Then build 'em up now, while you're dried out for the clean-up," Hammond said. "I'm going past the sawmill. I'll tell 'em to send some lumber."

"And nails," called Kay.

"I'll get them."

Hammond left the stream with its lines of eager workers. At the sawmill he gave the lumber order, then turned for Jeanne's to get the nails. She met him, some fifty yards away, returning from the delivery of a batch of darning.

"Haven't sold all those nails?" he asked.

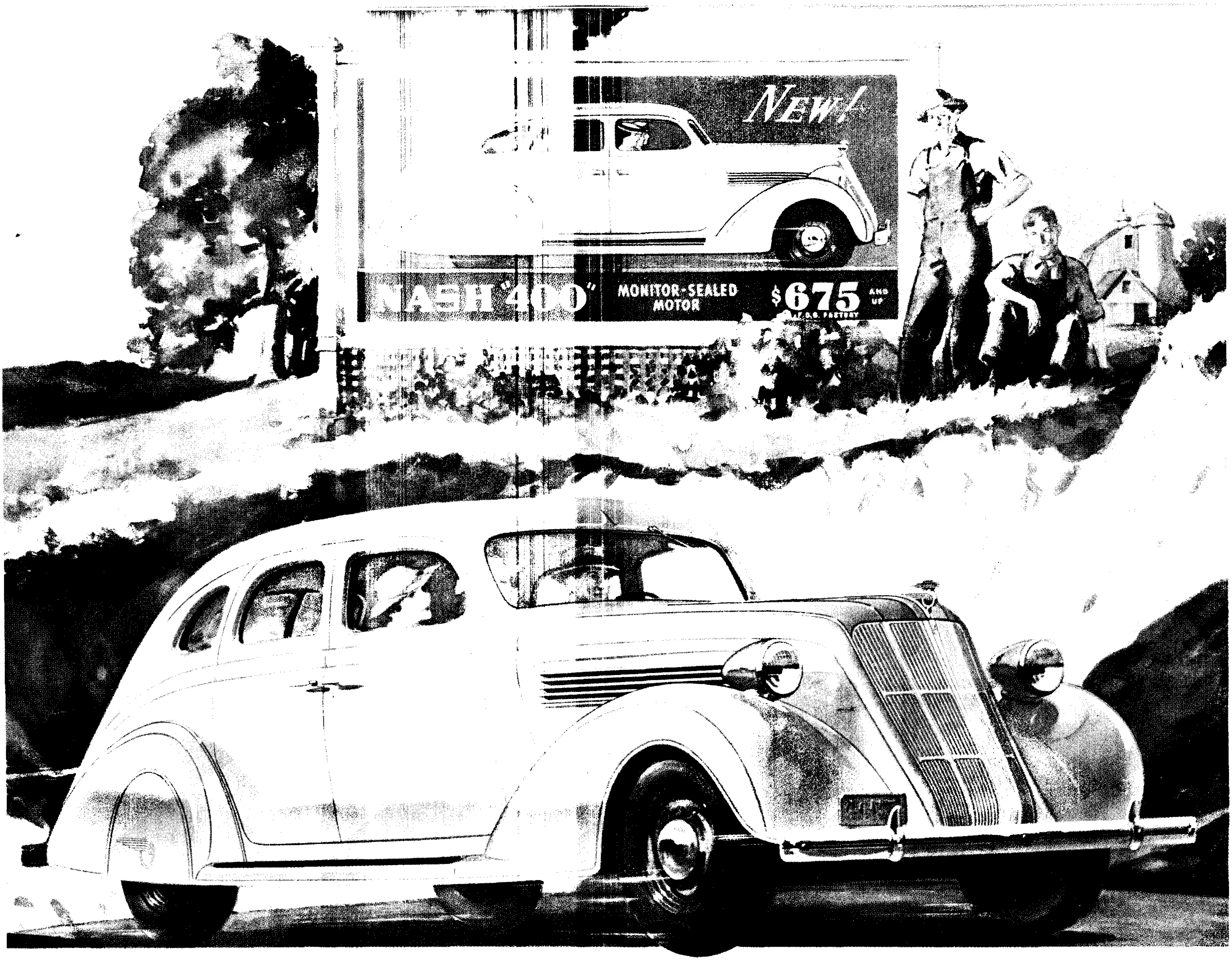
"I think there are some left. There's been a run on them this morning. Everybody in camp wants nails—or glass."

They reached the store and she lifted the peg from the hasp—few persons in Sapphire Lake even bothered to close their doors. Then pushing the door open, she walked within the store, suddenly to gasp and to hurry around the end of the rough counter.

The crudely built money drawer stood open. The girl wavered, staring at it, her hands half-raised, her jaw sagging. Then she said, in a queerly dulled voice:

"Somebody's been here!"

(To be continued next week)



NEWEST NEW CAR IN YEARS

—and priced just above the lowest!

IT'S new! It's *newer!* It's *NEWEST!* There is simply no other car quite comparable to this new (recently announced) Nash "400" in the way it is engineered, the way it is built, the way it performs. And you will quickly find that every point of difference between this car and other cars is distinctly a point of *betterment.* Read what the "400" has:

MONITOR-SEALED MOTOR—First major motor improvement in years. All manifolds sealed *inside the motor block.* Design so simplified, so clean cut, that several hundred previously necessary parts are totally eliminated. Results: Uniform efficiency *regardless of outside temperature.* Gasoline saving! Oil saving! Simplified service! Longer life!

RAPID SERVICE HOOD—"400" Rapid Service Hood eliminates hood lifting. Radiator ornament is hinged. Oil and water caps are underneath. Oil supply gauge is on the dash.

AEROFORM DESIGN—First completely streamlined car of low price.

$675

And Up F. O. B. Factory
Subject to Change Without Notice — Special Equipment Extra

STEEL TOP, ALL-STEEL BODY—First car to combine the safety of an All-Steel One-Piece body with Steel Floor and a Seamless Steel Top. The body reinforces the frame and the frame reinforces the body.

ROOMIEST CAR AT THE PRICE—Front seat 54 inches wide, rear seat 53 inches. The most headroom. A big car of 117-inch wheelbase—191⅛ inches overall length.

SYNCHRONIZED SPRINGING—First introduced on 1935 Nash and Nash-built LaFayettes, Synchronized Springing, with spring action harmonized front and rear, revolutionizes the "ride"—"Puts a new road under the wheels". Back seat ride and front seat ride identical in comfort.

MIDSECTION SEATING—Rear seat passengers ride ahead of rear axle, closer to center of the car. Weight is balanced 50-50 front and rear. Sedans have real six-passenger capacity.

SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Plus Duo-Servo action which needs but slight pedal pressure. The motion of the car assists the stop!

LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT IN EVERY MODEL—Large built-in space for carrying ample luggage and spare tire.

Think of this big, distinguished Nash . . . deluxe inside and outside . . . being priced so unexpectedly close to the lowest-priced cars. Be sure to see it and drive it . . . and learn what a big difference just a few dollars more a month means in what you receive and what you enjoy!

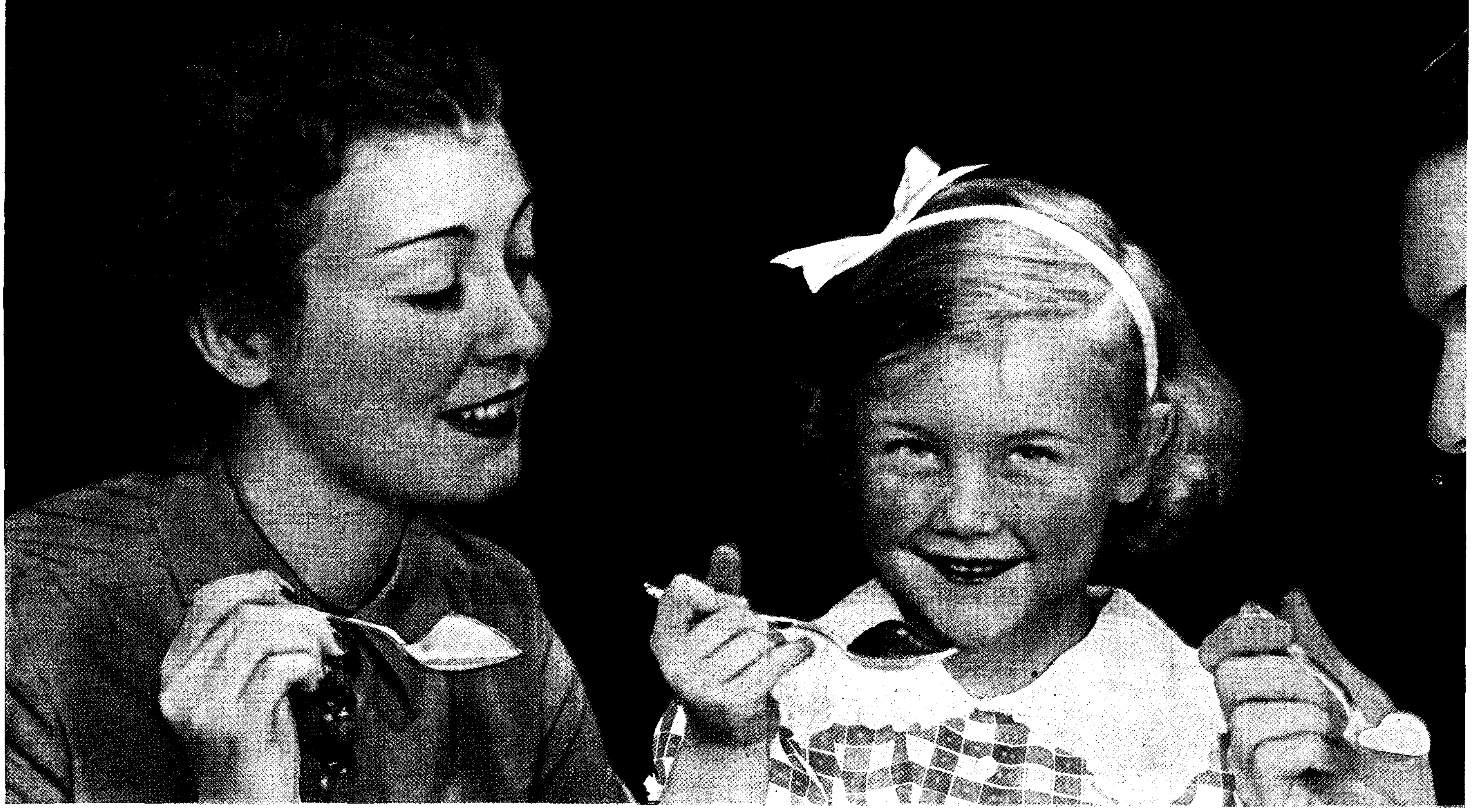
1935 LAFAYETTE—*built by Nash*—Eight different models in the lowest price field—$580 to $710 f. o. b. factory—lowest priced sedan with trunk in the industry, with only one exception!

NEW NASH "400"

To please your palate . . . to surround your ice cream with new safeguards . . . that is the purpose of

THE *Sea*

SYSTEM OF LABORATORY PR



Do YOU realize that the flavor, the deliciousness, of an ice cream depends entirely on the purity and the quality of its ingredients . . . and on the way those ingredients are blended? For those very reasons, the making of ice cream is an exceptionally delicate process. Many safeguards are necessary, if you are to be given an ice cream that you can eat with so much enjoyment that you wish you had more . . . *and more.* Developing these safeguards to their highest degree is one of the chief purposes of the new, nation-wide, scientific system of ice cream protection . . . The Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection.

The Sealtest System Briefly Explained

40 of America's leading ice cream companies, together with other dairy companies, have pooled their knowledge, methods and laboratories and made—for their own use, individually and collectively—a unified system of constant, modern, laboratory supervision. More than 100 laboratories at vital points throughout the country, look to Baltimore, Maryland, and Chicago, Illinois (the master laboratories of the Sealtest System), as the starting-points and clearing-houses for all ice cream information.

Highly respected nutritionists, leaders in their fields, direct all "Sealtest" activities and constantly confer with the staffs of the laboratories. Notes are compared; discoveries shared. There is a tireless, scientific striving for better ice cream. All ingredients, dairy samples, refrigeration, packaging, the health of the workers engaged in actually producing "Sealtest" ice creams—in fact, anything that has any possible bearing on ice cream—are given the earnest, invaluable attention of these scientists.

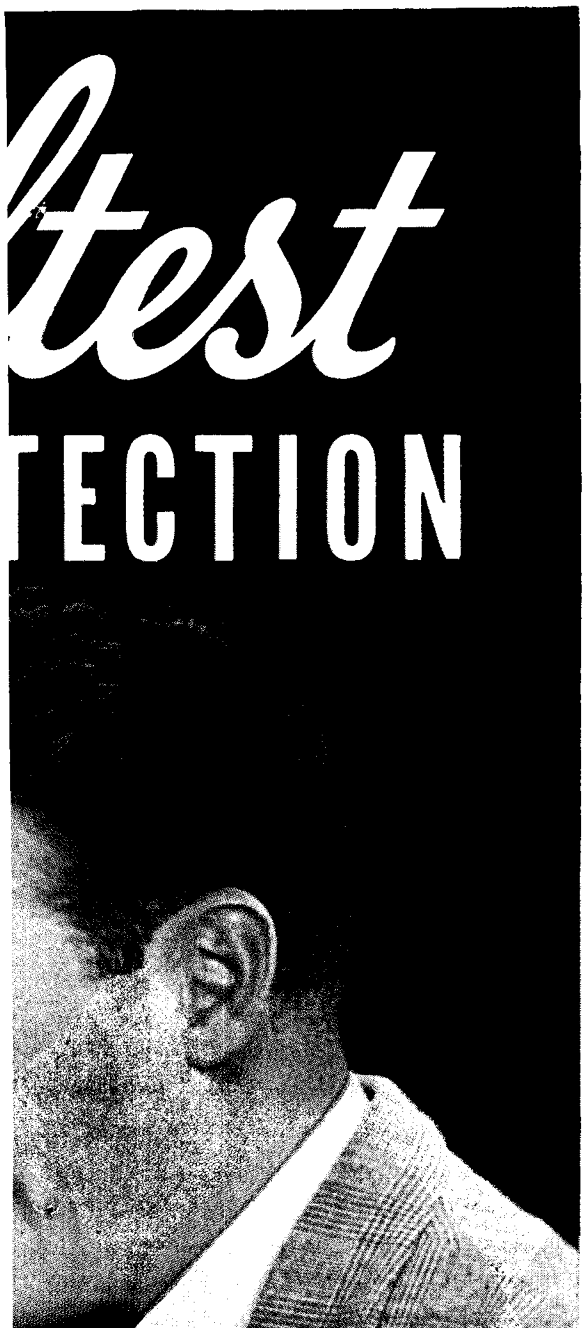
At the plants of the member-companies, the work of these "*men in white*" is put to practical use. Each "Sealtest" brand—whether you buy it in Massachusetts or Missouri—is made in accordance with the methods laid down and agreed upon by some of the best scientific minds in America!

Buy Where You See the "Sealtest" Symbol

Listed on the opposite page are the ice cream brands made under the Sealtest System. You will probably see a familiar name in the list—an ice cream that has been respected in your community for years. The dealers who sell or serve it are now displaying the red-and-white "Sealtest" symbol. When you see that, let your mind go back to the microscopically pure, golden cream . . . juicy, sun-ripened fruits and berries . . . gleaming sugar . . . smooth, deep-brown chocolate . . . all blended and produced to the satisfaction of America's leading nutritionists! Find your nearest "Sealtest" approved ice cream now.

For more than a year these ice creams have held the *Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval . . . the FIRST ice creams ever to be so honored!

Tested and Approved
4844
Good Housekeeping
Bureau
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE



HERE ARE THE ICE CREAM MEMBER-COMPANIES OF THE SEALTEST SYSTEM

ALLEN'S ICE CREAM
Rockford, Ill., and Monroe, Wis.

ARCTIC ICE CREAM
State of Michigan

BREYERS ICE CREAM
Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Metropolitan New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Southern Connecticut, and District of Columbia

CASTLES ICE CREAM
Brooklyn and Staten Island, N. Y., and Northern New Jersey

CHAPELL'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.

CLOVER FARMS ICE CREAM
Memphis and Western Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas, and Northern Mississippi

CLOVERLEAF ICE CREAM
Decatur, Huntington, Northern Indiana and Western Ohio

CREAM CREST ICE CREAM
Louisville and Lexington, Ky.

THE CREAM OF PITTSBURGH
Greater Pittsburgh, Pa.

CREME-FREEZ ICE CREAM
Boston, Mass.

DETROIT CREAMERY VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
Detroit and State of Michigan

ECOMA ICE CREAM
Erie, Pa.

FRANKLIN DUBL-EX ICE CREAM
Kansas City and Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Southeastern Nebraska

FRECHTLING'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Cincinnati and Hamilton, Ohio

FRO-JOY ICE CREAM
New England States, New York State, Northwestern Pennsylvania, and Northeastern Ohio

HARDING'S ICE CREAM
Eastern Nebraska and Western Iowa

HOFFMAN'S ICE CREAM
Altoona, Barnesboro, Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.

HYDROX ICE CREAM
Metropolitan New York, Metropolitan Chicago, Greater St. Louis, Southeastern Missouri, and Southern Illinois

JERSEY ICE CREAM
Lawrence and Eastern Massachusetts, and Schenectady, N. Y.

KENT'S ICE CREAM
State of Vermont

KIMBALL'S ICE CREAM
Malden, Mass.

LOCKWOOD'S ICE CREAM
Utica, N. Y.

LUICK ICE CREAM
Milwaukee and Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, and Upper Peninsular Michigan

MANCHESTER DAIRY ICE CREAM
South Manchester, Conn.

MILLIKIN'S ICE CREAM
Youngstown and Warren, Ohio

MOGLIA'S ICE CREAM
Northern New Jersey

MOORE'S ICE CREAM
Meadville, Oil City, and Franklin, Pa.

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE CREAM
Southeastern Massachusetts

RIECK'S ICE CREAM
Greater Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania

ROGERS' ICE CREAM
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ROSZELL'S ICE CREAM
Central Illinois

SAGAL-LOU ICE CREAM
New Haven, Conn.

ST. LOUIS DAIRY ICE CREAM
Greater St. Louis, Eastern Missouri, and Southwestern Illinois

SANITARY ICE CREAM
Canton, Ohio

SOUTHERN DAIRIES ICE CREAM
District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi

SOUTHLAND ICE CREAM
Jacksonville and Northern Florida

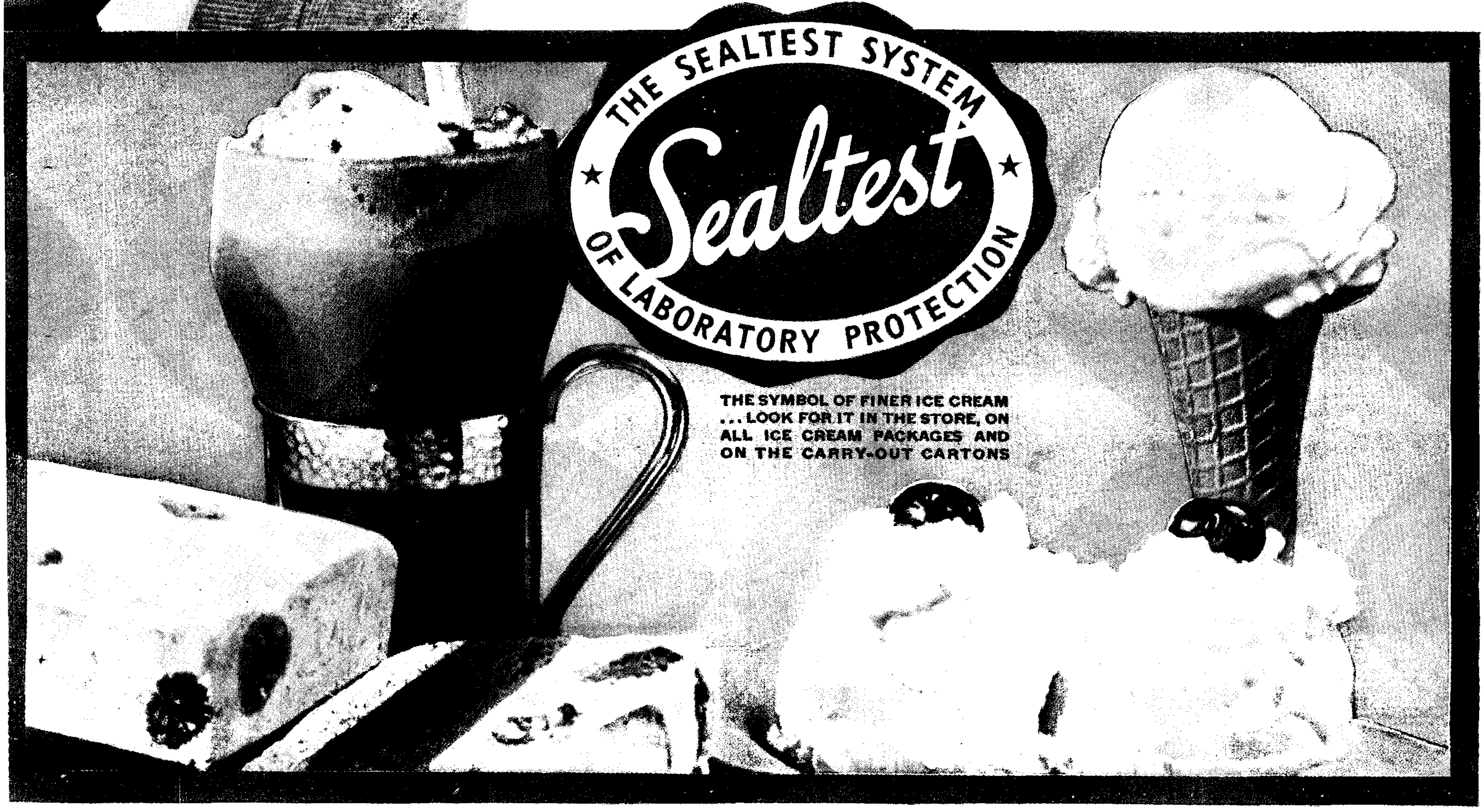
SUPPLEE ICE CREAM
Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey, and Delaware

TELLING'S ICE CREAM
Ohio and West Virginia

THOMPSON'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Illinois

UNION ICE CREAM
Middle Tennessee and North Alabama

VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
State of Michigan and Toledo, Ohio



THE SYMBOL OF FINER ICE CREAM ... LOOK FOR IT IN THE STORE, ON ALL ICE CREAM PACKAGES AND ON THE CARRY-OUT CARTONS

The "Sealtest" symbol is the new guide to goodness, when you buy ice cream—extra assurance of cleanliness, purity, richness, and flavor

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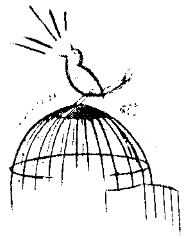
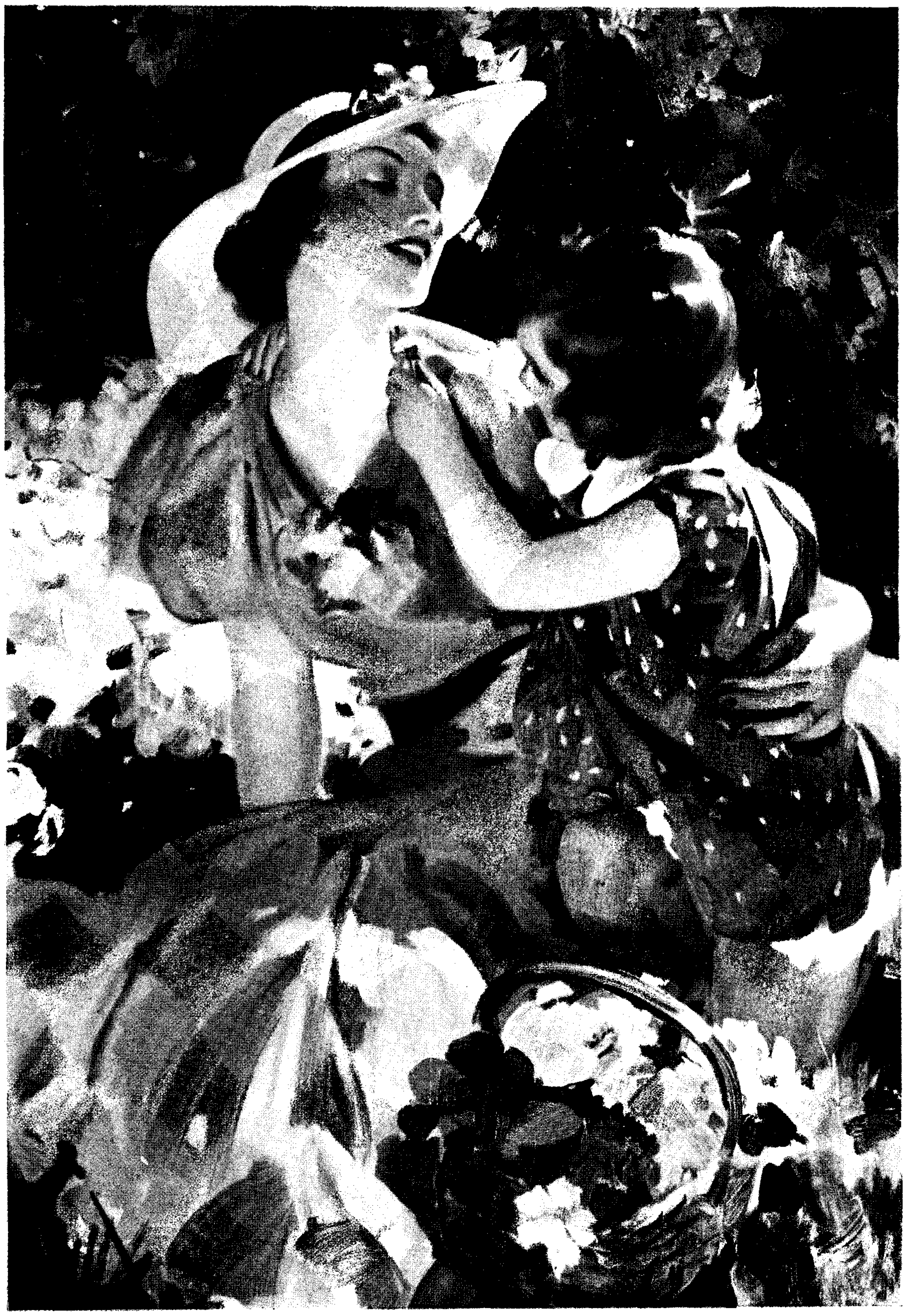


HERE'S THE WAY TO *Kitchen Freedom* THIS SUMMER

COOK WITH COLD AND ENJOY LIFE



KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT. FACTORIES ALSO IN LONDON, ONT., AND LONDON, ENG.

KELVINATOR

Wouldn't you like to enjoy greater freedom from the kitchen this summer? Of course you would. And you can—by getting your Kelvinator now and *cooking with cold.*

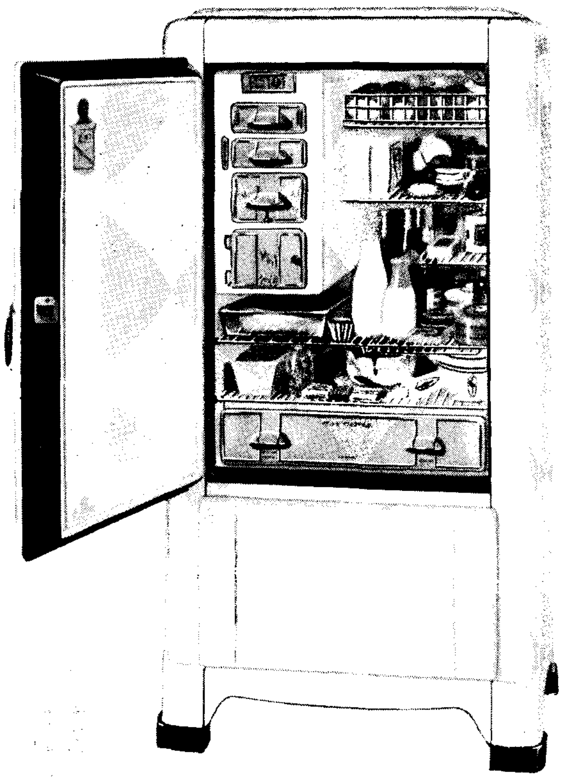
During the cool morning hours, you can prepare your meals and put them in the Kelvinator until you are ready to serve them. You can make those appetizing salads, delicious desserts and frozen delicacies that are so delightful and refreshing, especially in hot weather. And in the afternoon, when the sun is beating down, you can stay out of the kitchen—and enjoy life.

A Kelvinator is not merely a place for safe food storage. Its usefulness goes far beyond that. With Kelvinator's "4 refrigerators in 1"—an exclusive principle that was pioneered and perfected by Kelvinator—*cooking with cold* is so easy, so convenient, such a time and labor saver.

This great Kelvinator feature, which has been widely copied but never duplicated, is but one of the extraordinary developments to be found in the beautiful current models. Another, which was first introduced by Kelvinator, is the now famous Food File. And there are many others.

For a cool, pleasant, carefree summer, may we suggest that you get your Kelvinator NOW!

Consult your Classified Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration—Electric" to locate your nearest Kelvinator dealer.



The Sign of the Ram

Continued from page 23

in that rag of a cony coat? No, I can't describe her; when I can't speak good of people, I don't speak at all."

"I thank you, Mrs. Gimler," said Mr. MacNally, losing hope.

"Will I say anything to her? I'm holding her trunk for the rent."

"Ah, then she'll return. I'll write her, in your care."

MR. MACNALLY had another lead. As the result of a personal in a newspaper, asking for word of Magdalena, Valentina and Vrouwtje Emmet, Tarat the astrologer telephoned him and suggested that he interview a Mr. Joseph Votaw, whose address was the Pierian Club, Stuyvesant Square. Mr. MacNally went accordingly to the Pierian Club, a club of workers in the amusement trades—writing, acting, singing, painting—and asked for Mr. Votaw.

He was shown into the barroom, where a poet was shooting bottle pool with a comic-strip artist, and a dispute was going on before the bar between a writer, an illustrator and an editor. Behind the bar was Mr. Joe Votaw, a large and handsome young man with the noble and benignant expression of a Newfoundland dog.

"MacNally's the name?" said Joe kindly, putting forth a large and damp hand. "Yes, I had Tarat cast Miss Emmet's horoscope. And what may be your interest in her?"

"I have reason to believe," said Mr. MacNally cautiously, "that she may have a beneficial interest in certain money and property."

"You're in the nick of time, MacNally!" said Joe heartily.

"What is Miss Emmet's given name, Mr. Votaw?"

"The name," said Joe, lowering his voice, "is Vrouwtje. But don't, for the world, let her know I told you."

"And was she in an Orphans' Home?"

"Between ourselves! Don't get me in trouble, will you, MacNally?"

"Is Miss Emmet a rich woman living on Park Avenue and devoting her time and money to charity?"

"If she is, it's the event of the week. Two weeks ago, at least, she couldn't pay her room rent. *Entre nous*, MacNally; *entre nous*."

"Oh, she's that one. A homely and vulgar creature, whooping it up in Harlem night clubs—"

"MacNally," said Joe, leaning over the bar, "Miss Emmet is a sight for sore eyes; you should see her, as yours don't look too good. She is the loveliest creature at whom you ever cast a slanderous innuendo. Compare her from every angle, and every prospect pleases. Her every tone, MacNally, is music's own! She has a face and figure to make Venus jump back in the ocean. She has the soul of a saint and the heart of a child. Where do you get off to make a crack like that?"

"My humblest apologies," said Mr. MacNally. "And when and where might I hope to meet Miss Vrouwtje Emmet?"

"Go to heaven, MacNally," said Joe unforgivingly, and he moved to wait on his customers.

"I'll write her a letter," said Mr. MacNally.

He wrote three identical letters, tapping them out on Miss Emmet's machine during his clerk's lunch period:

"Dear Miss Emmet: It is my sad duty to inform you of a recent death whereby you come in for a considerable estate.

"Call at this office during the ensuing week and we will come to a satisfactory arrangement.

"Looking forward to your acquaintance—"

He mailed these letters and suspended his search pending receipt of the answers. He was assured that he had found the three Emmet sisters, Magdalena, Valentina and Vrouwtje.

Unless the Emmet girls knew of their relation to the aged recluse of Twelfth Street, and their failure to claim the fortune now in the hands of the public administrator indicated that they did not, the secret was in the sole keeping of Mr. Leonard MacNally; his to bargain for, his to utter.

Mouthing his Havana in meditation, he resented having to consult them at all. He would acquaint himself with them, study them, manipulate them; he would be altogether too clumsy if they got at last any considerable share.

The rich and charitable Magdalena, who lived on Park Avenue and was affianced to a distinguished artist, was the hardest to predict. He could deal with the trollop who had lived in Mrs. Gimler's house; he knew her sort like a book. The bartender's florid sweetheart should not be difficult. . . .

He paced the office, passing and repassing Miss Emmet's chair. He noticed that she ceased typing and sat still while he was behind her. She had become jittery of late, had taken to staring at him behind his back. He halted now to stare at her back in reprisal; she wrenched around, stifling a scream.

"What seems to be the matter, Miss Emmet?"

"Nothing, Mr. MacNally. I'm just feeling nervous. How—how do you feel, Mr. MacNally?"

"Sound as a bell. Why?"

"Well, they say one never knows. Mr. MacNally, why don't you go away for a rest? I can get out the sad-duty letters by myself. Oh, there's the telephone—hello. . . . Just a minute.

"It's Tarat, Mr. MacNally! Should I make an appointment for you? Oh, do go, Mr. MacNally. They say he's wonderful when the mind is uncomposed. . . . Just a moment, please."

"My mind, Miss Emmet, is not uncomposed, as you call it! Give me that phone."

"TARAT, Mr. MacNally," said the grave voice of the astrologer. "You called on Mr. Joseph Votaw at the Pierian Club."

"I did. Thanks for the tip."

"Can you come down here at once, Mr. MacNally?"

"No! Why should I?"

"To discuss the matter of your visits to Mr. Votaw, and to Mrs. Gimler and to the Orphans' Home."

"You seem to be posted on my affairs."

"On the affairs of my clients, Mr. MacNally. Can you come?"

"No! And what's more—"

"Then you must make your appointment a week in advance, as I am rarely at leisure."

Mr. MacNally sat back and frowned at his telephone. He knew of Tarat and would have described him confidently: he was a sinister charlatan, adroit and unprincipled, preying on gullible women. And this formidable rival for easy money had had unwinking eyes on Mr. MacNally during the last several days. What did he know? "Damn him," said Mr. MacNally to himself softly.

To Miss Emmet he said, "Call Tarat's office and say that I am coming at once."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Mr. MacNally!" breathed Miss Emmet.

Mr. MacNally halted outside Tarat's door—sky-blue, with a crouching sphinx in yellow—and blew at it a long thread of smoke. His eyes were narrowed and skeptical; his mouth was cynically pursed. He was a gentleman who was not to be hoodwinked, outsmarted or given the short end by anybody.

And then his eyes opened and were amiable, his mouth loosened, and he was a simple and big-hearted good fellow. He opened the door.

Tarat, at his desk in the library, bowed in silence, waved an invitation to a chair, and resumed his study of the horoscope of Vrouwtje Emmet—born April 6, 1914, in the sign of the Ram.

Mr. MacNally sat down, scrutinizing the astrologer.

A theatrical fellow, he thought, An exploiter of silly women, unquestionably; tall, slim and athletic, pale, fastidious, with dominating black eyes and waved black hair.

TARAT raised his eyes.

"My credentials, Mr. MacNally," said the astrologer, tendering his visitor the three letters that Mr. MacNally had written, care of Mrs. Gimler, the Orphans' Home, and Mr. Joseph Votaw.

"These letters were submitted to me for my advice. You were wise to come at once, as you must have come eventually; you cannot deal with these young women except through me."

"Meaning," smiled Mr. MacNally insinuatingly, "that you wish to be considered. Very well, sir; I'll consider you, in reason."

"You speak of an estate coming to these young women. How much of this estate do you plan to take for your pains?"

"Two thirds! If your clients wish to do business on that basis, I'm their man. But no bargaining."

"You do not stint yourself, Mr. MacNally."

"No," said the ex-lawyer, folding his hands on his stomach. "I'm taking all I can get; the very last dollar that's in it."

"The last dollar? In what sense, pray?"

"Vrouwtje Emmet is under age, and she can't make any agreement that I could enforce in court. That is, unfortunately, the law. Her third, therefore, cannot be touched. Her sisters, then, must give up their shares complete, and make their arrangements with Vrouwtje."

"However," continued the ex-lawyer, "I have said that I would consider you. If you use your influence to swing these women into line I'll pay you two thousand dollars. Is that handsome?"

Tarat's black eyes widened suddenly, but his face was otherwise calm. "I do not take money in that way, Mr. MacNally."

"Pshaw, I understand that; I'm talking of a gentlemen's agreement. Leave it to me; you get the money, and no one the wiser."

Tarat laughed, with a sudden flare of white teeth.

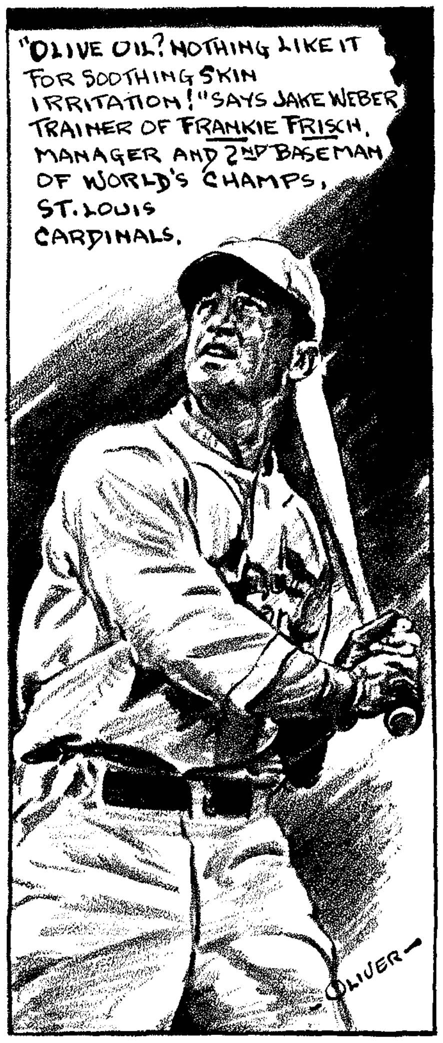
"You interest me, Mr. MacNally! You control the money, and I control the young women: we should coöperate, eh? As gentlemen. Let us say then that we are coöperating. And now, as between gentlemen, Mr. MacNally, what is this estate you have in mind?"

"Oh, no. Not till I get the women down in black and white."

"Trust must be mutual, Mr. MacNally," chided Tarat, smiling fully on his visitor. "You will owe me two thou-

(Continued on page 34)

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER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(Continued from page 33)

sand dollars, you know. May I not give you, in exchange for your secret, some personal assurance that you shall have your stipulated two thirds? Let me try."

He took pen and monogrammed paper, and wrote:

"Mr. Leonard MacNally.

"Dear Sir: You have told me that you know of a valuable estate belonging to Vrouwtje Emmet and others.

"To induce you to reveal your knowledge to me, I guarantee personally that you shall receive all of such estate except so much of it as belongs by law to Vrouwtje Emmet."

"Informal, but it should hold you," grumbled MacNally, scanning the writing handed him by Tarat. "Sign it! But what if these girls are not as sold on astrology as you think? Can you make good?"

"The York Trust Company downstairs shall answer that query," said Tarat, appending his blunt signature.

Mr. MacNally reached for the telephone.

"IT'S a deal," he declared a minute later, tossing onto the desk the letter from the postmaster of Blue Gap and pocketing Tarat's letter.

"Vrouwtje Hobywassin," said Tarat, after reading. "These young women are her grandnieces? She is dead, and left one hundred thousand dollars? I did not see the newspaper notice. All quite easy of proof, eh?"

"Nothing to it. The public administrator is waiting with the money, and no opposition. So get busy and sign the girls up to an agreement to pay me two thirds."

"Two thirds, Mr. MacNally? Did I write that? Did I not follow the form prepared by my attorney at my request? Look again."

"Oho, you consulted a lawyer, eh? Well, you've guaranteed it, and you're amply able to make good. I'm to get all but Vrouwtje's share; that's your guarantee, and her share is one third."

"Rather more, Mr. MacNally." Tarat spoke into his telephone: "Please send in Miss Emmet."

"What are you hinting at?" growled Mr. MacNally. "If you think you or your lawyer could—"

Miss Emmet entered. "Oh, hello, Mr. MacNally," she said timidly, moving to withdraw. "I thought you were come and gone."

"Come in, Miss Emmet," called Tarat. "Mr. MacNally, you know Miss Vrouwtje Emmet."

"Miss—who?"

"Vrouwtje is my real name, Mr. MacNally. I don't call myself that because I don't like it, but it's my real name."

"'Vrouwtje' Emmet! What's this nonsense? You want to tell me you're Vrouwtje Emmet, sitting in my own office, while I'm hunting New York for you? There's a letter I wrote: 'Vrouwtje Emmet.'"

"That's why I came here, Mr. MacNally. It was those letters. They gave me an awful funny feeling, asking me to call and get acquainted. All I could think was that you were getting a little uncomposed in the mind. Telling me there was an estate coming to me; well, goodness knows, we've been writing that to everybody. Joe said I'd better ask Tarat."

"Explain to Mr. MacNally," said Tarat, "how you came to receive the three letters. He thinks you have sisters."

"Oh, no, Mr. MacNally, I have no sisters; I told you that. I had two sisters, but they're dead. I just remember Magdalena; she was sixteen and I was only a baby when she passed away. And Valentina went three years ago. I told you I had no sisters."

"You told me, too, that your father was a wealthy Wall Street man! Did you or didn't you?"

"Well, Mr. MacNally, a girl isn't going around saying she was raised in an orphan asylum and don't know who her father was, when it's nobody's business."

"As a lawyer, Mr. MacNally," interposed Tarat, "you concede that Miss Emmet inherits the entire Hobywassin estate? That is my attorney's opinion, but I should value yours very highly."

Mr. MacNally got to his feet, sneering, pointing a rigid forefinger.

"Tarat, I must look like a fool; but I'll show you. I'll get to those Emmet women. So they're dead, are they? You'll prove that or pay up on your guarantee before you finger a dollar.

"As for you, young woman, you're not one of these Emmet sisters. You don't remotely resemble Vrouwtje Emmet. You're an impostor!"

He turned, and lunged from the office.

"Oh, there goes his mind now!" cried Miss Emmet, breaking into tears. "Poor Mr. MacNally!"

"It is the nature of those born in the sign of the Ram, Miss Emmet," said Tarat, expounding the horoscope before him, "to run to extremes. What they do, they do with all their might; they have the headlong instinct. They plunge; they have little balance and stability.

"Mr. MacNally thought he had to do with three individuals; four, we may say, since he knew you. He could identify no two. Being unversed in astrology, he could not know that they were all one, but that one a native of the Ram."

"Goodness knows, they must have told him what I looked like!"

"They did, no doubt, as you seemed to them.

"The Ram, Miss Emmet, is the first sign of the zodiac; he leads the celestial company into the awakening spring.

"He is the mundane ruler of the first house of the horoscope, which is the house of the Native. Problems falling within the first house are peculiarly likely to afflict natives of the Ram. They are misunderstood; they antagonize; they attract and repel forcefully; the ruler of their sign is the positive Mars. Mrs. Gimler's description of you varied radically, I venture, from that of—shall I say—Mr. Joseph Votaw?"

"That horrid Mrs. Gimler; I could just kill her. The nosiest old thing, always prying, reading my mail, listening in downstairs when Joe telephoned, sitting up to see when I came home. One night Joe and I were on the stoop, and it began to rain, and we went and sat in my room and she came bursting in. I told her! I left the next morning and she held my trunk because I wouldn't pay the whole week. I went and paid it when I cooled off; that's how I got the letter."

"MR. JOSEPH VOTAW," said Tarat's telephone.

"Oh, hello, Joe. How do you get off this time of day?"

"I resigned, Viola. The boys were kicking so much about how I mixed the drinks. Well, I only took the job to help the club out, and because I needed the money. But the clouds are rolling by, Viola! I sold a magazine cover today, and have an order for illustrations."

"Lovely! Oh, Joe, we had such a time here. Poor Mr. MacNally lost his mind, and said I wasn't myself at all, and he would go look for me. Well, I could understand Mrs. Gimler lying about me, and they didn't know me so well in the Home as I only went there of a holiday to give the children a little fun; but what about you, Joe? You must have told him what I was like, Joe."

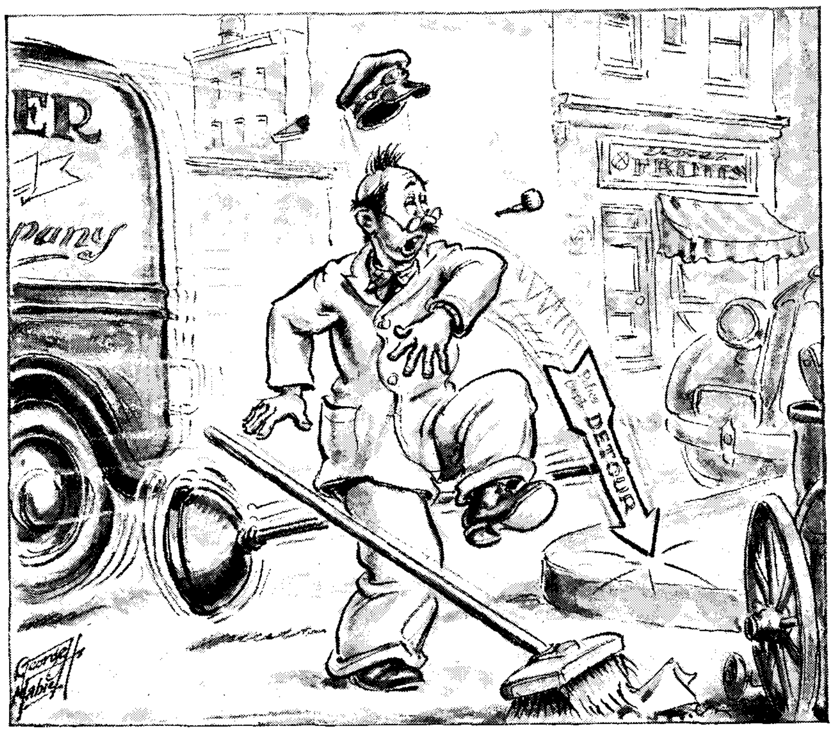
"I certainly did, Viola. I described you so he would know you anywhere; he must be awfully dumb if he didn't. Perhaps I am not so bright myself, as I did not connect up his name right away, but who'd expect the Mr. MacNally you were working for to come making inquiries?"

"But what did you tell him, Mr. Votaw?" asked Tarat casually.

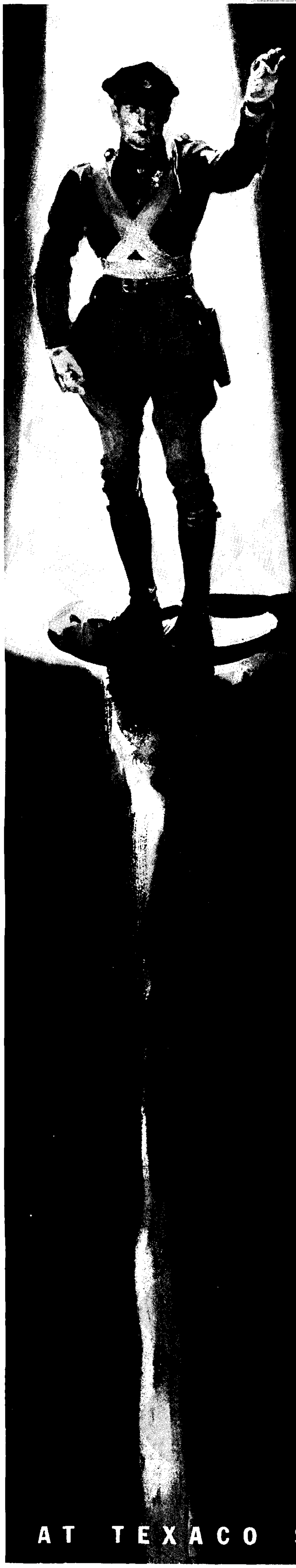
"Well, just the facts, Tarat! I told him Viola was the most beautiful girl he ever laid his living eyes on. And you'd think he'd take my judgment, as I'm a painter. There are plenty of pretty girls, but we know there are mighty few real beauties."

"Oh. So that's how he could know me, Joe? Then you do think so, don't you, Joe?" Her carriage was proud; her lips budded open; roses waved in her cheeks; her voice was sweet and she was beautiful.

"You asked me something once, Joe; remember? Joe, you could ask me again, afterwards. You know, Joe?"



"INDIANS!" GEORGE MABIE



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Pitch Your Own Game

Continued from page 19

Lou Shaney. Besides the letter to his father, he had written to Mr. Chapman to ask if the place could be held for him until January. In his reply, Mr. Chapman consented to hold the offer open.

But it was the letter from Mr. Cason that really decided him. His father wrote: "The idea of disgracing the family is absurd, Johnny, but as for the delay—you'll have to use your own judgment. I think I can see you through the summer, but I won't be able to do much after you get started. It's entirely up to you."

So Johnny, looking a little grim and drawn, signed with Lou. Until now there had been a state of armed neutrality between himself and Kay, but this tore the thing wide open.

The day after graduation he left for Colville, Virginia, where the Cats were playing a series, and reported to Lou.

And that same day Kay left for Arlington. Being thoroughly modern she had no use for evasion or subterfuge.

"I've been stood up—thrown over—given the gate," she said with defiant casualness, to anyone who asked. "Where do we go from here? . . ."

There were at least a dozen men ready with suggestions as to where they could go from there, and she accepted every suggestion with a readiness born of desperation. A girl had to do something. . . .

JOHNNY made good with the Cats. He didn't, fortunately, spend a great deal of time in Arlington. He made one attempt to see Kay, but she gritted her teeth and turned him down, and after that he left her alone.

And so the summer limped on. Johnny was the sensation of North Carolina and the league, and the Cats, after losing the first half of the split season by a single game, won the second in a crawl. Johnny had won twenty-one games and lost nine, and besides that he was the biggest drawing card in the outfit. When the Cats played at home every member of the debutante club turned out in a body.

Every member, that is, except Kay. She was thinner these days—she always lost weight in hot weather, she explained elaborately, although she declined to accompany her mother to the mountains for August—and her eyes were feverishly bright, as if she wanted to cry and didn't dare start. She went everywhere and was always the last to leave, mainly because she had learned that if you stayed up long enough you slept from utter exhaustion when you finally went to bed.

She and Johnny met once, in August, on the golf course. She was playing a twosome with Lucius Waters and they walked to the short sixteenth to find Johnny and Evelyn Wood, her best friend, waiting to drive.

For an instant the air crackled. Kay's face felt stiff, and her heart was beating so fast she couldn't breathe. Johnny recovered first; his mouth twisted into a semblance of a grin and he said, steadily enough:

" 'Lo, Kay. How are you, Lucius?"

Lucius grinned back and said: "Fine, thanks," but Kay's vocal cords wouldn't function. She achieved a smile about like Johnny's and let it go at that. And both of them finished the round—separately—without hitting a decent shot.

That night, for the first time in her life, Kay drank too much, and the next day, for the first time in his life, Johnny was pounded from the box.

And that was the way things stood when the Cats and the Colts tangled for the pennant.

The series was four out of seven games: the first two in Colville, the second pair in Arlington, the fifth in Colville, and the sixth—if any—in Arlington again. Lou, who kept one eye on the scoreboard and the other on the gate, wanted to use Johnny in Arlington if possible, so he scheduled him for the first game and the fourth, and hoped, since there was a day's lay-off for traveling, to use him to cinch the thing in the sixth.

The gods smiled on him. Johnny lost his first Colville game, mainly because of a heart-breaking error by the first baseman in the tenth, but the Cats picked up the second to square it. Strutter Lewis lost the third game in Arlington, and then Johnny won the fourth, five and three, while four thousand fans went wild and pounded each other on the back or scaled straw hats onto the diamond.

Followed the trek to Virginia, where the Cats took the fifth, thirteen to nine, in an exhibition that looked like the Christian Endeavor playing the Epworth League. When they came home for the sixth they were leading three games to two, and Lou decided to shoot the works and nominate Johnny to sweep out the ball park.

Most of Arlington moved out to the park to assist. Kay turned down four invitations, and then found herself at leisure for the first evening of the summer. There was apparently nowhere to go tonight except to the ball game.

At dinner Mr. Lowry said paternally: "Well, what are *you* doing this evening?"

Kay ate her salad with convincing relish. "Staying at home with you. Aren't you flattered?"

He raised a disappointed eyebrow. "I wish I'd known it sooner. Unfortunately, I've promised to meet a client at the office. He's only in town for the evening."

She sighed. "Wouldn't that be my luck? Well, I'll play solitaire—or crochet."

"But will you be all right?"

"Of course. When wasn't I?"

He let that pass, although he knew a very good answer. After dinner he kissed her and departed with great reluctance.

Kay wandered restlessly from room to room. She tried every station on the radio, and flicked the pages of a dozen magazines. Then she stopped struggling, threw herself into her roadster and drove, hell-for-leather, to Shaney's Field.

WHETHER Kay believed it or not, this was Johnny's swan song, and he was thoroughly glad of it. Baseball had put money in his pocket but it had also taken his girl, and he had a grudge against baseball big enough to last the rest of his life. He warmed up mechanically, using that easy, overhand delivery that looked like a tennis service and developed the same sort of speed.

Lou had sketched the layout briefly. "I'm hopin' this will end the thing tonight, Johnny," he said, "but if it don't, I've got Strutter for the last game, and he's pitched considerably better than five hundred against the Colts, so keep your shirt on and don't throw your heart out." Lou knew Johnny's temperament, and he knew Johnny was keyed about to the breaking point. He chose to let him think this was just another ball game.

But Johnny wasn't fooled; he guessed that Lou didn't want to prolong the suspense any more than he did. Lou was just making it easier for him. He grinned briefly.

"I get you, Skipper. I'll do my damnedest."

Lou slapped him roughly on the shoulder. "Kid, you never did anything else."

As Johnny walked to the box there was a roar that almost lifted the roof off the grandstand. He scarcely heard it; he had a job to do, and after that he was going home and start on North Carolina Reports, Number Two Hundred and Five.

He pitched his four balls, using that deceptively easy delivery, then the Colt lead-off stepped to the plate.

Kay, watching, saw him hitch his cap a little lower over his eyes, and she guessed that his mouth was grim. What she didn't know was that at the last minute the Colt manager had shifted his line-up, and that Johnny was thinking that he and Tiny Bell, the catcher, had a lot of figuring to do.

IT WAS one of those games. Arlington scored in the second and Colville in the third; the Cats rang up another in the fourth and the Colts tied it up in the sixth. Then Johnny lifted one of his Texas leaguers over the shortstop's head to bring in a man in the seventh, and the Cats were leading three and two. By that time a fat woman on her left had pounded Kay's shoulder black and blue, and a red-faced man on her right had broken three pop bottles beating them against the floor. And the crowd had stopped dividing its attention and was concentrating on Johnny.

Johnny walked to the mound in the first half of the ninth with the score still three and two, and the roof of the grandstand weakening under the strain. The heavy end of the Colt line-up was ahead of him, which didn't help matters much. He thought, looking at the three men negligently swinging bats, that this was murderers' row if he'd ever seen it.

The lead-off man hit one of his nasty little grounders to short and Johnny held his breath. But Shaky Adams fielded it and he released the breath with a sigh. One down and two to go. . . .

The second man singled, a line drive between first and second, and Johnny took stock. With one out it wasn't on the cards for the next man to sacrifice, but he had a hunch the batter might lay down a bunt and try to beat it out, and the hunch was right. He was ready for it and threw him out by an eyelash, but the man on first had advanced and the clean-up man was next.

He held a consultation with Tiny Bell and they decided to walk him. The next man was no cinch, but the clean-up was just as apt to park a good straight one against the scoreboard. What was worse, he never bit on any other kind.

As the balls went wide the bleachers, always thirsty for blood and action, began to hiss and boo vociferously, and Kay saw red. The clean-up stood with his hands on his hips and looked contemptuous, then jogged down to first.

And then the thing happened. The fifth man up caught one of Johnny's cannon-balls on the middle of his bat and drove it straight at Johnny himself. Because there was no time to duck, Johnny had to field it himself—or try. He put his glove in front, in an effort to spare his right hand. The runner was safe at first, but he did manage to keep the man at third from coming home.

It dawned upon him suddenly that his

(Continued on page 38)

"What's sauce for the goose is sauce— well, let's be blunt

Men do need MUM

"WE know our stuff. We know we mustn't ever, *ever* let a man suspect that when we lisp, 'You're so wonderful' we sometimes mean something very, very different. How we'd love just to be ourselves once in a while and say, 'Sure, you're simply great—when it comes to perspiration. But we've never noticed that perspiration odor is any pleasanter in men than in women. The only difference is, *women do something about it.* Like using Mum'."

• • • •

Guess we'll have to admit the sopranos have it on this perspiration question, men.

The trouble is, we're a bit old-fashioned in thinking our morning shower can protect us from perspiration odor later in the day.

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CHICAGO TO MILWAUKEE	$ .50	$ .35
PHILADELPHIA TO WASHINGTON, D. C.	.75	.45
CLEVELAND TO BUFFALO	.95	.55
BOSTON TO PHILADELPHIA	1.25	.75
SALT LAKE CITY TO DENVER	1.80	1.05
CHICAGO TO NEW YORK	3.00	1.65
NEW YORK TO KANSAS CITY	4.00	2.25
DETROIT TO MIAMI	4.25	2.50
ST. LOUIS TO SEATTLE	6.50	3.75
SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK	9.00	5.50

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FREE TO GIRLS... who want to get ahead, a new book "Typing as a Step to Success". Gives practical suggestions which have helped many hundreds of girls improve their work, cut down number of mistakes, win favorable recognition from superiors. Write Remington Rand Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

TYPING
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Pitch Your Own Game

Continued from page 36

right thumb felt as if it had been driven into his hand with a sledge hammer. He dropped his glove and began feverishly to massage it, but red-hot wires of pain ran up his elbow and jarred the top of his head.

He signaled to the umpire and Lou met him in the middle of the field.

Johnny tried to grin. "This is a hell of a note. What'll I do?"

Lou looked searchingly at the thumb. "How does it feel?"

The grin was painted on Johnny's face. "I wouldn't dare tell you."

LOU considered swiftly. Johnny had been so airtight he hadn't even warmed up anybody else. He could pull Johnny and put in Strutter, but Strutter warmed slowly, and to use anybody else at this stage would be to hand the Colts the game on a silver tray. Even with a game thumb Johnny was still about as good a bet as a cold substitute would be. He said slowly:

"Reckon you can put *anything* on it?"

Johnny shrugged. "I can try."

"Try it and see."

Johnny obediently went back to the box. The next batter was weak, and if he could get one or two good ones across, the man might fly out. He pitched his practice balls gingerly, using four fingers, and two of them were fair, so he nodded. The batter stepped to the plate.

It didn't work. He couldn't put a thing on the ball, and when the third one crossed the plate the Colt third baseman caught it squarely and lifted it over the infield, and two men came home.

Johnny knew it was no use. He pulled off his glove and walked slowly from the mound.

A baseball crowd is the most mercurial thing in the world. Most of the grandstand knew Johnny couldn't be yellow if it meant saving his life, and they gave him a tremendous hand, but the bleachers had come for the purpose of seeing the Cats win a ball game, by fair means or foul. Johnny stumbled on, with his head down, and the bleachers lifted a Bronx cheer that reverberated against the stars.

KAY stood motionless amid the tumult and watched Johnny through her tears. She didn't realize for a moment that the boos and catcalls were meant for him: all she knew was that Johnny was going out in defeat and pain and taking her heart down with him. When he was submerged in a group of anxious, sympathetic teammates and escorted into the dugout she came back to the bleachers with a tearing wrench.

And then she realized that the commotion was centralized in one of the choice grandstand boxes. Two men were struggling and flailing at each other, and the crowd was roaring and milling with glee.

Kay frowned, and then froze with horror. One of the combatants was Milton J. Lowry. . . .

Kay and the policeman got there simultaneously, charging down from above. She grabbed her father just as the officer grabbed the other man.

"Dad!" she said.

Mr. Lowry's glasses were lost, his tie was under one ear, his hat was gone. Kay laid a hand on the policeman's arm.

"Please," she said, and smiled at him, "it's my father. He isn't this sort, really; this is—a special occasion. I'll take him with me."

The policeman stopped scowling and grinned. He'd just recognized Mr. Lowry.

"Okay, lady. Only don't let him chew up anybody on the way home." Some instinctive and unreasoning tact kept him from betraying his recognition.

Somehow they got outside, and there they stood and looked speechlessly at each other. Kay was the first to crack. She flung back her head and laughed until the tears rolled down her face.

"You whited sepulcher," she gasped; "you blessed hypocrite. . . ."

He gave way at that and laughed with her, sheepishly. Then he scowled.

"That jackass was calling Johnny a white-livered rat. It—got my goat. . . ."

She squeezed his arm, and the whole thing was suddenly, beautifully clear. "I know, darling; if I'd been there I'd have waded in with you. You're the swellest guy I ever knew."

She helped him find his car, waited until he had started the engine. "And now," her voice shook, "since you don't object, I've got to see a man . . ."

She found her own car and drove it to the players' entrance, then she settled down to wait until Johnny came out.

It was twenty minutes before he appeared, damp of hair and immaculate from the shower, with his thumb carefully bandaged and lines of pain etched deeply around his mouth. The sight of him left her so weak and shaken that she could hardly call loud enough to make him hear.

"Johnny!"

He stood perfectly still for an instant, his eyes widening, then he made a lunge for the car and slid in beside her.

"Kay!"

Without speaking, she snaked the car out of traffic and into a back alley, and there she stopped. She was so torn between laughter and tears that it wasn't safe to drive farther.

Johnny saw the tears and muttered with awkward, aching tenderness: "Don't, sweetheart. It was nothing but a ball game, and that's the way it works. Some of the fans use their heads and the rest use their mouths, and you're a hero one minute and a bum the next. It doesn't matter. . . ."

He wanted to put his arms around her but he didn't dare, so he hung on to the car door instead. He still didn't know what she was doing here and he wouldn't let himself hope: it hurt twice as badly afterward if you hoped for something and then didn't get it.

SHE stopped crying and he realized dumbly that she was giggling. He stared at her in such bewilderment that she had to explain. She gasped:

"I've just rescued Dad from the Law and sent him home. He was—fighting a man who called you names. . . ."

Johnny's mouth sagged. "He was—*what?*"

"Fighting—in the stands—for you. He slipped away from home and came out here—just like I did. Johnny, we're both a couple of frauds—Dad and I." She hesitated, staring into space, and he was too astonished to help her. "I don't know how you'd feel, now, about marrying into that sort of family. . . ."

Johnny came to life and put his good hand under her chin.

"Don't you?" he said.

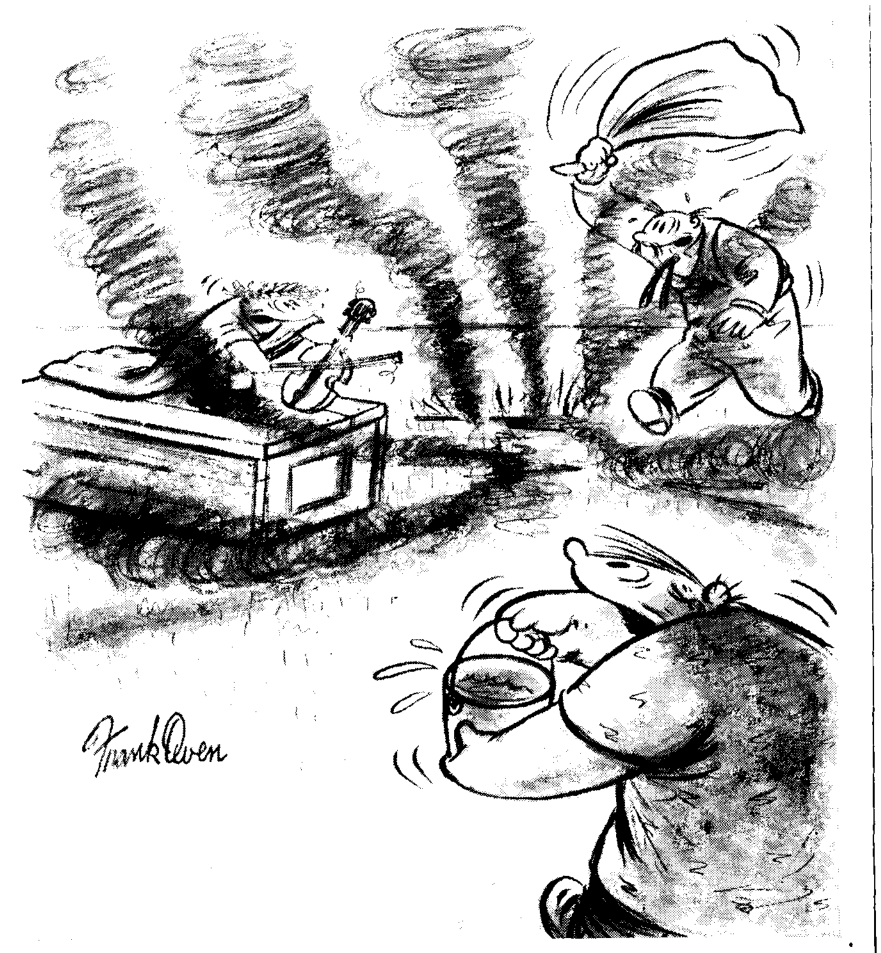
A minute later he lifted his head and looked at her.

"What do you think now?"

Kay shut her eyes, as if the light were too bright. "I think we'd better start hunting an apartment. . . ."

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"So Nero played the fiddle while Rome burned!"

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For strange as it may seem, scientific tests prove that a trap drummer makes little more noise than a battery of ordinary hammerblow typewriters.

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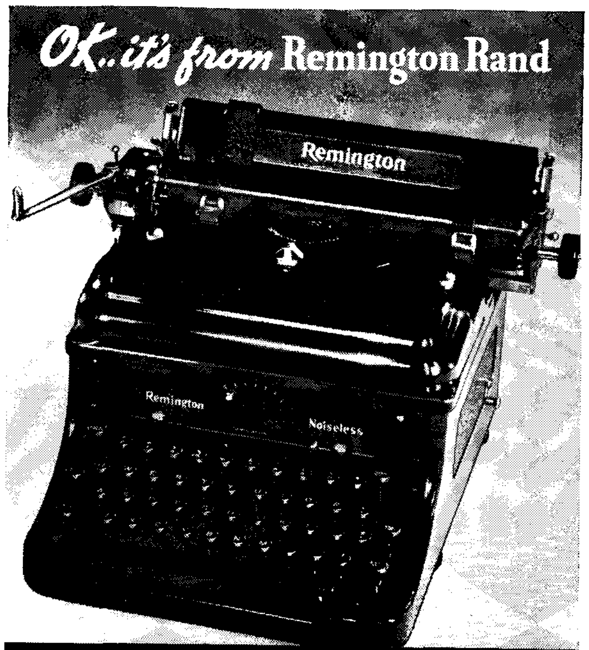

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THE QUAKER Puffed Pals
THEY SOLVE MOTHER'S PROBLEM WITH A BREAKFAST SURPRISE FOR BOB and EDITH!
I'M PUFFED RICE!
NO NICKELS FOR CANDY AFTER SCHOOL IF YOU BOTH DON'T EAT A GOOD BREAKFAST
OH, GEE, I'M NOT HUNGRY.
THOSE IMPS OF MINE JUST WON'T EAT ANYTHING THEY DON'T LIKE. WHAT WILL I DO?
HERE'S AN IDEA, MOTHER. THAT WORKS EVERY TIME! WE'LL SURPRISE BOB AND EDITH WITH A BREAKFAST THEY'LL LIKE AS MUCH AS CANDY!
NEXT MORNING
DON'T PEEP NOW! THIS IS A REAL SURPRISE!
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PUFFED RICE
SURPRISE!!
M-MMM! BOY I'D NEVER GET TIRED OF QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT AND PUFFED RICE!
GEE, THIS IS JUST LIKE A PARTY!

Watch them go for Milk, Sugar and Fruit with this confection-like cereal!

HERE'S a gay, exciting breakfast that does more to tempt appetites than a thousand words!
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Get Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice from your grocer today. Your youngsters will be delighted with this amazing new series of package cut-outs. Twelve American Frontier sets. 92 beautiful full-color studies of heroes, animal life, and landscapes of twelve American episodes from Columbus to Kit Carson. Order today.

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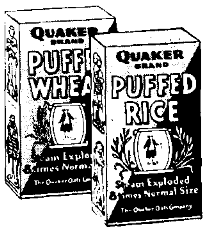


Secret Marriage

Continued from page 15

house party at Carmel, and rather to her surprise there was small question of her veracity; the young Burleighs spent all their energies upon protesting against her desertion.

"You're engaged to him—oh, don't be engaged to him, Mary!" Lindsay wailed. "I need you so much! Don't be engaged to anyone until we're twenty-nine and twenty-seven, and then we can be married together! Are you engaged, Mary?"

"No, I'm not," Mary answered unsmilingly.

"Any talk of an engagement and we'd sue you for non-support," Peter warned her.

"But you do like Calvin?" she asked once anxiously.

"He's a prince," Peter answered to this absently. Mary was satisfied for the moment. But that night in bed she began to think of Peter, and it seemed to her for a little time of heartache that she loved her brother more than she did her husband.

PETER had been a rather ordinary sort of boy, in Mother's day. But Peter was changed now. Mary felt a wrench of love that was actual pain when she thought how changed. He was never a leader, he never took the initiative in anything. But he supported her quietly, faithfully, in all her decisions about the children and the house, and he worked hard and steadily and without complaint. Sometimes when he came in at night he would be a little unreasonable about Chrissie's noise or the lateness of dinner, but after dinner he was always gentle again, content to play a game or two of solitaire, talk idly with his aunt and sisters, go early to bed. It was no life for a young man who had had his taste of college pleasures and leisure, but Peter had accepted it simply and completely.

"Five Saturdays this month; that means extra dough," he would say to Mary. "I think I'll take the kid and get him some shoes." And he often helped Bart with home work; in fact, he was much more kind, much more fatherly to Bart than he had been in the old days. Mary's first real misgivings as to the wisdom of her marriage came when she thought that it might some day mean abandoning Peter to the responsibilities that were heavy enough even when shared by two.

One night she had dinner with Calvin's uncle and aunt, in the old Tait house in Hanover Street. The place had been built in the era of bulging bay windows and folding doors; it was filled with handsome unmatched pieces of upholstered and highly polished furniture; the draperies, portières, fringes, rugs had never been changed. They had been the best of their kind fifty years ago; they were the best of their kind now in the eyes of their owners. Lamps wore bead fringes, fat satin chairs were hung with balls and tassels, stout hard cushions were embroidered with scratchy gold braid and stiff gold cords. Two round portraits of John Calvin and his wife Julia in Italian mosaic were considered the gems of a large art collection that included life-sized Neapolitan girls in terra cotta, onyx columns, Dresden shepherdesses and Copenhagen collies in delicate china, plates of many sorts, pins and napkin rings in Venetian filigree, a flask of colored sand from the river Jordan, and a large brass samovar.

Mrs. Tait was heavy and large, with a big nose and firm high bust; her husband was a thin little shadow of a man, eternally brooding upon some phase of banking business. They were cordial to Mary without disturbing the current of their own lives or thoughts to include her. Mrs. Tait led every conversational spring to the river of her own grandeur; she had no living children; her line must stop with herself, Mary mused, wondering a little that she nevertheless devoted her life to the preservation of Tait and Sparkes heirlooms and memoirs, writing letters to Boston to dispute with other Sparkeses and Taits the possession of certain spoons and chairs, displaying samplers and records with infinite pride and complacence.

"My cousin Sayrah Blair has the Edinburgh Bible; she has no more right to it than you have," Mrs. Tait said, helping herself to Hollandaise sauce. She paused for a long aside to the maid. "See if he brought it and if he didn't telephone and if he did we'll have some with the salad," she said majestically, in a relentless, slow-flowing voice without punctuation. It became evident to Mary that everything that Julia Tait said was of great importance to Julia. She did not hear what anyone else said. She asked Mary several times how her brothers and sisters were getting along; to Mary's answers she was indifferent. "Lizzie," she said, "I'd like Miss Burleigh to see one of the Lafayette spoons. We had the gloves my great grandmother wore to the Lafayette ball—his picture painted on 'em. But I left those in Boston in the museum. 'Loaned by Mrs. John Calvin Tait of Las Palomas, California,' the card says. I'd my picture in their catalogue for—wasn't it nineteen ten, John?"

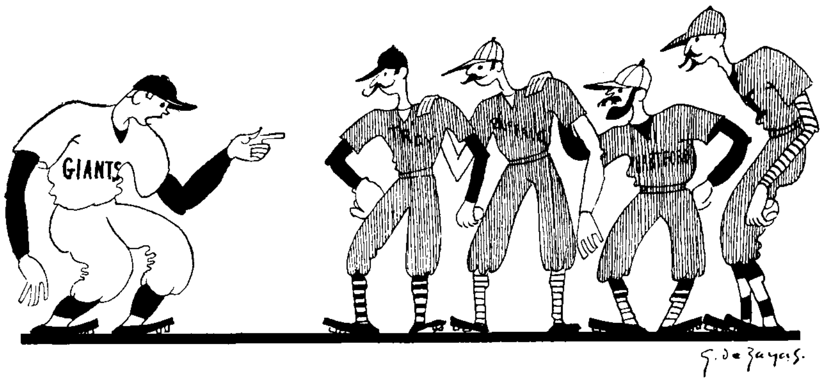
"I didn't hear you, my dear," John Tait said. "Cal," he added, to his nephew, "what d'ye make of that bill Senator Glass introduced in the Senate this week?"

MARY was unendurably bored before the evening was over. It was only the thrilling secret thought that it was with her husband and his family that she was dining that sustained her at all. She had always thought the Tait house rather mysteriously fascinating; she had wondered years ago, when she had walked home from school and passed it, had looked across its formal, well-groomed lawns and gardens, at its bulbous bay windows and dull gray cupolas and turrets, if it would not be fun to know to what rooms the windows belonged, and where the library and where the kitchen lay. Tonight she felt that her curiosity had been once and for all satisfied.

They were having macaroni and baked apples at home tonight; there had been a little bowl of cold kidney stew to make hot and put on top of the macaroni. Lindsay and Peter could manage it, but Mary wished with all her heart that she was with them.

She had not deserted them, of course; she did not mean to desert them. But already her heart ached with a sense of separation; the two contrasted lives that she was leading side by side, the secret that she kept, fretted her and made her uneasy. When she was with Calvin she was all his wife; when she was busy at home, in the midst of that whirlpool that included Aunt Joan, Lindsay and Chris, Peter and Bart, she felt that Carmel, the dunes and the sea, the dipping piny walks and the brown shingled cottage, the wood fire upon which she and Calvin piled the dry logs, the little kitchen in which the kerosene stove worked such wonders, the bedroom with its chintzes and brown wood, were all a dream.

(Continued on page 42)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Since its organization in 1876, the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs has admitted 31 different clubs to membership. Among the cities that have been represented by these past teams are: Hartford, Buffalo, Louisville, Milwaukee, Providence, Syracuse, Troy, Worcester, Kansas City and Indianapolis.—*By Art West, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

The only countries in the world today where women receive the same wages as men for the same kind of work are Czechoslovakia, the Netherlands, Sweden, Denmark and Norway.—*By Mrs. Robert Gray, Darlington, Wisconsin.*

From the downfall of Rome to within the past 200 years, the people of the Western world seldom bathed. Washing with water was believed to be injurious. So for about 1,300 years there was less personal cleanliness in Europe, even among the aristocracy, than in many uncivilized countries.

The tremendous development of American industry has been accompanied by a similar growth in the number of occupational diseases. For example, thirty years ago there were not more than a dozen substances that caused skin diseases. Today there are approximately 700 of these skin irritants and sensitizers.

The United States has 18,500,000 bathtubs, or 95 per cent of all those in use throughout the world. In other words, for every million persons outside of this country there are 535 tubs, while for every million Americans there are 142,300 tubs.—*By Mabel Deere, Urbana, Illinois.*

One of the fastest tides in the world ebbs and flows off Mont Saint Michel, France. After receding almost eight miles and exposing 100 square miles of ocean floor, it comes rushing back at a speed faster than a horse can gallop.—*By S. D. Miller, II, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Being shot is often less harmful than being clubbed on the head. When a bullet does not injure a vital spot, bone or nerve, the result usually is not serious. But the brain is a delicate organ and a mild blow on the head can be fatal or leave permanently disabling symptoms even when there is no laceration or bruise.

In most states a death resulting from a felonious act is considered murder, even when it is not the natural or probable consequence of the crime. But not in Ohio. Recently there a man set fire to his shop to collect insurance and several occupants of the apartments over the store were burned to death. The conviction was first-degree murder, but on appeal it was modified to manslaughter because there was no "specific intent to kill."

Naturally England is alarmed by the news that Germany is building submarines. During the World War, from the beginning of the official U-boat blockade of Great Britain on February 18, 1915, to November 11, 1918, German submarines sank 2,677 British ships, or an average of one every 12 hours.

In Singapore lives a Chinese millionaire who is so proud of his ability to make money that he advertises the fact. The main gate of his estate carries this inscription: "This is Mr. Lo's house and garden. Mr. Lo is able. Mr. Lo is prosperous."—*By David Galt, Singapore, Straits Settlements.*

The cells of the Pennaria, a small aquatic animal, do not die even after they have been squeezed through fine silk and completely separated from one another. If not molested, they will come together again and form a new animal.—*By R. H. Stover, Jonesville, Virginia.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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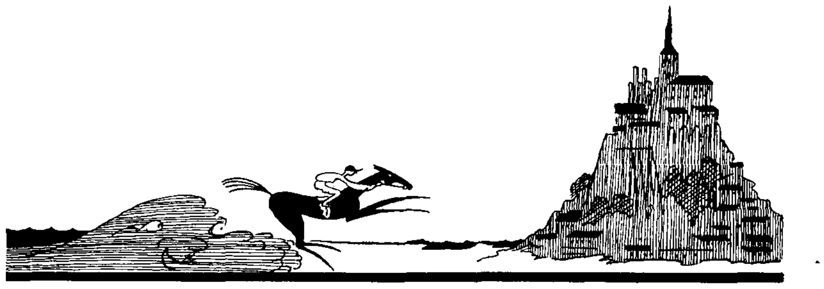

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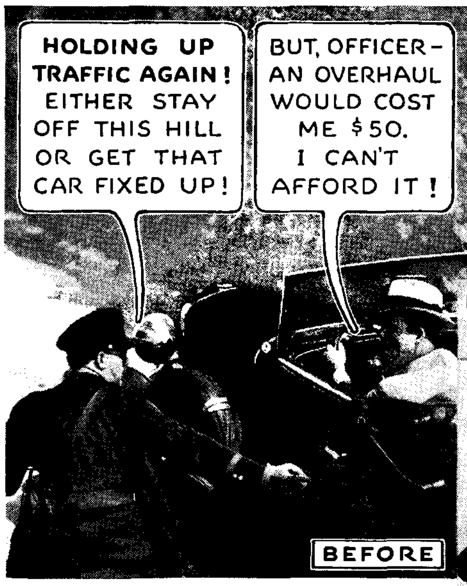
HOLDING UP TRAFFIC AGAIN! EITHER STAY OFF THIS HILL OR GET THAT CAR FIXED UP!
BUT, OFFICER– AN OVERHAUL WOULD COST ME $50. I CAN'T AFFORD IT!
BEFORE

AFTER
SAY - IS THAT THE SAME CAR THAT WOULDN'T TAKE THIS HILL?
YEP! I TAKE IT ON HIGH SINCE I GOT A RAMCO OVERHAUL. MY OIL SAVINGS HAVE ALREADY PAID FOR IT!

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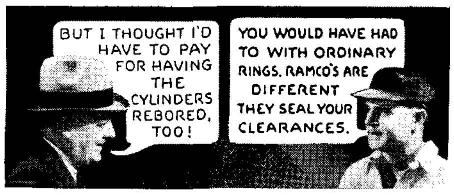
. . . "Ramco Overhaul increased the top-speed of my Chrysler 10 m.p.h.," reports F. E. K. Jr., Roanoke, Va.

. . . "Ramco made my Packard-8 run better than new, increased oil mileage 300%."—A. F. R., St. Louis, Mo.

You, too, can make these savings! See your Ramco shop today; get our free book now.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YOU WOULD HAVE HAD TO WITH ORDINARY RINGS. RAMCO'S ARE DIFFERENT THEY SEAL YOUR CLEARANCES.

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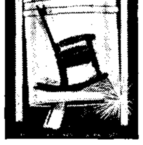

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Secret Marriage

Continued from page 40

He loved her deeply, this husband of hers; she loved to please him. They were happy together, and the hours at the tiny Carmel place that bore the gallant name "Sailors' Light" were hours of laughter, confidence, content. Calvin praised her cooking, marveled at her skill in marketing, kissed her soft red-gold hair and her white temples, kissed her brown busy hands, and the mouth that laughed at him; stopped her when she was brushing her hair or changing her frock to kiss her white shoulders.

"You are one of the beautiful women of the world, Mary. D'you think I don't see the way men look at you?"

"I'm—pretty," Mary would concede, looking dubiously at herself in the mirror.

"What do you think I'm going to do down south without my wife, in the time before you come down?"

"Write me nice letters about movie queens."

"Write you letters! What, after this? After I've had you to myself for whole days like this? After you've cooked me my breakfast?"

"We'll get through the winter somehow."

"The winter! What's this? You're not talking of the winter? Why, my Lord, I count on you for October! I'm not going to be one month down there without you!"

"WELL, we'll see." It was the wife's pacifying reply. Mary had not been long a wife, but she was learning fast. "We'll have to tell them we're married, then, won't we?" she asked him one day when they were idling down on the sands.

"No. Better not. I'll tell you why: my uncle is getting kind of raspy about the business, and he talked the other day of sending me about the country—just Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, places like that, but he'd be wild if he suspected that we'd put anything over on him and that I had a wife to consider."

"But, darling boy, how could I possibly go to Los Angeles and live with you and not explain?"

"Nobody'd know you were living with me. You could tell your people that I'd found a swell job for you down there, couldn't you?"

"Then they'd expect me to send money home," Mary said.

"Ha!" It dashed him for a moment. "You could say it took all that you got just to live," he suggested. "Or—I'll tell you—if we get along we *could* send money home!"

He was too happy to take the problem or any other seriously. And Mary, when they were talking and planning together, when the sea air blew soft and fresh and gulls piped on the dunes, was happy, too, and persuaded herself easily that the sensible way to deal with the difficulties of her life was to take them one by one when they arose, and not earlier.

In mid-September Calvin went away, and Mary settled down to the life that was a routine in the house in Buena Vistita Avenue. And now more than ever it seemed a dream that she and Calvin Tait had gone to San Jose to be married on a hot July day, and that she was, in fact, his wife, had slept in his arms, had cooked him his breakfast and spent whole days in his company, had talked with him of money matters, of the future, of their home and of possible children some day.

Their goodby was quiet. Calvin, his bags packed, his big overcoat flung on the back seat, stopped at the house one burning autumn morning, when the air was hazy with heat and the earth baked into cracked brownness, and Chris and Lindsay and Mary and Aunt Joan went out to the car and wished him well; he kissed them all goodby except Chris, whose manner did not encourage caresses. "I think that was rather sweet of him, as if he were just another brother," Lindsay said romantically, when they went back to the house.

"Goodby, my darling—my darling little wife!" Calvin breathed into Mary's ear. She freed herself from his embrace, laughing and embarrassed. The others had considerately drifted back toward the steps, but there were neighbors' eyes to consider.

"I'll miss you, Cal!" she said, smiling.

"God! Miss you!" Calvin muttered, his eyes wet. He waved a blind goodby toward the waving group on the porch, and was gone. Mary Burleigh walked back to the house in an odd flutter of spirits. She felt deeply disturbed by Calvin's departure. He was always so kind; it was too bad to have him feel so terribly about it; they were husband and wife, and they ought to be together. And yet there was no doubt in her soul that she belonged here, here in this hot shabby kitchen, where the wood was chipped and the plaster broken, where grease still lurked in corners of the floor and the doors of the cupboard, and where a dispirited bowl of cold stew and a great sack of unhusked corn represented the nucleus of a luncheon.

Bart and Chris had won the corn as a reward for helping an elderly widowed neighbor gather in her crop. Almost all the small farms in the vicinity raised modest crops; all summer long the Burleighs could bring home baskets of tomatoes and peaches, cucumbers and lima beans at the cost of helping through the hot morning hours at stripping the trees or vines. Mary had seven chickens now; they had been bought as chicks for ten cents apiece; they were grown tall and rangy and would presently be laying. Bart had acquired a mongrel puppy; between feeding the chickens and cat, and playing with the puppy, there was plenty of interest in these days in the Burleigh back yard. Rajah, the great silver Persian, had returned to his ecstatic mistress; Aunt Joan was eternally fending his dinner away from the marauding attacks of other, alien cats.

MARY had a job. It was not much of a job; twelve dollars a week was not really a living wage. But with household expenses so low, and Peter regularly employed as bookkeeper at the lumber yard, they could live, and it was a moment of memorable triumph in her life when Mary realized that poor, uncomfortable, hard-working, shabby, unlovely as life was in Buena Vistita Avenue, yet it could be maintained there at their present income.

Peter was paid twenty dollars a week; Mary twelve. Most of the money went necessarily for food, but somehow Chris had a new print dress, Lindsay had her shoes mended, the leaking kettle was replaced, and Peter took the younger children to a movie.

Mary's job was in the bakery three blocks away. She was in demand for the noontime rush and could then go home on three afternoons a week until half past four, when she was expected to return to help in the late afternoon press of business. A girl named Clairette Figson was the regular saleswoman; the baker's wife, Mrs. Jensen, often could aid. Mrs. Jensen, however, was increasingly needed in the kitchen; she appeared only occasionally, scarlet of face and damp of brow, to wrap loaves swiftly, jerking the string hard. She could not take care of the crowd; she had to rush back with only an apologetic murmur to the impatient men and women who were waiting for bread and doughnuts and cookies and rolls. It made Clairette feel injured; she worked as fast as she could, and even then they walked out on her! A part-time arrangement with Mary solved the problem for them all. Mary was quick and nice-mannered and accurate; everyone liked her.

It astonished Mary that Calvin had strongly protested against her taking this position. Twelve dollars a week! Why, weeks went by very rapidly; six short work days and a pleasant idle Sunday made a week, and then there were twelve dollars in her hand—money that represented an incredible amount of stew beef and potatoes, milk and bread and sugar and flour! She argued with Calvin animatedly before he went away, and when he presently wrote her from Los Angeles that he hoped she had given up that damn' bakery thing, she ignored the question in her affectionate and amusing and gossipy reply.

SHE liked it. She liked getting to the bakery in the cool autumn afternoons in time to tie on her apron, talk for a minute to the three very fair small Jensen babies who lived in a clean, cold lair back of the store, and go out behind the counter for the first polite "Have you been waited on?" It seemed like one of the old games that she and Peter and Grace and Spencer Moulton had played in their back yard up by the White Step; bustling about with mud cakes and plaster-and-water milk, delivering orders wrapped shakily in newspapers. To hand a bag across the counter and ring up thirty cents eternally amused her.

The bakery was always warm and bright and scented with ginger and vanilla and wheat baking; all good smells. Steam formed on the windows when the evenings grew cold and dark; bursts of furnace air came from the ovens; Hjalmar Jensen would emerge from the workroom with great wooden racks of fresh loaves, with trays of pies. There was something to Mary very satisfying in the making and selling of bread; everyone in the world likes hot sweet bread.

There were other advantages, too. Loaves were frequently being crushed in the ovens, or they got stale; cookies were broken, the icings on forty-cent orange cakes or fifteen-cent coffee cakes might get cracked; gingerbread sometimes burned a little too brown. Then the Jensens and Clairette and Mary would divide the unsalable food. Sometimes the girls paid a few cents for the stale doughnuts; paid ten cents for a great cake. Often there was no charge; Mary began to feel an elated excitement over the Burleigh budget; she almost cried with pleasure when Peter somewhat reluctantly bought a new suit on the installment plan, confident that between them he and Mary could manage the dollar a week.

"We're wonders!" she exulted.

"You're the wonder," Lindsay might make her uneasy by saying fondly. "We couldn't do any of it without you, Mary. You make it all such a game."

Calvin wrote that he hated the South; the climate and the people. He hated the work at the bank. He hoped the darn' branch would close up and that he

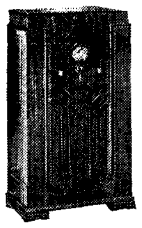
"What! A WORLD-WAVE STROMBERG-CARLSON for only $59.50"

No. 58-T. Height, 19 in. Same chassis as 58-L.

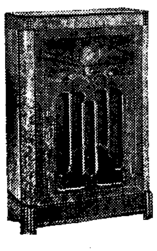
NO WONDER she is surprised — and pleased. Never before in the history of the radio industry has any radio — possessing those qualities which have placed Stromberg-Carlsons ahead of all others — sold at so low a price.

These new Stromberg-Carlsons are a revelation to everyone who has tuned them. Every worth-while foreign and domestic short wave service, as well as the entire broadcast and police range, is covered by the three tuning ranges; with what seems unlimited sensitivity and distance reach. Every program is reproduced with typical Stromberg-Carlson Natural Tone.

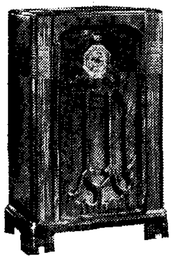
These features, never before available in radios so low in price, are the result of the entirely new and highly efficient *clover-leaf* arrangement of coils and range switch.



NO. 58-L STANDARD LOWBOY. Three Tuning Ranges. Large Airplane Type Dial. Dual Ratio Tuning Knob. 6 tubes. 8¼ inch speaker with 1 inch voice coil. Genuine American walnut faced cabinet. Height, 36½ inches. Price $78.50



NO. 58-W DE LUXE LOWBOY. Three Tuning Ranges. Large Airplane Type Dial. Dual Ratio Tuning Knob. 6 tubes. 10¼ inch speaker with 1½ inch voice coil. Highly ornamental cabinet in genuine walnut and birdseye maple veneers. Height, 37¼ inches. Price $92.50



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Stromberg-Carlsons are priced from $59.50 to $985 (slightly higher Texas, Rockies and West). *Dealers listed in classified telephone directory.*

NOTICE TO DEALERS. Merchants in unassigned territory interested in handling this quality line write Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., immediately, for details of our franchise.

Stromberg-Carlson

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PENSION
Labonté

. . . Meet
Monsieur Labonté

M. Labonté runs a snug little Inn in the heart of rural Québec. Visiting tourists know him . . . his cheery "Bonjour" . . . the excellence of his table . . . his hospitality.

There are many Inns in Québec, just like M. Labonté's . . . quaint, friendly, charmingly "continental." That is one of the reasons why touring Québec is such a novel, such an *exhilarating* experience . . . why people come back year after year. Discover Québec for yourself this summer. A warm welcome awaits you in this old French Canadian province.

WHERE TO GO — WHAT TO SEE
Montréal, Canada's Metropolis
Hull & the Gatineau Valley
The Laurentians
The St. Maurice Valley
Québec City
Laurentide National Park
Chicoutimi & Lac St. Jean
Eastern Townships
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En Route to the Historic Province of
QUÉBEC
PROVINCIAL TOURIST BUREAU
QUÉBEC, CANADA

For maps and descriptive literature, apply to your home travel agency, automobile club, Chamber of Commerce, railway, steamship or bus office; or write Roads Dept., Québec City, Canada.

could come back to Las Palomas. He was living in a small hotel, taking his meals anywhere—it was a rotten way to do. How were things going? When would Mary come down?

Mary looked at his picture, prominent on her bureau. It was a large, handsome picture; his mother had had it taken in the East before he had decided to come and live in the West. His fine eyes, his fine firm chin; his young wife would study them dreamily, wondering if he really looked like that. She could not make the picture seem Calvin. His brushed hair, his handsome clothes and trim tie—yes, that was the man she knew, that was her husband. But somehow it did not seem real.

The minute he came back into her life she knew—she told herself that she knew that she would love him dearly; love being with him and getting his breakfast and having him kiss her hair and the tips of her fingers. It was marriage for a man and woman to be together, and all girls wanted to be married. Only—only it was strange to remember those days in Carmel, those nights in the little brown cabin so boldly named Sailors' Light, and think that Calvin had been the man and she the woman who had shared them.

"How little a girl knows before she gets married," Mary mused. "And then afterward—how different it is! Just a man in the bank that morning after Mother's funeral, and now Calvin!"

SHE was distracted when he wrote her in late October that he was counting the days until she could join him. She simply could not go; that was flat. They had agreed at the time of their marriage that she must stay with her own people while they needed her; that had been indeed the reason for their secrecy. Peter and Lindsay and Aunt Joan must not be distressed by the thought that they were to fight their fight without Mary. Mary decided to write Calvin that she would come down for a visit anyway; she would tell the family at home that it was just to be a visit; later she could write them that she had gotten employment down South. And perhaps she actually would be able to find a job in Los Angeles!

While she was uneasily pondering it another letter came from Calvin. They were sending him to Phoenix for a few weeks, darn it, he said. He was giving up the place he had half decided to rent because the woman had run up the price from forty to fifty-five; he believed she had gotten another tenant. This upset the whole plan upon which he had been working; he would come back from Phoenix as soon as he could; he was counting upon coming up to Las Palomas for Thanksgiving, and he would see Mary then. Meanwhile—

The rest of the letter was all love and kisses. Mary folded the paper, lifted the lid of the crazy stove in the kitchen, and plunged the epistle into the wood fire. She was shocked to feel an enormous relief. She could go back to the bakery this afternoon with a quiet mind. In sudden reaction from strain she felt as if she could leap into the air—burst into wild song!

"You have a wonderful disposition, Mary," her aunt said. Little Miss Burleigh was huddled close to the stove; her clawlike hands caught tightly over each other. She had been vaguer and less rational than usual of late, now that the chill of autumn mornings and evenings held the cheap, badly built house in its grip, and almost lived in her paddysoy, rocking back and forth for hours, with her knitting or her cat on her lap. Rajah would look about the kitchen in royal disdain, as the girls opened cans and slammed the oven door. "Him doesn't yike bein' poor!" Aunt Joan would explain fondly.

They were all but living in these days on the sweet juicy prunes that carpeted the valley this autumn; it was a year of low prices, and many of the orchardists let the luscious fruit lie ungathered on the ground. The Burleighs could have prunes for the asking; could revel in prune whips and prune shortcakes, cooked prunes and fresh. There was still corn, there were great hard squashes streaked with yellow and dark green that made hearty meals in themselves; the Pauls gave away buttermilk when their cows were in. "What we spend in actual *money*," Mary told Peter, "is too ridiculous! Why don't all poor people live in the country and swap their superfluities?"

Peter said as Lindsay had, "It's all you, Mary," and Mary flushed for sheer joy.

Not that her brother and sister were always flattering to her, or even just, she reflected. It was only in moments of realization that the tenderness and appreciation came; for the rest, Peter was apt to be exacting and unreasonable in certain moods, and Bart and Chris discontented and critical. Aunt Joan was never rational.

"Gosh, aren't we ever going to have a car again? Aren't we ever going to Santa Cruz swimming again?" the juniors demanded. "I ought to have new blouses and a serge skirt—I *need* them!" Chrissie whined. "Mary, don't we have milk toast pretty often?" Lindsay asked plaintively. "Aren't we going to have a turkey even for Thanksgiving?" they all demanded, outraged, as November wore away.

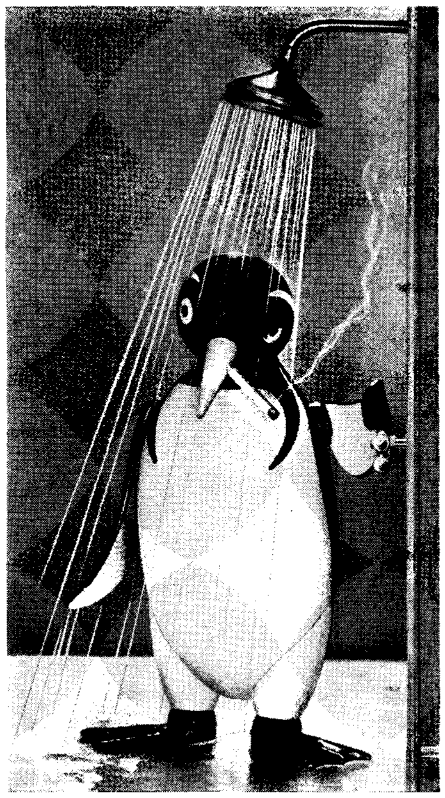
Aunt Joan was the most distracting of all. She would occasionally reproach Mary gently for leaving her mother "alone in that big house"; she would sometimes tell callers, old friends whose big shining cars had trouble with the dust and ruts of Buena Vistita Avenue, that she believed they were all hiding from "one of those gangs you read about." But the callers came less often as the first year after the Burleighs' loss passed; they were kind, they felt sorry for "poor Lily's children," but they were not practical, they had never been trained to help, and they presently drifted away to their own lives, glad to forget anything so pitiable as the fate of the Burleighs. Aunt Joan had fewer listeners with each passing month.

THERE was a turkey for Thanksgiving after all; Mary quite by chance acquired one. She bought a lottery ticket in the bakery early in the month because a feeble old man came in selling tickets for twenty-five cents apiece, and Clairette said that everyone always helped the old men from the Home in this way at Thanksgiving. He would get a nickel for every ticket he sold. And Mary won a bird so handsome that she immediately sold him back to the butcher and obtained a smaller turkey and a large ham, thus rejoicing her soul with one of those economies which mean much to managing women and providing Sunday's as well as Thursday's dinner. The big turkey would not have gone into the Burleighs' oven on any terms; the twelve-pound bird supplied them all with all the turkey they could eat and made a great potful of soup besides.

Calvin came up from Los Angeles and came in to see them on Thanksgiving Day. He could not stay for the feast that was scenting all the house deliciously, but he and Mary had a few minutes alone together and he told her what he exultingly called good news. The chances were that he would be moved back to Las Palomas at the first of the year. "And then we'll tell 'em!" he said. And meanwhile—what? How could he and she get away together for a day or two? San Francisco? They

(Continued on page 44)

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED



LIKE A SHOWER
ON A HOT DAY

—the cooling mild menthol in KOOLS sets you up. Light one and refresh that hot, parched throat. There's just enough mild menthol to give the smoke a pleasant coolness, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips save lips. And a B&W coupon in each pack worth saving for a choice of mighty attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Ever tried KOOLS? It's time to—and a good time, too!
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SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
BY THE UNDERSIGNED
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"REG. U.S. PAT. OFF."
15¢ for TWENTY
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RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Why do men in the Tropics look old at forty?

GREEK gods at twenty-five, old men at forty. That's the penalty of living down near the equator.

"Why is it that people who live in the tropics show the wrinkles and lines of old age in the very prime of life?" asked Edwin C. Hill with his insatiable curiosity.

Reason enough, said the experts. The burning tropical sun dries up the natural oils of the skin, leaving the face like parchment, which wrinkles easily.

Women know that a dry skin wrinkles easily. That is why they use creams and gentle oils to keep their complexions youthful.

Men who do not want to look older than they are maintain the natural oils in their skins by using Barbasol. They know its bland soothing oils keep the skin fresh, and the whole face looking alert and youthful.

You see, Barbasol doesn't dry out the skin. It's so soothing that thousands use it to relieve windburn and chapping.

It gives you a smooth quick shave, no ingrown hairs. And its bland oils leave your face in the pink of condition.

No brush, no lather, no rub-in. Just wet your face, spread on good old Barbasol and shave.

Why look older than you are?

BARBASOL BLADES
now 5 for 15¢

For only fifteen cents you can now buy 5 of those scalpel-keen Barbasol Blades that make shaving a joy.

They're going like hot cakes, men. Step up and get yours today.

Shave the Barbasol way.

Soften your whiskers with Barbasol Shaving Cream and mow 'em down with Barbasol Blades. It's the perfect shaving combination.

Tune in Singin' Sam—the Barbasol Man—every Tuesday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System. (See your local newspaper for time.)

Barbasol
Barbasol
No Lather
No Rub-In

For Modern Shaving
No Brush • No Lather • No Rub-In

(Continued from page 43)

could go up there and stay in a hotel and see a show; how about it?

She promised to think it out; he would be back this afternoon and they could take a drive or a walk. She let him press his hard cold cheek against her kitchen-warmed one and tighten his arm about her; she let him kiss her hungrily, passionately, and call her his adored sweetheart, his wife. But when he had gone an odd reluctance, an odd lassitude took possession of her. He was fine and handsome and loving and confident; he was her husband. Only she did not feel married at all; she did not feel as she ought to feel about the man she had married. Discipline mind and soul as she would, remind them that he was everything devoted and attractive and loyal, yet her very being would not be controlled, and every fiber of it clung to the things of home and rebelled against the obligations of her new estate. She might have been a little girl again on this winter afternoon; she drew back from the presence of a man—his arms, his kisses, his whispered endearments—in her life.

"But it's only Calvin!" she told herself. "He's always been so kind—he's so happy—he loves you so much!" No use! The rebellious flesh would answer, "But I don't want to! I don't *want* to be his wife, or any man's wife! I'm not ready!"

THANKSGIVING DAY was cold and sunless. No breath of air stirred in the bare world outside of the kitchen windows. Clothes hung flat and frozen on the Sorensons' clothesline; chickens huddled wretchedly in the little sheds, fluffing their feathers about them. The sky was low, menacing; frost showed at noon on the dried weeds and on the north side of lumber piles and fences. It was a holiday, and during the morning there had been a certain activity in the neighborhood; fathers getting small children out for airings; small boys hooting; motorcars being loaded with coated folk off for Grandma's for turkey dinner. But that was all over now; there was small sign of life anywhere, except for the columns of pale smoke from fireplaces and kitchen stoves, rising straight into the pale sky from the poor little houses in the blighted gardens. A bleak, unfriendly sort of day.

It had seemed joyous enough to Mary until Calvin's appearance. The Burleighs were all well, they were all at home together, and an exceptionally good dinner was under way. Lindsay had set the table in the parlor; they could not eat in the kitchen today. Peter had lighted the little airtight stove in there right after breakfast; the room was, if anything, too warm now; the whole house was warm. Mary knelt at the oven door and drew the roasting pan forward; she basted the turkey carefully—he seemed already done at one o'clock. But the feast was to be at half past one, and Peter, Lindsay and the younger children were not yet returned from a walk into Las Palomas.

Mary wished that they would come back; that somebody would come out to the kitchen and talk to her. She felt restless and nervous, and suddenly, for the first time, she thought of what her life would be if she had not married Calvin, and sensed, for a few seconds, the delicious freedom of possessing herself ungiven again.

It was a disloyal thought; it was an infinitely disturbing one; she tried to banish it. But it strengthened rapidly; it came back with frightening persistence. Suppose she had not married Calvin? Suppose she were still Mary Burleigh, busy and happy and needed by her own people, belonging nowhere else—belonging entirely to herself! Suppose no one had the right that Calvin had to ask her to divide her allegiance?

"I wonder why people get married," she thought, possessed of the new idea, shaken by it, unable to escape from it. "Why did I get married? What did we think we were doing it for—what did I think he was and what did he think I was—what did we gain by it? Now whatever I do is complicated by Calvin; he hates me to work in the bakery. What did he say today? 'When are you going to stop this nonsense of working in a bakery? I'd rather borrow the money and take a chance on paying it back some day!' "

Those had been his words; they came back to her. Clever as he was about money, and certainly a teller in a bank ought to be clever about money, he did not seem to realize that the family could not get along without that money of Mary's every week. It just about paid the food bill for all of them. It meant that Peter's money could pay for gas and electric light and coal and the new suit and Bart's sweater; it meant that money could be put aside for taxes in January, and for the water bill. Lindsay's coat had been cleaned; Peter's old suit had been pressed; Mary would have to have shoes in a few weeks—all these things cost money; there was a drug store bill for soap and aspirin and vaseline for Chrissie's cough, and iodine and bandages for Bart's finger. Neither Peter nor Mary could possibly carry the load of family expenses alone. The Burleighs had not had salad at all since the beginning of the month; oil was an extravagance; Mary had learned to treasure it, and treasure every ounce of butterfat and lard. The things that made meals delicious were apt to be the expensive things, like butter and cream and oil; when they could not be afforded they must be given up.

"Starving," shouted Peter and Lindsay, Chris and Bart, bursting into the house. Aunt Joan came forth from her downstairs chamber attractively gowned in an old silk. Mary was dressed in a party frock; she gave the others fifteen minutes in which to make themselves beautiful, and began to thicken the pan gravy.

The next day Calvin came for her, and they went up to San Francisco together. Mary told the family that there was to be a little party at a girl's house and that she would be back Saturday morning. Lindsay would take her place in the bakery on Friday afternoon.

SHE and Calvin drove northward through an afternoon that looked and tasted like spring. Grass was green along the highways, and sunshine splashed lavishly among the bare trees. The sky was hot and blue; larks were rising and singing. Mary had dreaded today; she had hardly slept all night long, thinking of this trip, but once started she found herself enjoying it. She would not have to cook dinner tonight, nor do the dishes after dinner; she and Calvin would go to a theater. She had not often been to a theater in her life, not at all in the last year. There seemed to be nothing to fear in this pleasant sunshine, with this man at her side listening to her talk and laughing at her and advising her in the way that had first won her confidence.

They were very gay as they unpacked in their hotel bedroom. It was a pleasant, bright room in a quiet place, and Mary was fresh enough and eager enough to want to go out for a walk before dinner, to want to loiter through Chinatown, and look into windows at beautiful brocade pajamas and ox-blood jars, jade and cinnabar and Canton plates. They stopped at the doorways of the theater and studied the pictures of Chinese actors. They returned to their hotel tired and happy at six, and presently went out to dinner in the highest spirits.

"The St. Francis—oh, what glory!" said Mary, walking along at Calvin's side.

"You've been there before?"

"Long ago. With my father."

She was almost too excited to eat her dinner; at the play afterward she sat rapt. The leading man seemed to her the most attractive person she had ever seen in her life.

"Look here, I'll be jealous!" Calvin said, her arm tight in his and their fingers locked.

"Cal, you idiot! He probably has been three times married and is completely stuck on himself. No, but would you be jealous?"

"As hell," Calvin said, laughing. But later, in their room, he assured her seriously that it was so.

"What makes you think you're jealous, Cal?" Mary said, brushing her hair and looking at him in the mirror.

"Every time I see anyone looking at you I know it."

"You poor simpleton!"

"Simpleton or not, when those men at the next table tonight were watching you I could have killed them."

"They probably weren't watching me at all," Mary said. "They were talking business. Why should they watch me?"

"Because you're so beautiful, my darling. I've never seen any woman like you!"

"Come. Not even in Hollywood?" He had come to sit next her on the little dressing-table bench; now she escaped him and returned from the bathroom cold-creaming her face. "City dirt," she said disgustedly. "Even Green Oaks doesn't get me so filthy."

"MARY, promise me you'll never make me jealous."

"Are you still thinking of that?" He had opened the window and, wiping her face free of the cream, she went to stand beside him and looked down on the still brightly active city street. Cal put his arm about her and they stood together, looking out of the window.

"Say that you're happy, sweetheart. That you like being here with me."

She did not answer; she did not turn her head. But she rubbed the red-gold hair against his shoulder.

"It's been a funny start into marriage for us, Mary love. I think if I had it all to do over again I'd come out with it, and let them all get used to the idea as best they could."

"Why do you say that, Cal? Do you think your uncle and aunt won't like it?"

"I don't care whether they like it or not," the man said, and Mary knew from his tone that he knew something of their attitude and was angered by it. "It was because of your family," he reminded her. "At least it was that at first."

"Your feelings change so quickly, once you're married," Mary said with a little laugh, her head still resting back comfortably on his shoulder, and her hands holding his arms about her, "that it's hard to look back and remember just why we thought it was so smart to keep it secret. I remember I didn't want the family to know, but that doesn't seem reason enough now. Anyway, we did it, and we have to go on from here."

"You mean that Peter and Lin really don't suspect?"

"Not a thing. Positively not a thing."

"H'm!" he said. "My uncle," he volunteered, "took occasion to say outright that he hoped I wouldn't marry for some time. I said that I had no such intention."

"What'd he have against it?"

"Just being a crank, I imagine."

"When I'm with you, Cal," Mary said dreamily, "everything seems all right. But when you're away, and I don't see you, I begin to worry, and to think of what they'll all feel when I break away, and it almost drives me mad."

"You poor little thing, what do you let it get you that way for? Shucks, Mary, in a year or two we'll have one of those nice little houses at Barbizon Manor, and Lin'll be married, and Pete making money, and we'll stick Chris into a good boarding-school and have Bart with us, and everyone'll forget that we gave 'em a surprise!"

"Yes, but Cal, sometimes I think—I think, suppose I were to find out that there was going to be a baby?"

"Well, then all we'd have to do is tell 'em, Mary. There's no disgrace to it, you know—nothing to be ashamed of."

"No, that's true. You make things seem so reasonable, Cal."

"We had good reason for keeping it secret, darling, and it was our own affair. We're not harming anyone."

"I know," she said, comforted, "there's really nothing to be afraid of!" And she twisted her head about and raised her face, and he put his own face down against it to kiss her.

But for all that, that night she could not sleep. Strange street lights shone in at their high window; unaccustomed noises far below—jangling of trolley bells, honking of horns, never ceased. Mary lay wakeful, staring into the dark.

Hour after hour went by; she could not sleep, she could not stop thinking. She said to herself: "Should we have married? Am I ever going to feel to him what a wife feels? Was it a silly mistake?" and there was no answer.

Or if there was an answer it was one that Mary would not accept. She could not believe that the seemingly simple, the seemingly unimportant events of that summer Saturday—a ride to San Jose, a few minutes in a courthouse, a few minutes in a minister's study, could bear this fruit. She had given herself to Calvin then; she could never take herself away. There was no quarrel between them; he was exactly what she had thought him, exactly what he had represented himself to be. As long as he was kind to her, as long as he loved her as he did now, there could be no conceivable reason for her saying to him: "Oh, let me go back to what I was! Let me be Mary Burleigh again, belonging to my sisters and brothers and to myself! It's wonderful to have you love me—to have you want me, but I want to go home! I've got a problem there; it isn't solved. I'm not free to give my whole life to you, to keep your house and bear your children, to rejoice when you have a business success and take care of you when you have a headache. Let me go!"

SHE could not say it; it was too late for that now. Mary jerked a pillow under her head, crooked her arm against it. She looked across at Calvin, sound asleep, and it seemed to her that he might have been any stranger lying there; she did not know him. She did not know herself, Mary Burleigh, so strangely come into this estate of wife, so strangely sharing this man's life and his room.

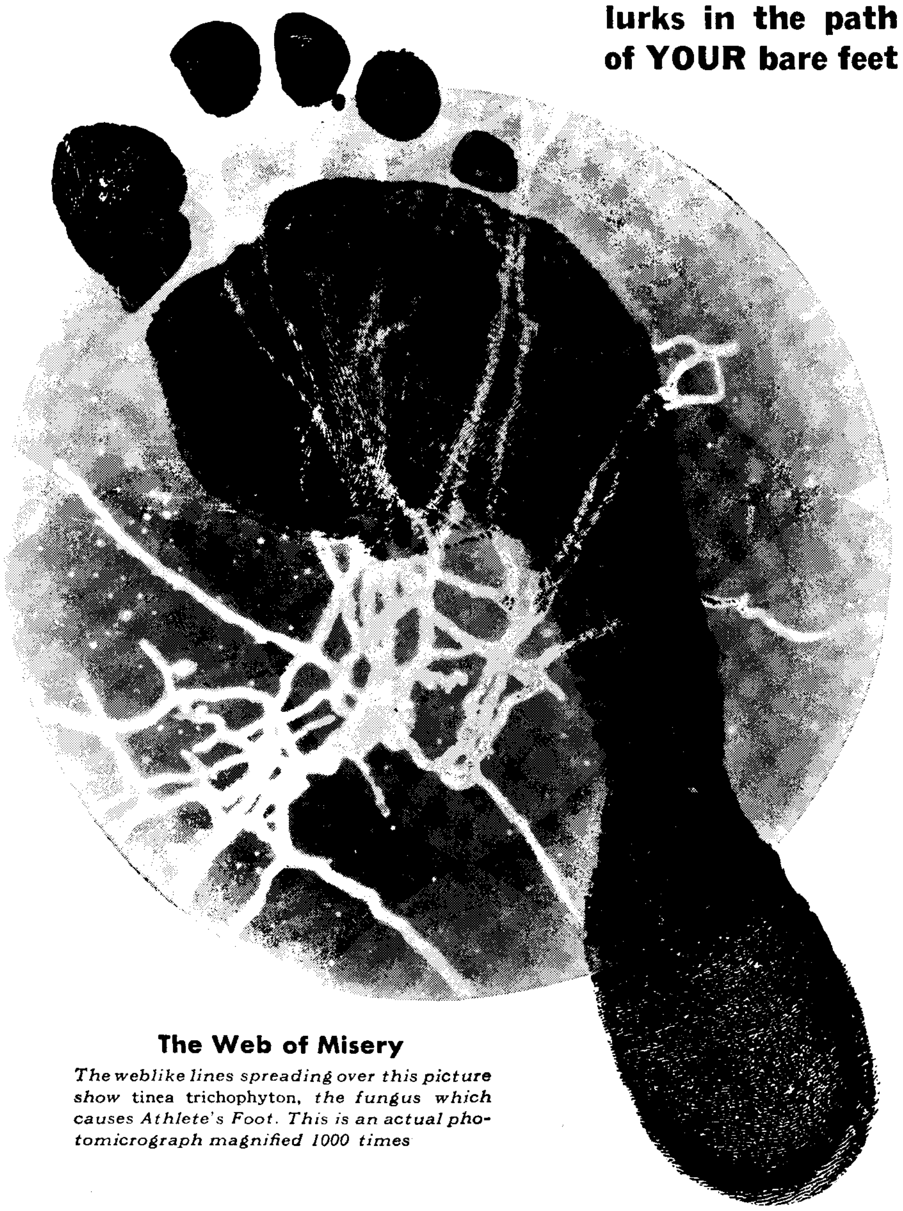
Young, slender, stretching herself restlessly under the light hotel blanket, Mary thought longingly of the shabby, bare box of a house in Buena Vistita Avenue—thought with a great ache of homesickness of Barty and Chris, Lindsay and Peter, Aunt Joan and the cat. Dishes and dust, financial problems and the hot, tiring hours in the bakery held no terrors for her now; she had met these dragons and bested them.

"How simple—simple—simple it would all be!" she said in her heart. "How easily I could manage it all if it weren't for Calvin!"

(To be continued next week)

WATCH YOUR STEP—
ATHLETE'S FOOT

lurks in the path of YOUR bare feet



The Web of Misery

The weblike lines spreading over this picture show tinea trichophyton, *the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot. This is an actual photomicrograph magnified 1000 times*

EVERY barefoot step you take may lead to misery for you! The dreaded, boring fungus which causes ATHLETE'S FOOT may be waiting to attack you from your own bathroom floor. It may be skulking on the locker room floor of your club or gym, or along the decks of your favorite swimming pool.

How to Recognize It in Time

The first you'll know that you have been unlucky will be redness between your lesser toes. Tiny, itching blisters may appear. Excessive moisture, cracking, peeling, soreness and pain—any of these signs calls for immediate action. Don't neglect these dangerous symptoms! Serious disorder may follow.

Absorbine Jr. Kills the Fungus

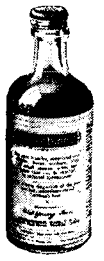
When you see or feel the first symptom—douse on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. night and morning. Keep this up until you are sure infection is removed. Laboratory tests show that Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot fungus *within 30 seconds after* it penetrates to the pest.

No Immunity

You can be reinfected at any time. Constant vigilance is necessary especially during warm weather when the scourge is at its worst. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill this fungus.

Keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in your locker at your club or swimming pool. Use it after every bath or swim to refresh and cool your feet and to prevent the digging in of the fungus you may have unknowingly picked up.

Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.



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Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness and SUNBURN

At all druggists $1.25 a bottle

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The Choice of Champions
★

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There are many reasons why really good golfers choose such equipment—but listen to one very important one as Walter puts it.

★

"The first essential of good golf is a correct swing. After that your selection of the proper equipment is most important. A matched set of TRUE TEMPER *Shafted Clubs, fitted to your swing, will give you 100% assistance in your play. When I think of steel, I just naturally think of* TRUE TEMPER *—a name that has meant much to the Pros of this country in developing the game."*

Walter Hagen

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
Sporting Goods Division
Geneva, Ohio

TRUE TEMPER STEEL golf SHAFTS

The Wizard's Touch

Continued from page 8

movement was to buy two small cans of red and white paint and to borrow a paint brush.

Presently several busy citizens were watching him paint a spiral red stripe around the post. This he followed with a white stripe. By this time quite a crowd was assembled, among which was Jumbo Haines.

"What d'ye think you're doin'?" Jumbo asked.

"Beautifyin' the village," said Hamilcar.

"Looks like a barber pole," said Jumbo.

"Come to think of it—'tis kind of similar," Hamilcar said.

He left the pole leaning against the face of the store and yelled to Buzz Yeates, who was driving by with his truck.

"Busy, Buzz?" he asked.

"Not too busy."

"Want to do a job of haulin' for me?"

"Sure. Climb on."

LEAVING the little knot of curious citizens to stare after them, the truck drove up the street and to the shed where Hamilcar had directed his barber's chair to be stored. Together they loaded it on the truck and returned. When Jumbo saw the chair his expression became one of amazement mixed with alarm.

"What ye got there?" he demanded.

"Barber's chair," said Hamilcar.

"Ye hain't a'goin' to open up no barber shop, be ye?"

"Figgered to," Hamilcar said. "Looks like an openin' fur one. Cut-rate shop."

Jumbo was in a state of mind. He tugged at Hamilcar's arm. "Let's you 'n' me go and talk," he said.

"Got no time to waste. Want to git this shop open soon's I kin."

"Jest come in and talk a minute. Jest a minute, Ham."

Hamilcar allowed himself to be drawn into the rival shop and crowded into a corner.

"Ham," said Jumbo, "the' hain't room for two shops here. One shop kin do pretty good, but if th' was two they'd both starve."

"Don't calc'late there'll be two," said Hamilcar. "Not after I really git to cuttin' prices."

"Ye aim to run me out of business?"

"A body's got to figger to meet competition."

"But I was here fust."

"Don't give ye no legal rights."

"Say, Ham, ye hain't spent much money. I'll pay ye back what ye put out if you'll keep out of the business."

"I druther have a stiddy profit."

"I'll give ye fifty dollars."

"No interest, Jumbo."

"Give ye a hundred dollars."

"'Twouldn't be sensible, Jumbo. You kin see that yourself. Why, I got me an ideal location, and then there's the good will, and the cut-rate idee and all."

"Give ye two—fifty to quit it."

"Nope."

"You'll lose money. I'll meet your rates."

"I kin afford it. I kin afford to give shaves for nothin' to build up the concern."

"What'll ye take?"

"Nope, Jumbo. I jest like the idee. Guess I'll stick to it."

"Tell ye what I'll do," Jumbo said sadly. "I'll give ye five hundred if you'll sign a paper never to go into competition with me."

Hamilcar considered. "I like ye, Jumbo. I don't want to do nothin' to upset ye. Tell ye what I'll do. I'll sell out to ye, lock, stock and barrel, includin' the barber pole, for five hundred and eighteen dollars and seventy-three cents. And that's my last offer. Cash down."

"I'll go ye," said Jumbo. "We'll go right over to the bank."

Presently Hamilcar emerged from the town's financial institution with his pocket full of cash. He was quite pleased with himself.

When he got home he did not go into the house but skirted it and entered the garage, where he worked for half an hour. At the end of that time he emerged with a smooth board in his hand, affixed to a base so it would stand erect. With this he went in through the kitchen door and called loudly for Frances.

"Hush your noise," she said. "What's that contraption?"

"'Tain't a contraption, it's a gadget. Got it fur you to decorate up the parlor. Kind of a thermometer like."

She examined it apprehensively. It was marked off into ten major spaces, and each of these was subdivided into ten minor spaces. The top line was labeled $10,000, and each of the others from $9,000 to $1,000.

"It's beautiful," said Frances, "but can it talk?"

"I figgered you'd like to see Uncle Xenophon's legacy grow," he said. "Jest to keep you reminded." He took his pencil and made a mark midway between the base and the thousand-dollar line. "All of a sudden it grew to there this afternoon," he said. "Up to now Uncle Xenophon's left little Hamilcar, Junior, five hundred dollars—and here they be."

"What?"

"Yes'm. I contrived to sell the barber's chair for five hundred plus expenses. Guess that'll see young Hamilcar through his first semester."

"I don't believe it," said Frances.

"Here's the cash," said Hamilcar, which was a convincing piece of evidence. "Gives me some workin' capital, don't it?"

With that he strolled out. His first stop was at the post office.

"Jumbo," said the postmaster, "is pretty sore."

"Calc'lated he might be."

"He's makin' his brags he'll give ye your come-uppance."

"Maybe he kin," assented Hamilcar.

It was three days later, as he was strolling aimlessly about the village that he noticed a man prowling around the old Red Mill. This was a more or less dilapidated structure which once had been a small woodworking plant manufacturing in an inconspicuous way wooden spoons and drumsticks and tongue depressors and clothespins. But for several years it had stood idle, its machinery rusting.

Hamilcar was interested. He watched the prowler. Saw him gain entrance to the mill through a window and disappear inside. Curiosity was one of Hamilcar's faults or virtues, so he crossed the road and stood listening. The man was walking about the interior of the mill and it seemed to Hamilcar he was making a meticulous examination of its contents. Which was interesting.

HAMILCAR straddled the window sill and silently entered. He walked quietly back toward the engine room through whose door he saw the stranger scrutinizing the engine.

"Morning," he said affably.

The stranger started guiltily. "Oh, it's you," he said uneasily.

"Yep. Didn't recognize ye fust off. Interested in mills, Jabe?"

"Jest passin' and kind of figgered I'd see what was left of the ol' dump."

"Still superintendent for Jenks and Mason, Jabe?"

"Takin' a mite of a vacation. Calc'late to do some fishin'."

"Ye won't ketch any in the engine room," said Hamilcar.

"Might," said Jabe.

"Still manufacturin' last blocks and bobbins and what-nots?"

"We was when I left."

"Wa-al, wa-al. Didn't I hear some'eres you folks bought a jag of timber back here?"

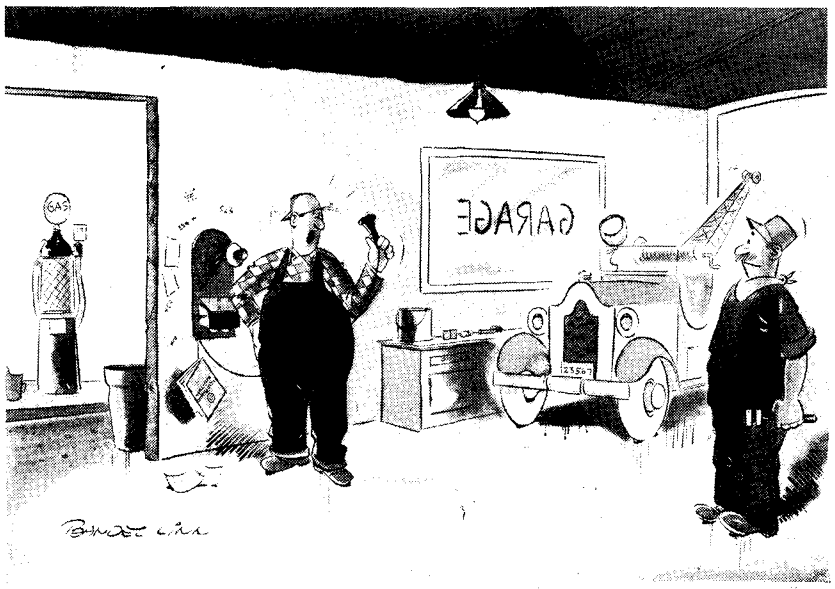
"It come on the market 'n' we picked it up."

"Wouldn't be figgerin' on doin' any manufacturin' here, would ye?"

"What fur?" demanded Jabe.

"Wa-al, it might be profitable to haul your timber here 'n' rough-turn your bobbins and so on. Cheaper'n haulin' logs so fur. Seems as though. And ye could haul them partially manufactured things cheap and quick in trucks. Not a bad idee, Jabe."

"Listen," said Jabe, "'tain't no skin off of your nose, is it?"



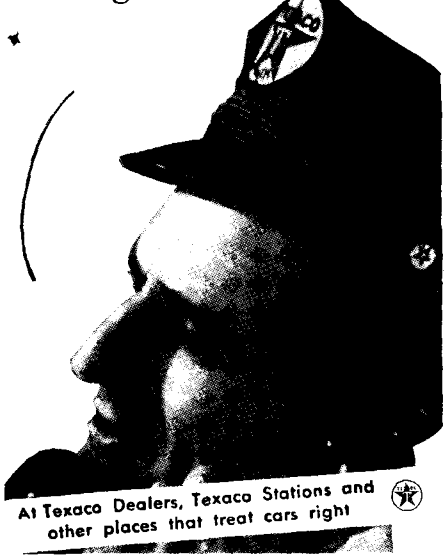
"It's an emergency call! A guy wants us to come out and fold up his road map!"

BANDEL LINN

"My husband said to MARFAK the car, whatever *that* is."

Let us MARFAK your car

"Yes, ma'am. He doesn't want ordinary chassis grease. He knows MARFAK *lasts twice as long*."



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"Nary."

"Well, then?"

"Guess I'll be moseyin' along. Glad to seen ye, Jabe. Hope you ketch plenty bass."

Hamilcar climbed out of the window again, and his eyes were twinkling. He walked directly to the barber shop and descended to the cribbage room beneath, where Jumbo sat engrossed in a game. When the last hand was counted and Jumbo pegged out he turned a sour look upon Hamilcar.

"How be ye, Jumbo? Wonder if I can see ye a minute?"

"What fur?"

"Business."

"Don't want to do no business with ye."

"You might come out ahead this time."

"What ye got on your mind?"

"If ye want to know," said Ham, "come on outside."

Jumbo panted up the stairs and they stood on the narrow walk.

"Still own the old mill?" asked Ham.

"Calc'late so."

"Tumblin' down."

"Sooner the better. Had to take it fur the mortgage. Doggone it."

"Want to git rid of it?"

Jumbo suddenly became cautious. "What you want of it?"

"Kind of thought I might see if I couldn't mebby do some job sawin' or suthin'. Mortgage was twenty-five hundred, wan't it?"

"Yes."

"Give ye fifteen hundred."

"Nix. Ye kin have it fur what it cost."

"Two thousand."

"Twenty-five hundred or nothin'."

"Go ye," said Hamilcar. "Five hundred down and the rest notes comin' due five hundred every three months."

"We'll go to the Squire's 'n' fix the papers," said Jumbo.

THE deal was completed, the cash passed and the papers filed. Jumbo looked very smug. When everything was completed he grinned at Hamilcar. "Huh. Didn't know Jabe was my wife's cousin, did ye? Calc'late not. Jenks and Mason, eh? Wa-al, I don't guess they'll be makin' any bids fur the mill. S'long, Hamilcar. I got to git back and tell the fellers I'm even—with interest. Shucked off a wuthless mill onto Hamilcar Wade fur twenty-five hundred big, round iron men."

Hamilcar's lean face did not alter, but there was no lift to his step when he went home some hours later. Frances was waiting for him on the porch. She led him into the parlor and up to the Uncle Xenophon Legacy Gauge. Then, with a sweeping gesture she erased the indication at the five-hundred-dollar mark and placed it at zero.

"News does git around," said Hamilcar.

"It does. Five women have called me up in the last half hour. So you stepped into a fast one, did you? Well, well."

"Can't be right all the time."

"But to let Jumbo put it on your eye—when you had warning! I guess you're failing, young man. I understand there's quite a bit of laughter being laughed around town."

"I warrant," Hamilcar said.

"I'll fix up the cellar nice," said Frances. "I'll put in a comfortable chair, and you can take your slippers and sit down there till it blows over."

"Kind of tickled, hain't ye?"

"Speak English. I'm not tickled. I could claw Jumbo into ribbons."

"It would," said Hamilcar, "be an interestin' sight."

He did not hide in the cellar, but went abroad a little sheepishly and endured the gibes and the laughter of his fellow townsmen. But it was noted he spent quite some time in the old mill, and at the end of the week he hired a couple of men to help him set the place to rights. They tinkered the engine; they trued up shafting and repaired belting. They dragged up out of the cellar six clothespin machines which had passed into desuetude and set them up in line. The old tumblers were out of kilter and Hamilcar put them in working order.

It was a tedious and arduous but not expensive matter. And at last the mill, such as it was, was ready to turn its wheels.

Then Hamilcar sat down and wrote letters. He wrote to wholesale woodenware houses about the country; he wrote to chain stores and to five-cent stores informing them that he was about to embark upon the business of manufacturing clothespins. He got quotations on fiber boxes and cartons. He asked for information as to current prices. In fact, he raised as much dust as one man with a dilapidated, second-hand typewriter could raise.

THE town continued to laugh. It laughed to see Hamilcar stuck with a mill and trying to save his face. They laughed at the idea of his becoming a manufacturer.

"Don't know nothin' about it," the postmaster said with glee. "Kin ye see Ham manufacturin' anythin.' That'll be the grandest run mill in the nation. Go bust, sure's shootin'."

But Hamilcar answered no gibes. He continued industriously to write letters, even to some of his competitors, asking for trade information and requesting to be told how he might join the Clothespin Manufacturers Association.

In one way and another he acquired a notable amount of information on the business, notably from certain woodenware brokers in New York. After which he did nothing, because he could not commence to log until snow covered the ground, and he could not manufacture until the logs came in.

Frances watched all the maneuvers with interest. Among other things she removed the Uncle Xenophon gauge from the parlor to the woodshed and called her husband's attention to its new location.

"Just as good there as anywhere," he said. "Wasn't very ornamental anyhow."

"Sit down," she said severely. "I want to talk to you."

"What have I gone and done now?" he asked.

"I want to know about that mill, Ham. You haven't been yourself since—well, since Jumbo got the best of you. You've sort of bogged down."

"Enough to make a feller bog," said Hamilcar sadly.

"But I won't have it. Do you mean that you are going to settle down and manufacture things? Tie yourself to running a mill?"

"I thought you were always trying to make me take up steady work."

She touched his arm with her fingers. "I don't want you to be like other men, Ham. I don't want you working at the same thing all the time and having regular hours. I don't want you to get in a rut. I want you the way you were. It was exciting. Life was fun—just because I never knew what you were going to do next. I loved it. I don't want you to be pressed in a mold."

"I swan to man!" Hamilcar exclaimed.

"And just because you slipped up once and got laughed at—"

"Yes'm," said Hamilcar, "but just at the minute I got kind of interested in clothespins and such. Want to see if I can whittle some out. And I'm gettin' older, Frances. Time I was settlin' down."

"Nobody ever gets old till he settles

(*Continued on page 48*)

Pennsylvania's Pledge TO THE MOTORING PUBLIC

Pennsylvania Tires are, and will continue to be manufactured with these definite objectives, to *keep* them at the head of the world's tire parade:

1 THE MOST ATTRACTIVE tires on the market,—enhancing the beauty of new cars, rejuvenating old ones.

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"My '31 Ford A was using too much oil and had piston slap. Perfect Circle rings and expanders were installed. The car runs quiet and I can drive between changes without adding oil."—Lillie Smolka, 227 S. 2nd West, Salt Lake City, Utah.

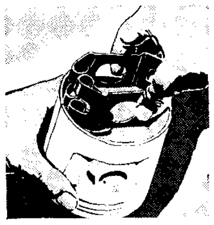
● **I'm from South Dakota**

"At 29,000 miles I installed Perfect Circle Rings in my '33 Plymouth. Shortly after on a trip of 750 miles I used only one quart of oil. This proves to me that it was a money-saving experiment." —H. C. Hoffman, Aberdeen, South Dakota.

● **I'm from Virginia**

"We give Perfect Circle Rings credit for our low oil consumption, as we rarely add oil between changes in any of our 48 trucks and vans operating thousands of miles per month."—Mundy Van & Warehouse Corp., Roanoke, Virginia.

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON EXPANDERS
for Aluminum Pistons



● Whenever a car equipped with aluminum pistons has run 20,000 to 25,000 miles—long enough to need new piston rings—the chances are it also needs Perfect Circle Piston Expanders. These expanders already are giving phenomenal results in hundreds of thousands of cars. They permanently restore the fit of your old pistons and stop piston slap.

IF YOU ignore the fact that piston rings wear out you can expect to pay dearly for it. Your gasoline bills will increase greatly; you'll be constantly buying oil; and soon the repair bills will come piling in on you.

You can avoid all this unnecessary expense, and keep your motor at top performance too, by installing the latest type Perfect Circles whenever your rings begin to show symptoms of failure. This usually occurs between 20,000 and 25,000 miles of operation.

Your own dealer or repairman will make the installation in just a few hours, and the cost will be surprisingly low. Just take your car in to him and tell him you want a complete Perfect Circle installation.

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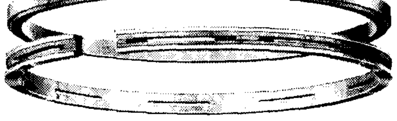

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PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(*Continued from page* 47)

down—and you're not a year older than you were when I first met you. Please, Ham, go on being footless. Go on living from day to day. Go on dickering and planning. Don't let anything or anybody make you over."

"Yes'm," agreed Hamilcar.

"Then what about the mill?"

"Got it on my hands, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"Bet I can make money shuckin' out clothespins. I kind of got to show the folks I can."

"Oh, Hamilcar!" she said. "I'm so disappointed."

"Wouldn't git overwhelmed with it if I was you," he said dryly.

The discussion might have gone further but the doorbell rang and Hamilcar answered it.

"Mr. Wade?" asked the caller.

"That's me."

"My name is Wiggins. Woodenware business. In the brokerage way. Heard you were starting up a clothespin mill and thought it might be a good idea to talk it over with you."

"Come in and set."

THEY seated themselves and Hamilcar waited. "You've been creating quite a little flurry in the trade," said Mr. Wiggins.

"Jest plowin' around."

"Going to operate six pin machines, are you?"

"Yes."

"How about your costs?"

"Got cheap timber. Labor's low. Freight rates is favorable—and no overhead to speak of. Guess I kin meet any price other folks make, and mebbe shade it some."

"You know there is an association of manufacturers?"

"Heard tell."

"Working on quotas?"

"I didn't arrange 'em," said Hamilcar.

"They'll fight you."

"Price war, or suthin?"

"That's the idea."

"Cost them a sight more'n it will me. Now let's see; with my six machines I'll turn out a small fraction of the total. Say maybe three per cent or somethin'. All right, I'll be stuck for three per cent of the loss if a rate war comes along. Git the idea? If the association cuts prices ten cents a box it will mean, over a year, a big jag of money—and they will be losing ninety-seven cents every time I lose three. Looks kind of silly to me."

"Ah."

"That's how it looks to me. Seems like it's to everybody's advantage to keep prices up."

"But would you follow the prices set?"

"Likely not," said Hamilcar. "I got to sell. The old manufacturers have the market. I got to break in."

"But you would be disturbing the market. It is upsetting to have a lot of pins selling around the country for less than the established price."

"Too bad," said Hamilcar. "Want to sell my product, did ye?"

"It is a thing to discuss."

"It wouldn't turn out you was an emissary of the manufacturers, would it? Kind of nosin' around to see what I was up to?"

Mr. Wiggins grinned. "It might," he said.

"Well, I'll take ye down to look at the mill. I'll show ye my timber. I'll let ye see my bank account so as you'll know I got the money to swing it. Now, what other ideas have you?"

"I thought," said Mr. Wiggins, "that you might be willing to sell your mill. You haven't started up yet."

"Um. . . . Leave me without no occupation. And six pin machines'll do perty good, mister. They'll turn out a lot of pins. Wouldn't be s'prised if I could show a profit of as high as eight-ten thousand a year."

"Not if you got into a price war."

"I can allus shet down till the war blows over. I don't have to sell at low prices. You folks do. You got to keep on runnin'. I hain't. Then, the minute you put prices back again I can open up. Looks like a good business to me."

"What price will you consider?"

"What would you do with my mill?"

"Smash up the machinery—the pin machines. Remove them as a source of danger."

"Like you done over to Overton," said Hamilcar.

"Ah," said Mr. Wiggins.

"Calc'late I'll sell," said Hamilcar.

"For how much?"

"I figger to be reasonable. In a lot less'n a year you folks'll make up what I'll charge ye. You'll make it up in profits on what I would sell if I manufactured, and in keepin' the price up instead of fightin' me. Yes, sir, I'll sell. The price is thirteen thousand, four hundred and seventy-two dollars 'n' eight cents."

"That's an odd sum."

"For various reasons it's the sum I'll take, and not any other whatever. No time to argue or bargain. That's the exact and only price—and, mister, it's pretty reasonable."

"Give you seven thousand."

"I guess you hain't deaf. You heard the sum named."

"Ten thousand."

"Wa-al, it's been nice to see you," said Hamilcar.

"Oh, all right. We'll go you. Cash?"

"Cash," said Hamilcar.

"I'm empowered to give you a check. Then I'll take over, put in a gang of men and smash up that pin machinery."

"Suits me," said Hamilcar. "Let's mog down to the Squire's and fix up the deal."

THAT afternoon, late, Hamilcar came home. Ostentatiously he went to the woodshed and brought out the Uncle Xenophon gauge. He installed it in the parlor and called Frances.

"I fetched in the gauge again," he said.

"What for?"

"Thought I'd start her to whizzin' once more."

"As how?" she asked.

"Wa-al," he walked to the contraption and placed a wad of bills at its base, "just kind of thought I'd finish it in one jag. Yes'm. Little Hamilcar Junior's goin' to college. All pervided fur. Uncle Xenophon's barber chair has growed to exactly ten thousand dollars."

"What?"

"Jumbo, he kind of figgered he drew me in. But I was kind of calc'latin' on that mill as soon's I saw how the clothespin manufacturers was kind of eliminatin' competition. I see one day in the county paper how they bought up a mill fifty mile or so from here, and smashed up the machinery. 'Course I knew Jabe was a relative of Jumbo's. I'd druther a lot he thought he sucked me in like he done. Made the deal easier."

"And you're not going to manufacture clothespins?"

"Kin ye see me workin' eight hours a day at any job?"

"I couldn't bear to think of it." She paused. "You do have such nice relatives," she said.

" 'Tain't everybody has a kindly great-uncle leave him ten thousand dollars."

"In such a cunning way," said Frances.

"I bet you," said Hamilcar, "that Hamilcar Junior'll take after his ma."

The Show-Offs

Continued from page 9

may mean that she has had moving-picture experience. "M" that she has fine feet. "N" for excellent teeth. "H" that she will do bathing suits. "P" for a winning smile. "L" for beautiful hands—a girl named Helen Ressler poses only for hands.

Ninety per cent of these pictures are of girls. Blonde, brunette, red-head and all the shades in between. There is a small percentage of mature women, men, youths, children and infants.

Five dollars is the average price for an ordinary appointment, which consumes about an hour's time. A job that requires a whole morning or an afternoon pays from fifteen up. A whole day's work pays twenty-five dollars. Color jobs call for twice as much payment as a black-and-white pose. Fashion shows pay ten dollars for the job and five dollars for each fitting that the model has to have.

The model who "clicks" immediately with her employers can make about a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars each week while her run of luck lasts. But there are only about one hundred models in the whole field that average fifty dollars per week the year round. This is because the work is seasonal, and while a girl or boy may have a two months' run of continuous occupation, the following month will bring only two or three calls. And this slack period can continue for several months. The average earnings of a model are about twenty-five dollars a week the year round.

Out of the five thousand models in the city, there are only twelve girls who get cigarette contracts each year. These contracts are options on their services for a period of six months. During this time a girl cannot pose for a rival tobacco company. A retainer fee is given her with the contract and she makes about fifty dollars a week additional, depending upon the number of times she is required to pose. Of course, she can do other work such as fashions, during the term of her contract. These contracts are considered the high spots in the profession.

Clothes Are Important

Although as a rule they get far more glory posing for artists, the models prefer to pose for commercial photographers. This is because of the pay. A morning's sitting with an artist brings in only a five-dollar return. But the girl—or her agent—realizes the value of the publicity resulting from association with celebrated pen-and-brush men.

Another—and very important—handicap in the model game is the wardrobe question.

"We have to go round looking like millionaires, even if we can't afford a cup of coffee at the moment," said a boy named Deane Libby, who is one of the popular male members of the profession. He is in the hundred-dollar class when business is good, but there are times when he earns only ten dollars a week.

The following is a list of wardrobe requirements for the average male model:

Three business suits
Two sports suits
One tails
One tuxedo
One complete riding habit. (Boots cost as much as fifty dollars!)
Flannels
Sport jackets
Six sweaters of different hues
One overcoat
One topcoat
All the accessories, of course—hats, shoes, ties, socks, shirts.

The total cost is around one thousand dollars, and it takes at least a year to come out of the red on the initial investment.

"I should say that a girl has to spend about two thousand dollars a year for clothes," said a very pretty lass by the name of Sherry Pollard, who hails from the state of Virginia, and who has an uncle who governed the state a few years ago.

"The hairdresser takes most of our money," she continued in a soft drawl. "We have to go at least three times a week. Our nails have to be manicured all the time, and if we get tired of co'se we have to get a facial.

"I reckon that we all like to be models because it's such fascinating work. You don't have to be a real beauty—if you photograph well, that's all that matters. I know some of the girls that are almost plain, but they have certain lines to their face, or a lovely figure, or pretty hands and feet—and they get along."

On to Hollywood

There are all sorts of unusual angles to the profession. The average age is around twenty-two, but a good many have worked as models for a long, long time. Betty Marr has been a popular model for ten years, since she was a kid. So has June Cox, who has posed since she was six. She is now seventeen. The time spent in the business by men is less than that spent by women. Most of the men give it up to go into business or on the stage or into movies.

The motion-picture field is the goal of all models. Producers are continually raking the model field and putting eligibles under contract. The fact that so many now famous stars were once models serves as an incentive. Freddie March was a John Powers model for six years before he went to Hollywood. Jean Muir, Judith Allen, Betty Furness, the two Costello girls, Kay Francis, Norma Shearer, Betty Compton, Barbara Stanwyck, Anita Page—all are ex-models.

All sorts of unique jobs arise. You may be sent on a cruise around the world by some steamship company. A rubber merchant from India might cable his New York advertising agent to have you pose for his product. A girl named Linna Church and a boy called Bob Baldwin are, as I write this, touring the country on a job which will take around ten weeks. They get a hundred dollars weekly salary and all expenses paid. They are supposed to be a bride and groom testing the merits of a popular-priced automobile in seeing America first. A truck with a movie camera follows them all the way, and when they arrive at Hollywood sound effects will be made in one of the studios.

That girl at whom you have been looking just this minute, either on a magazine cover or a billboard or in a newspaper, might be any one of the following famous models: Anita Counihan, Elsie Little, Claire Coulter, Betty Wyman, June Benoit, Margaret Horan, Nancy Sewall, Ruth Martin, Frances Joyce, Elizabeth O'Brien, Janice Jarratt, Betty Russell, Gwili Andre (she's been in pictures), Babs Shanton or one of the Uppercu girls. You close your eyes and put your finger down on a name in the list—and you might draw anything from a countess to a cowboy!

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SCHICK SHAVER

Operates on AC or DC

Be it Ever so Prefabricated

Continued from page 13

with windows complete and all the walls supplied with equipment. These were to be hauled to the job site complete on large trucks made for the purpose. If you wanted a five-room house you ordered five such boxes and arranged them in any order you wanted. There was no limit to the number of rooms you could have and an endless variety of design was permitted. This idea is again intriguing the inventive minds of various builders.

Down to Brass Tacks

Another important central fact has to do with the construction of the home. A modern home, like a modern barber shop or factory, is cluttered up with all sorts of machinery. The kitchen, the heating plant, the bathroom and the laundry all contain a large number of mechanized parts—washing machines, electric ice-boxes, water heaters, ironers, toasters, mixers and so on. Now the air-conditioner is added. Some of the planners have focussed their attention on these. They provide nearly all of these mechanized contrivances in a single compact, central unit. The house, then, is built around this unit. The kitchen, bathroom, laundry and heating plant will all be found arranged together and built near the center of the house.

Bathrooms are made so that the whole outfit—tub, basin, toilet, walls, fixtures, everything—can be put together in an hour and even less. All the plumbing, piping, fixtures, etc., which must be, under existing methods, carefully fitted in—pipes cut, soldered, fixtures accurately hung—can be swiftly and beautifully arranged without any special skill, and this includes the walls, which are of metal, harmonizing with the fixtures.

The final important fact is the changes which will undoubtedly be made in the very old and ancient principles of detailed construction. Will the old and honorable gable roof disappear? Will the basement, which costs so much, become a thing of the past? Will windows be made differently and play a different role? The window we know so well is shaped and designed and built in its present form because of the mechanical limitations of ancient modes of building. The modern house window may look more like an automobile window. The use of moldings, base boards, cornices, columns, door frames—all these things which were especially adapted to the handcraft age may pass out of modern house design in favor of inexpensive, and perhaps more beautiful, simplicity.

Well, now, suppose we get down to brass tacks. What's the price? What are we going to have to pay for these 1935 models in houses?

Naturally, it's like buying a car. You can get a nice little summer cottage, a simple little thing, all ready for assembling in the mountains or at the seaside, for $375 f. o. b. someplace or other. A five-room, all-year home can be had for as low as $1,375 from one company. Of course, there are the freight and the cost of erection, which should run around $400 to $600. That brings the total up to $2,000. The lot would be extra. This is the cheapest yet offered.

Another company will sell the parts to a builder at $1,700 for a three-room cottage and $4,000 for a five-room cottage. But he will have to add his profit and the cost of the land.

Still another company, with a very handsome four-room cottage on display in a department store in New York, will deliver you a complete four-room house, erected and equipped with air-conditioning, electric refrigeration, handsome bathroom, a perfectly amazing kitchen that will make any woman gasp and any man wish he was a housekeeper, for $3,800.

Others range in price from $5,000 up to $10,000.

Of course, to all these prices must be added the cost of the lot, the treatment of same, sewers, sidewalks, landscaping, foundations, etc.

On these prices I make no comment. Some of the houses which I have seen and inspected are handsomely and strongly built and perfect models of convenience. But as yet the great market has not been tapped. That is the low-priced market.

First, read this statement given me by Mr. Robert L. Davison, director of research of the John B. Pierce Foundation, which has studied housing problems extensively.

"The lower third of our population in income pays an average of $14 a month in rent. Unless the fabricated house or some type of structure can be built on very low cost basis there is no chance of reaching this lower third.

"The market is for a dwelling and lot selling for $2,500. In my opinion any new construction method which cannot put a dwelling on the market under $3,000 will not succeed in the fabricated-house field.

"This house would be made up of various costs as follows: For the lot $500. For the shell of the house $1,000. For the mechanical equipment $375 and another $125 for incidentals. For transportation, advertising, sales cost and erection $500. There's the $2,500 house."

I asked Mr. Davison if this were possible. He declared his belief that within *a few years someone will produce such* a house, to be sold for $2,500 on easy payments, which would be twice as good as any structure now possible under existing construction methods.

A Market Thrown Away

Now look at these figures which were made up for me by Mr. Leonard Schnitman, of the F. W. Dodge Company:

In the year 1934 in the whole United States only 26,181 one- or two-family houses were built. Of this number 13,155 were single houses built to order for occupancy by the owners. The cost was $84,308,000. This means the average cost was $6,400, exclusive of the cost of the land. This in turn means that the average cost of such houses last year, including land, must have been at the very least $8,000.

There were 5,132 houses built singly to sell or to rent. The average cost of these, exclusive of land, was $6,200. Add the price of the land—$1,000 at the very least—and you have a $7,200 house. But of course they were not intended to be sold at that price, because the builder expected to make a profit on them.

More interesting is the cost of houses built in large developments to sell on terms. There were 7,215 such houses built and the average cost to the builders was $3,700. Add the cost of the land and the great profit which the builders must make on such houses, the cost of financing, etc., and you will bring the average cost of these homes as sold to the buyers to over $6,000.

What chance is there for the customers for $2,500 homes in these figures? The existing building industry simply does not produce homes for these ten million families in the $2,500 class—a magnificent market thrown away.

There seems little doubt that as soon as the fabricators get under way—employing some of the advantages of mass production—they will get into this market.

To all this, of course, there will be opposition. And that is very natural. Many men, many producers, many builders, many workers, who feel themselves a part of the present system of *making houses will think they are called* upon to fight the new house every inch of the way. History should teach these men one useful lesson. That is how utterly feeble and futile is the little warfare shortsighted men wage upon progress or, if you prefer it, upon change.

Relieving Unemployment

The canals fought the railroads, but the railroads forged on and the canals fell into disuse. The trolleys fought the bus, but now trolley tracks are being torn up. The music dealers fought the phonograph and invented all the scornful names by which it was known until some intelligent music dealers decided to adopt the hated instrument of canned tunes, and it became the biggest money maker in the store. The phonograph makers fought the radio. But you can't stand in the way of an onrushing engine like the radio. The intelligent builder and manufacturer will not get on the track where the prefabricated house is bearing down upon us. They will get aboard the train.

As for the workers—well, we will hear the old question—what is to become of all the men now engaged in the business of making houses by conventional methods—all the craftsmen who will be thrown out of work? The answer is that these men cannot be thrown out of work *until they are first given work.* And there has been mighty little work for them these last three years. In 1934 residential construction in the United States was 95 per cent below the average for 1925 to 1929. These house builders are already out of work. It is their unemployment which is the great problem of the day—the unsolved problem. And a vast army of factory workers who supply the materials of house building are idle.

How many these are it is difficult to say. But we can make some surmises about the building industry. There are nearly one million carpenters alone. If we take the total of all craftsmen, and their unskilled helpers and the workers in the lumber mills, the forests, metal, cement, brick, tile and marble establishments, plumbing and steam-fitting, electrical appliances, paint factories and all those engaged in the transportation of building supplies on railroad or trucks, salesmen, merchants, etc., we can account for well over five million men. A large number of these would be engaged in building houses or making materials for houses if there were any life in the house-building industry. As it is, these important trades are still paralyzed by unemployment. And they also account for unemployment of the millions who would ordinarily be engaged in furnishing these people with the necessities of life.

But if houses were made by factory methods, it would be possible to organize employment upon some continuous schedule, so that men engaged in these trades, while being paid, perhaps, a good deal less per day, would actually earn a good deal more per year, which is the important thing after all.

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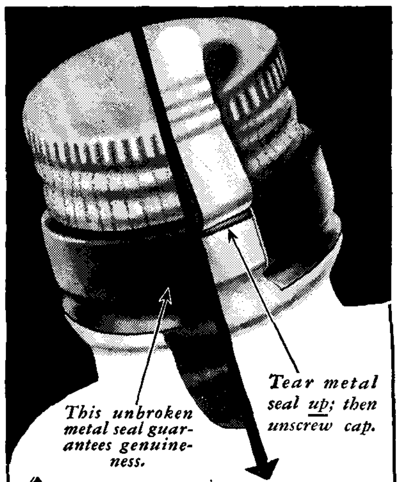

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ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Handy Sande

Continued from page 17

Goodman explained. "That horse had no right to win. You did great to place him."

A few days later he put Earl up again, this time on Prince S, and the Prince won. A week later Sande rode two winners, Mary Beau and F. C. Cole, both fifty-to-one shots. Track people started asking about this E. Sande.

Then the kid started on one of those inexplicable winning streaks. He was booting everything home. During the next twelve months he mounted 707 horses, winning 158 times. He was a real jockey now.

Then came that fateful day at Havre de Grace. This was in the spring of 1919. He lost the first race and Destiny must have had a good laugh at the bomb she was going to explode. He won the second on El Mahdi, and the third on Woodan. Very nice for the kid to have a double, the crowd thought. But he won the fourth on African Arrow and the fifth on Milkmaid, and now the track was thrown into a frenzy. "Bet on Sande," they cried. "Bet on Sande."

Those who followed him that day made money. He won the sixth race on Sunny Hill, and to the thunderous roar of crowded stands he brought Bagatelle home first in the last race. Six straight winners. That was a day, all right, to remember. That was the first of several times that Havre de Grace was to be kind to Sande. Now Sande was a first-class jockey, one of the best. He was still learning; he hadn't achieved the deftness, the poise and the cunning which were to come later, but he was on his way.

In 1920 he won fourteen stakes, to earn $93,000 in purses for his stable. He went to the post 355 times that year and came home first 102 times.

Sande later signed up with the Rancocas stable. For a long while he was to carry the green and white silks of Rancocas to turf victories. Sam Hildreth was his boss and now Hildreth made a great jockey out of an excellent jockey. Hildreth knew more about horses than any other man who ever lived and if you think differently don't say so to horsemen.

Every Jockey's Dream

Now Sande reached his greatest heights. In 1922 he rode the immortal Grey Lag to victory in five big stakes, and in 1923 he came to the blue ribbon event of racing, the Kentucky Derby, with Zev.

The largest field in Derby history faced the starter that day—twenty-one horses were there. Zev? Zev was a black colt that was thought of as merely a fair sprinter, good in the mud, but no stayer. Zev? Zev was overlooked in the betting, with the players going down on Vigil, which had won the Preakness the week before, Martingale and Enchantment.

The field starts well but Sande has Zev off first. The crowd smiles. A sprinter, naturally the Sinclair colt should get off well. But the crowd doesn't look at the black colt after that. Where is Vigil? Where is Enchantment? They're back in the ruck as the horses flash by the stands and head for the first turn.

Sande is still in front as they get into the back stretch, and if you've been observing you'll notice that he has kept the black colt close to the rail, using every trick he knew to conserve the strength of the sprinter. A Derby is a mile and a quarter—that's a long trip for any horse, but it's a marathon for a sprinter. They hit the head of the stretch and now the stands are uneasy. Kummer is whipping Martingale, and Marinelli is making his bid with Vigil. Mack Garner is whipping Nassau. But they can't gain on the black colt. He keeps that length in front and Sande, flat-backed, is leaning over him, disdaining the whip, giving the colt a hand ride as only he can do.

Victory is ten lengths away and Sande still holds that precious lead. Zev won't go back, and now even the crowd has to cheer for the black colt and its little rider. Across the finish he thunders, to fulfill every jockey's dream—winning a Derby on an outsider.

Track Tragedy

Sam Hildreth comes up and leads the horse to the green carpet reserved for Derby winners. There is a roar from the crowd as the price goes up—a two-dollar ticket brought you $40.40. The name of Sande is on everybody's lips. Sande, Sande—it was Sande's victory, not Zev's. Not another jockey living could have brought Zev home, could have nursed him around those turns as Sande did. Maybe Ike Murphy could. Maybe Tod Sloan could have. But no jockey of today. It was Sande's greatest win.

Two years later Sande did it again, this time with Flying Ebony, another outsider. Quatrain was the favorite that time, but again Sande's genius brought a little-thought-of colt home first.

Tear your thoughts away from those days. Sande is singing in a night club. Sande is standing in front of a microphone. Listen to him. He's swung into a second chorus and he's standing up straight and not so pale now and his voice has grown and that slightly tremulous quality has left it. He sings:

> "The night is cold,
> The trees are bare . . ."

The night is cold? You have to think of that night at Saratoga. That was a cold night and the hearts of race-track people all over the world were cold. It was the night Sande lay on a bed of pain, aimless fingers clutching aimlessly at nothing, his mind a tortured captive over which this and the other world were fighting. And doctors shrugged their shoulders and said: "He has a chance."

That afternoon he had been the Earl of Sande, race-track royalty, the king of jockeys, ruler of turfdom, the flat-backed booter, the steel-thighed, nerveless, tight-lipped rider who never made a mistake. Yes, he was the red-hot Idaho potato that day. He was the idol of the public, confident in his maturity, secure in the knowledge that he was the greatest rider of them all. Conceit? Not a bit of it. Just confidence. After all, Hildreth had taught him, and Hildreth was the greatest of horsemen. His star was shining brightly and the gods appeared to be smiling at their favorite that afternoon—it was August 5, 1924. The stands were crowded with his subjects and he grinned at them as he was hoisted up on Spurt, the horse he was to ride in the first race of the afternoon.

Nine of them lined up at the barrier and the sun sprinkled them with gold and the warmth of the August afternoon touched them and made them feel good.

They were youngsters all and it was a five-and-a-half-furlong claiming race.

(Continued on page 52)

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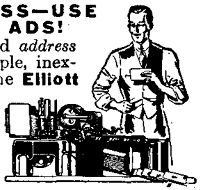

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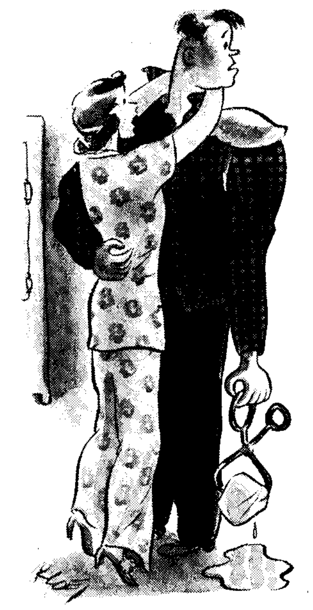

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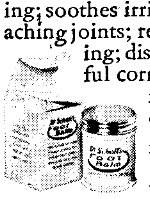

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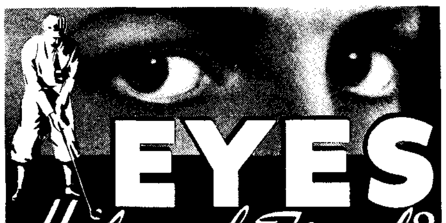

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(Continued from page 51)

"Now *come on!*" the starter called. and they were off. Spurt lagged just a bit in his No. 2 post position. In a dozen strides Sande had swung him to the rail. He wasn't up far enough but he would be in a moment. Sande's hands were sending a message to his brain and Sande's knees were pressing his flanks and pounding home a message of speed to the horse. Benny Marinelli was outside with Señor. Marinelli wanted to move in. He made his move, but made it too suddenly. Or the colt took things into his own hands. In any case Señor swung in sharply toward the rail, bumping into the filly Gnome Girl. The filly jammed into the fast-coming Spurt, and Spurt's front legs buckled. Sande pulled his head up, tried to raise him with his knees—but it was too late. Spurt had stumbled, was down.

A shocked scream from the crowd cut the warm air and the gods weren't smiling at their favorite now. George Bull's Semper stumbled over Spurt, though little Dawson tried to swing out. Cathleen Ni Houlihan piled up on both of them and Speckled Beauty too went down amidst a welter of flying hoofs.

From the tangled mass of horses and jockeys the stands saw Sande rise, but their sigh of relief died as The Earl collapsed again. Sande lay there. Frantic turf writers hurried to the hospital. How was The Earl? Royalty was stricken. The world would want to know.

"He has a serious fracture of the left thigh," Admiral Grayson told them. "He has a possible fracture of a rib at the apex of the heart. He complains that his neck and chest hurt him." Grayson was a horse lover. He wasn't just another physician talking about just another patient. "The boy is hurt badly," Grayson added.

"Even if he recovers he'll never ride again," a hospital interne told a turf writer. "Sande will never ride again," clicked over the telegraph wires to newspapers.

Sande lay in the hospital and they said he'd live. Ride again? Certainly not. Then what do you mean, medicos? If a jockey isn't riding he isn't living, is he? A jockey has got to ride, medicos.

As Good As Ever

Sande's shattered leg was put in a cast and it was held up by an arrangement of pulleys. Day after day, night after night Sande lay there and his hands, those long, capable hands, constantly reached for the strings that worked the pulleys. He could just reach them. He reached for them especially when the pain was a searing fire that scorched and tortured—then he'd always reach for those strings. They were his hold on life. He twisted them and pulled them and manipulated them, just as he'd done with the reins of horses he'd hand-ridden home. He was always known as a hand rider; he seldom used a whip. Now he was hand-riding his way back to health. And there came a day when he walked out of the hospital—walked out on crutches, to be sure, but walked out. But he'd never ride again. They started to look for his successor.

That was in the fall of—let me see now—1924. Now we're in the New York night club on 53d Street and now it's eleven years later and Sande is standing behind a microphone. Our thoughts have only taken a moment and Sande is still singing:

"But I can feel the scent of roses in
the air.
It's June in January. . . ."

Oh, it's hard to keep from thinking back, delightful as Sande's voice is. It's hard to keep from thinking of that winter of 1924 when Sande was trying to mend his broken body. When spring came he turned up at Havre de Grace. The meeting hadn't opened yet. Sande said he was just looking around. One morning he went out early and got hoisted up on a horse. Stable boys and trainers and jockeys looked at him nervously. They wished he'd stay on the ground. He wasn't well; look how pale he was. He walked the horse around the track. He eased the horse around. Then he galloped the horse around. He got down and there was a look of wonder on his face.

"How you feel, Earl?" someone asked.

"Okay, okay," Earl said. Okay? Earl wanted to scream. He wanted to dance and sing and laugh and maybe cry, too. Okay? Why, he felt as good as ever. His leg didn't hurt. His neck and his ribs sent no messages of pain. He—why—he was a jockey again. He'd come back and show those doctors.

One More Comeback

A few days later—April 21, 1925, it was—they held the Newark Handicap at Havre de Grace. That fleet-footed son of High Time, Sarazen, was entered. His owner, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, gave Sande his chance to come back.

It was a typical whirlwind Sande hand-ride, and Sarazen finished laughing. It wasn't even close, and thunders of applause roared across the track as the figures 1:11 went up on the board. They meant that Sarazen had made a new track record for the six furlongs. The Earl had come back. He had left none of his courage or cunning under those screaming, broken horses at Saratoga.

Two months later he won the Kentucky Derby with the surprise horse, Flying Ebony. Once again he was the head man.

He was to make one more comeback. It was increased weight and a desire to see his own silks run and that caused his first retirement in 1929. He bought a stable of horses, but his eight steeds carried his orchid and green colors to victory only fourteen times during the year. He decided to give up owning horses. His job was to ride them. He was out of the saddle a year and he picked that lucky Havre de Grace track again for his return to riding. Once again the track was good to him. This time he rode his own Hermitage to a victory over the Sagamore Stable's Domineer. A few weeks later he won his fifth Belmont Stakes astride that real aristocrat of turfdom, Gallant Fox.

That was the start of a grand partnership. During 1930 Earl rode the Fox to victory in nine stakes—gaining total purses of $304,325. Undoubtedly his greatest satisfaction was in winning his third Kentucky Derby. It was, of course, on Gallant Fox.

But now the Earl of Sande is through riding. Now he weighs 123 pounds and he can't—without harming his health—take off the ten pounds which would make him a jockey again. Now he's training horses by day—and singing by night. He is a good judge of horses and he has a good voice. How can he lose?

You thought all this as you listened to him sing and then he ended his song. The wild applause told you and him that his debut had been a success. He responded with the same grin he showed when they led him into that sacred enclosure at Churchill Downs that is reserved for Derby winners, the same grin he showed that time at Havre de Grace when he led Sarazen home, the same grin, I guess, that he showed when that man in the covered wagon said, "I'm goin' to Arizona to race my horses, son. Want to come along?"

Honeymoon Alone

Continued from page 11

Terry, learning from her that she wished to copy certain important inscriptions in the shrine there; for people to call her an explorer, she said, was ridiculous, although she'd been to strange places: all she really did was to dig up historical data.

"I rather like married life," Sam said judiciously. "This is the best honeymoon I've ever been on."

Terry straightened his tie so that everyone could see; she lowered her voice. "I think so, too," she said. "When I came down to the cabin, after the boy tucked you in, I . . . well, honestly, I hoped that the things Mr. Carter said about you were true." Her eyes crinkled. "And were you out!" Seriously, "When we're ashore, will you manage . . . everything?"

Sam said largely, "Can do."

IT WAS late in the afternoon when the coast line became horizon, and they could see the peaks and hollows of the island. When little boats glided out to meet the ship, Sam said, "Don't make any mistakes, Terry; we have papers with different names on them, you know. Leave that to me, but remember to act as if we were just married . . . the chances are that nobody on the island, not even the officials, can read English."

"That's what Mr. Carter said."

The anchor was down; sailors were dropping the ship's ladder. Terry, in brown, with sturdy brown shoes and a tight little hat, waited until the bowing officials approached; then, as if oblivious to them, she came to tiptoe, and quick fragrance brushed against Sam's mouth.

Sam discovered that he had put his arms about her; the island authorities, having observed what happened, were entirely satisfied to permit Sam Clifford and his wife to land, even before they looked at the papers which Sam presented. That the names—the final names—were different did not trouble them; it was plain to see that no trouble would come from these two, who were obviously recently married. It was unnecessary for Sam to do anything except stand with his arm about Terry; this was not difficult to do. . . .

Sam lay in the sunshine while Terry copied inscriptions, many of them strange Chinese characters which even the priests did not understand. She did more; with brush and paint she reproduced some of the ornamentation, the crests and flamboyant scarlet peonies, the tigers and flowers and bamboo, the chrysanthemum in Indian-red lac. She measured the luminous golden walls of the shrine. . . .

"And when you get it all down," Sam said lazily, on the second evening, as he watched Terry sorting out notes, "I suppose you'll plan on going wherever it was that Mary's lamb went to school and see if you can discover documentary evidence of it."

"You'll admit," Terry said, "that there ought to be a reason for every legend. Here's this island with its story. But there's no proof of how it began. Gosh, Sam, but I'm sleepy." She stretched luxuriously. "Sam," she giggled, "I understood enough of what the innkeeper's wife said to me to know that she feels the reason you won't let a maid scrub your back in the tub is because you feel it's really my duty. She is really blaming me for everything. Especially for your sleeping outside. You could get a divorce easily, here . . ."

"It mightn't be a bad notion, if we staged a battle," Sam said. "Give 'em a reason for things. Although they're all satisfied we're just white idiots. Well, see you in the morning."

He was asleep, or Terry thought he was, when she slipped from her heap of comforters and went to the covered veranda; she looked at his face, with moonlight across it, slantwise, for a long time. Then she went back to the room and brought out a screen, so that Sam was in darkness. He thought, "What a decent kid." That was the way he should think of her. A man couldn't be in love with one girl, with Frances, and consider another girl any differently. He wondered what another man would do under similar circumstances. After all, she had taken considerable chance coming here, but, naturally, she felt that, since he was heartbroken, jilted, unhappy, miserable, and finished with women, it was perfectly safe.

Terry was thinking about the girl Sam wanted to marry. A blue-eyed selfish pig. Sam must have met her in the States, reasoned Terry, and after he returned to the Orient kept visualizing her until she was transformed into a goddess. Terry veered her thoughts back to her own work, so nearly completed, but without being able to keep them there. "Everybody," she decided, while her cheeks grew hot, "is going to know better than we what actually happened here. I do like him. I think he . . . likes me." But if Sam were to kiss her, he'd probably shut his eyes and imagine that it was the other girl. . . .

They were, really, good companions, and it surprised both of them how much fun it could be. Nothing, aside from their island, seemed to exist. It was amazing how quickly the days passed, how much they had to talk about, to laugh about, especially concerning the growing curiosity of the Japanese. Terry thought, "He could make it very difficult if he wished. I suppose that's one of the things I like about him." Sam, on his part, found the girl's keen, honest enjoyment of the situation entirely delightful. He teased her constantly, and received as good as he gave; there was only one thing which he refused to think about, and that was the fact that before long the drawings and note-taking must end, and Terry would be finished and return to the States. He wondered if she felt the same way about it as he did. . . .

HE WAS almost certain of it when he watched her waste two full hours on details at the shrine late in the afternoon.

"We've never been to that teahouse up the river," Sam suggested. It was a still, hot afternoon. "Might be cooler up there."

The bay looked inviting and cool. "I'd rather swim," Terry said. She put away her papers. "We could go out of sight where we wouldn't be bothered."

"Not me. The jail here isn't the kind of jail I like."

"Oh, pooh, Sam. Nobody'd see us. To forbid people to swim just because lovelorn Japanese who can't marry throw themselves into the bay! Heaven knows, I'm not going to commit suicide."

Sam shook his head. "Heaven may, but the Japanese don't. Just between ourselves, I've caught our genial host watching us as if we didn't make sense to him. So let's not give 'em anything to yelp about. One swim, one jail. Not worth it."

Terry said, "I suppose you're right." She closed her case. "When I get a husband I hope he isn't infallible, Sam."

"You'll probably never get one," Sam grinned.

At the upper teahouse, a little girl in white summer kimono, took them to the open floor above the brawling river. They sat companionably close on the cool hemp cushions; there was the swift Oriental twilight governing all the space between teahouse and bay, and a cool light breeze began to stroke their faces. The silk lanterns on the stands, the chattering voices inside, the singing of insects in the bushes, the sound of water . . .

"It has been fun," Terry said suddenly. "Real fun, Sam." She watched the diminutive waitress select thin slices of appetizers from an Imari plate, red and blue. She, like Sam, had slipped into a teahouse gown, soft and blue; straw sandals were on her feet. "I'm hungry again," she said. She listened contentedly while Sam discussed food with the girl; a thick delicious soup of mushrooms, broiled fish, an omelet filled with bits of lotus-root and chicken.

WHEN the stars came out, paled by the moon, their cigarettes were glowing.

The observant waitress, bringing purple brandy, clapped her hands. "Oh, see," she cried. "Oh, pretty, pretty." Terry and Sam stood up and moved to the railing. Below them, in the river, floated two dark round shapes, halved melons, in each of which a candle burned. They floated sedately, fastened together, past the teahouse, and disappeared at a bend in the stream like vanishing fireflies.

"That's so we won't forget the lovers who died on the island," Sam said. "They came here when something prevented marriage. Lashed themselves together and jumped into the river or the bay."

Terry, moved, said, "The custom's supposed to date back to some god and goddess who did the same thing. Who welcome dead lovers in the afterworld. But there's no record of that in the shrine." Her hand was on Sam's arm. "It must be rather terrible. I mean . . . oh, people who are in love and . . . and can't marry."

Sam knew that the hand was on his arm. She was, of course, thinking of Frances, something which he no longer did; she was sorry for him. He said, soberly, "*Shinju*. The death of unhappy lovers. Until the authorities stopped it, a good many Japanese came here; there were hundreds of suicides a year. That's why they insist that everyone who comes here must be married."

They stood in silence at the railing. Terry, a little breathlessly, said, "I'm sorry . . . about everything, Sam."

"Don't worry about me," Sam said. He was worried himself, concerning his restraint, with her hand on his arm. And so he said entirely the wrong thing, "I've learned my lesson, you know."

Did he really mean that, the way it sounded? Couldn't he admit that he liked her, that she wasn't like that empty-headed fool; need he stand there like a post? Terry, at the exact moment that Sam felt he simply had to put his arms about her, said, wretchedly, "I see. Yes. And . . . I almost forgot . . . you've got to let me pay for everything, Sam. The inn bill. Everything."

"And my time?" Sam asked. He thought, "She's telling me that this is a business proposition, and that I'd better be careful. She must know what I think about her. I . . . I'm going to tell her, whether she wants to hear it or not."

Terry's head was high, her chin up. "Naturally," she said. "What would you say it was worth?"

(Continued on page 56)

Williams
AQUA VELVA

Favor your face
THIS SUMMER
WITH WILLIAMS
AQUA VELVA
AFTER SHAVING

1. Feels refreshing to the skin.
2. Soothes tiny nicks and scrapes.
3. Lessens sun and wind burn.
4. Keeps the skin elastic.
5. Distinctly improves the appearance.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS
LUXURY SHAVING CREAM—AND GLIDER
THE NEW WILLIAMS BRUSHLESS SHAVE

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DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*
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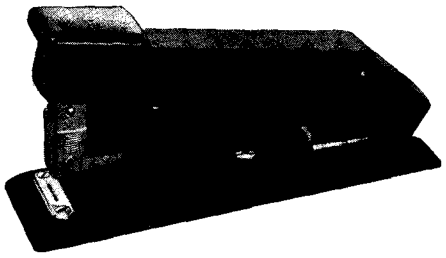

Finger tip operation
Press it gently—or whack it as hard and as fast as you like. A clean, secure fastening every time,—without fail.

Simplified Loading
Just lift the door in front—slide in a strip of staples. Shut the door—make 210 perfect fastenings without reloading. No spring to snap back—no pusher to lose.

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The swing back base converts it from a paper fastener into a tacker which drives a staple like a tack—for tacking notices, labels, papers on drawing boards, and many other uses. Dust proof. Double capacity.

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BOSTITCH SALES CO.
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Send me full information about the special trial offer of a Bostitch B-5, with staple remover. (Liberal "trade-in" allowance on old fasteners.)

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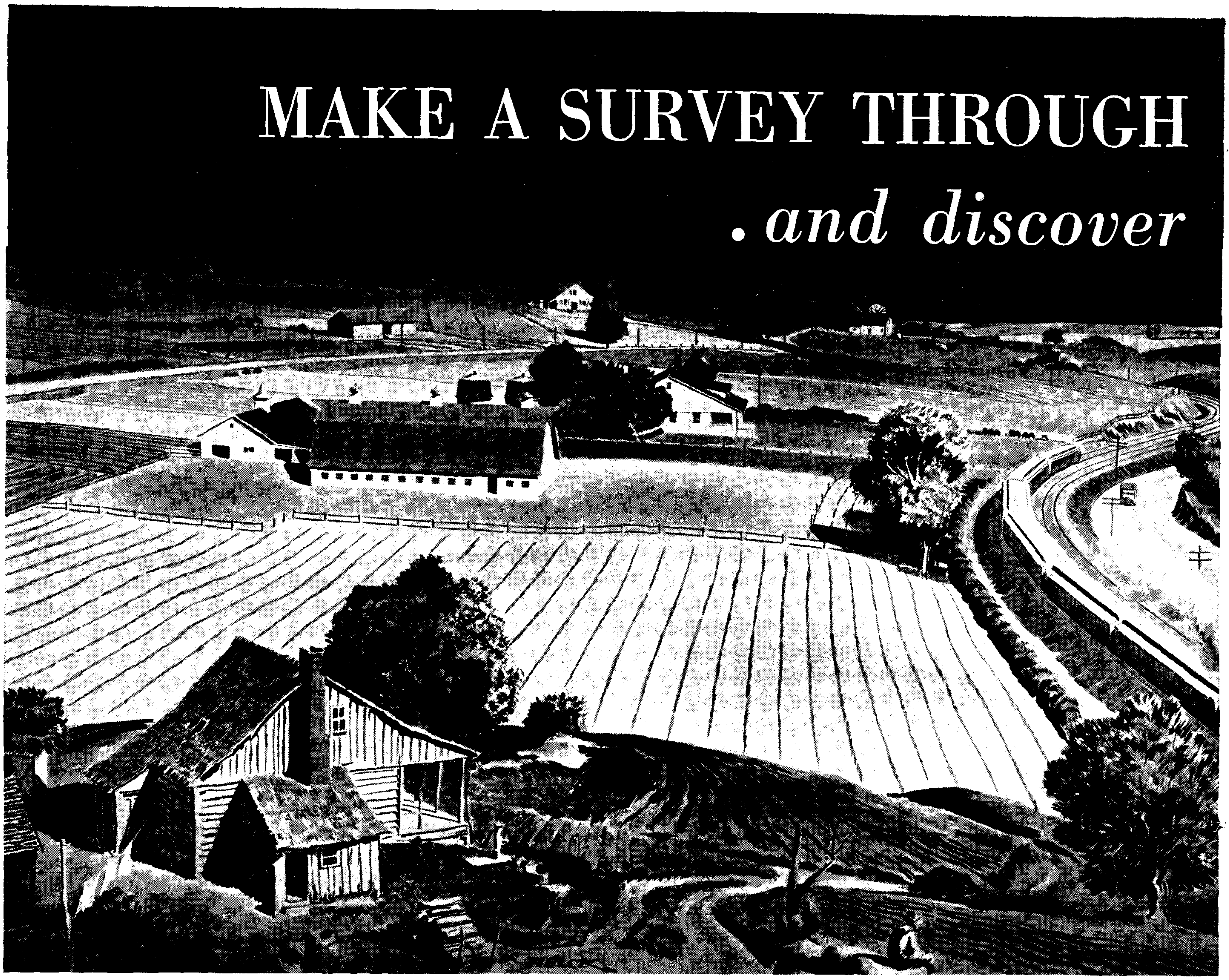

NEXT time you're traveling, take the time to make a market survey as you click over the rails. Note the appearance of the farms as they flash past your Pullman window and ask yourself this question: *"How many of these families are real prospects for my merchandise?"*

Those scrubby, run-down places—certainly, you'll count them out. For there's plenty of tell-tale evidence that they're a poor market. But look at those farms with the well-tilled acres. Houses and buildings painted and in repair. Sleek horses and cattle. Modern implements—tractors, motor cars, trucks. Farms business-like in appearance. *Yes, and places of business for you.*

But, you'll say, these prosperous farms are few and far between. True. For 80% of the annual farm income is divided among only 35% of the farmers. The remaining 65% get 20% of the farm dollars. And that 65%—or two-thirds of all the farmers in this country—hold little interest for you. They have limited earning power—limited purchasing power. They are prospects for cheap, "bargain-priced" merchandise. Last year their income averaged only slightly more than a dollar a day!

Travel from coast to coast and you'll find that for every prosperous farm there are two poor ones. That's the national average. And these prosperous farms—where the average gross income last year was $2,888 (or nearly eight dollars a day)—make up America's richest rural market, Farm Market A. Scattered over forty-eight states, Farm Market A is a *national* market. And advertisers can reach it with one national publication—The Country Home Magazine.

Just as your eye can sort out the best farms in every section—so has The Country Home Magazine sorted out the best

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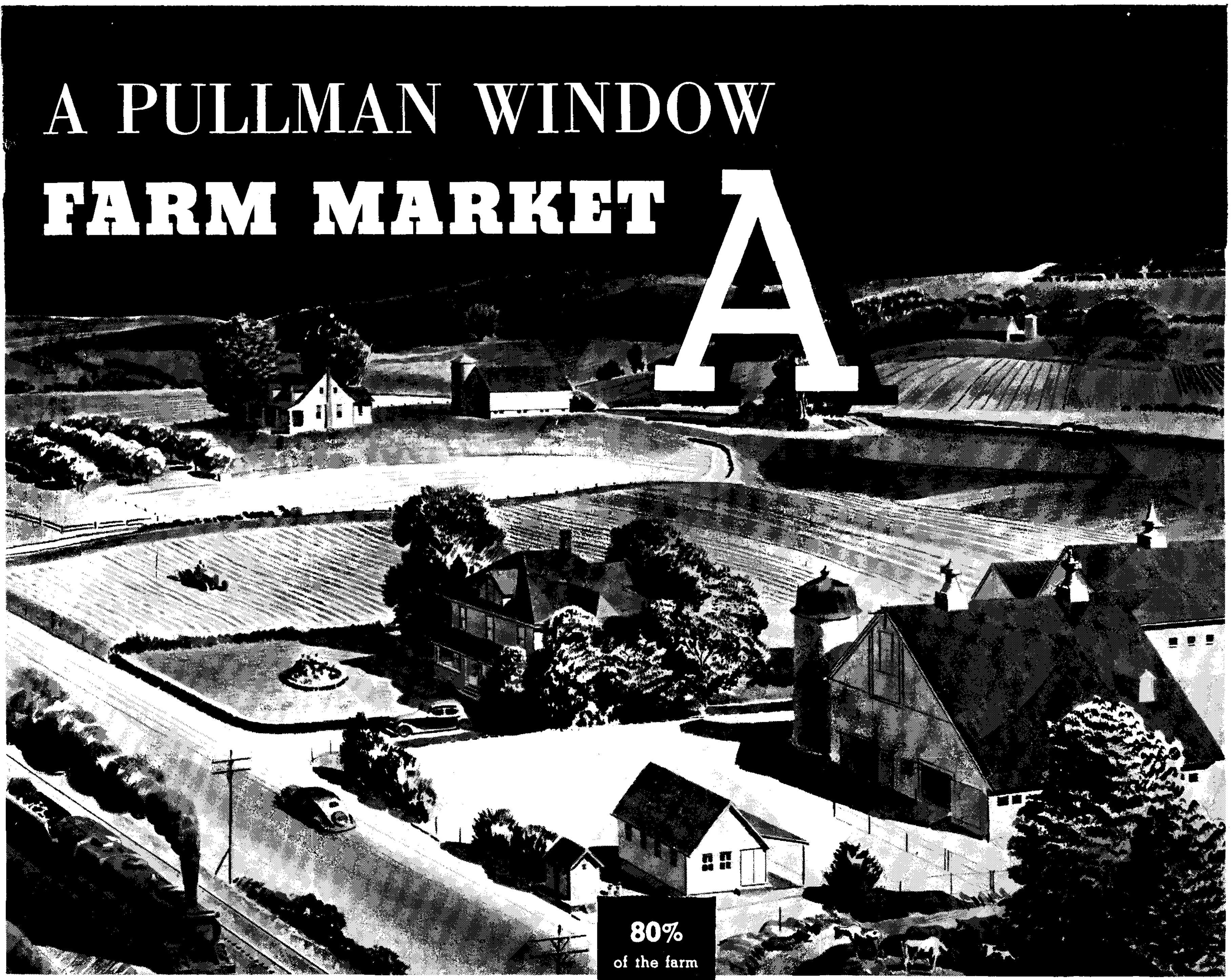

A PULLMAN WINDOW

FARM MARKET A

farmers. For fifty-seven years this great national farm publication has been edited to appeal to the intellect and interests of the better-earning, better-living rural families. It has carefully avoided the rural slums. And today, 91% of its circulation is concentrated in rich Farm Market A. That's why advertisers can count on this magazine to deliver their sales messages direct to the alert, ambitious, keener-minded men and women in every rural district. One test campaign in The Country Home Magazine will convince you of its great buying pull.

80%
of the farm
income is
produced
by
35%
of the farms

DOUBLE THE PULLING POWER
... *HALF THE COST*

Put incomes aside for a moment, and consider just one thing: the cost of reaching every person who reads your advertising. Check through Standard Rate & Data, and you'll find that the cost of advertising in the shears and paste-pot rural magazines averages almost twice as much as The Country Home — whether you compare page rates or milline rates. Add this advantage to the high incomes of Farm Market A. Then add the advantage of the better appearance of your advertising in a well printed magazine, plus its longer life and greater number of readers per copy. Can there be any doubt that you can get the most for your money in Farm Market A?

20%
of the farm income
is produced by
65% of the farms

THE Country Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S · WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE · THE COUNTRY HOME

HURRY! ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT

WIN $1000.00 IN CASH

Gillette Also Awards 60 R C A Victor "Magic Brain" RADIOS AND OTHER PRIZES

RCA VICTOR
"Magic Brain"
Model 243 Handsome Console Grand Cabinet of Walnut Veneers. Value $125.50, including RCA Antenna System. Receives foreign and domestic broadcasts, police calls, aviation signals, etc.

GIVE MAX BAER'S DOG A NAME—

HURRY! Send in your suggestion for a name for Max Baer's wiry little he-dog and win one of these great prizes. The radios awarded each week are the new RCA Victor "Magic Brain" all-wave sets that bring world-wide entertainment into your home. Retail value $125.50 complete with RCA Antenna System. Handsome console grand cabinet of walnut veneers—full vision dial makes short-wave tuning easy. Forty Gillette Aristocrat $4 one piece razors are also awarded weekly. The $1000 Grand Prize goes to the person sending in the name judged best during the entire contest. This contest closes July 20th—so hurry! Read the easy contest rules and enter NOW!

CONTEST RULES

1. Suggest a name for Max Baer's dog. Each name must be accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package. To qualify you must mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased the blades.

2. Each week from June 17th until July 22nd the 10 persons who submit the best names received up to noon Saturday of the preceding week will receive a $125.50 RCA Victor All-Wave 1935 "Magic Brain" Radio including RCA Antenna System.

3. In addition, 40 people submitting the next best names each week will receive a Gillette $4.00 Aristocrat One Piece Razor. At the conclusion of the contest a grand prize of $1,000.00 in cash will be awarded for the name judged to be the most appropriate submitted during the entire contest.

4. Names will be judged for originality, uniqueness and aptness. Judges' decisions are final. No entries returned. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of tie. Everyone is eligible to enter except employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company and their families, or employees of Gillette's advertising agency and their families.

5. Send in as many names as you wish provided each is accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package and the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased the blades. If you use Probak blades (another Gillette product), you may accompany your name suggestion with an empty Probak package. All other rules apply.

6. Winners will be announced every Monday night on Gillette's Max Baer "Lucky Smith" broadcast over WEAF and associated NBC stations coast-to-coast.

7. Hurry! Mail your entry now. Submit as many names as you please but be sure to enclose an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" (or Probak) package with each name. Mail your entry to Gillette Safety Razor Company. Dept. C24, Box 20, Boston, Mass.

Gillette
BLUE
BLADE

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

LISTEN IN! Max Baer, heavyweight fighter, stars every Monday night in Gillette radio drama "Lucky Smith". WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations.

Honeymoon Alone

Continued from page 53

Before Sam could say another word, at the exact moment when both wanted only to whisper together, to stand arm-locked, Terry turned abruptly and ran toward the closed portion of the tea-house. Sam was sufficiently the man to call, "You've dropped one of your sandals," and Terry was woman enough to choke down her sob.

So that was that, Sam thought. He lit another cigarette, finding it utterly tasteless. He ordered more brandy, and thought of getting boiled, but, instead, went inside, to learn that the *jini-san* had already paid the bill, which made him angrier than ever. He strode down the path and wished that the innkeeper would say something which might start an argument. He wanted to punch someone on the nose.

Her trunk, when he marched into her room through the open panels, appeared as if she had pawed into it for something. He spoke to the innkeeper. The white lady, he was informed, had merely gone for a walk, taking with her a small piece of gold-colored cloth, which his eyes told him was all in one piece, with several circles cut from it, and which she had tried to keep out of sight. That was all the innkeeper said; what was there in it to anger and arouse the white man, so that he ran out of the inn? The host scratched his head.

SAM, as he walked in the direction the innkeeper had indicated, thought. "She is going to swim, just to prove that she can get away with it, and that she doesn't give a damn what I say." He walked only until he was out of sight, and then he began to run. Fireflies struck against him. There were probably short cuts, but he dared not take them. When he reached the first of the headlands and saw the swiftly running line of the tide-rip he began to race faster.

The path swooped down, toward a smooth beach of hard white sand. A hundred feet out Sam saw again the ugly rough line of the changing water; saw, in the same instant, a slender body, on which the moon gleamed so that it was silver and gold, poised beside a twisted pine on a black rock.

"Terry," he shouted. "Terry! Don't—"

She neither turned nor waved; she was in the water, a streak of light, and Sam saw her arms rise cleanly, saw bubbles like silver coins on the surface, saw her swim steadily outward. "Terry," he called. "Don't go past those rocks!"

Of course, in the water, she didn't hear him. Sam tore down the path . . . coat off . . . if she kept on going, it wouldn't be funny when she reached the tide-rip . . . shirt off . . . Sam struck the packed sand of the beach so hurriedly that he went sprawling, but even as he hit he was tearing at his shoes.

Fifty panicky strokes in the still dark water. Then Clifford looked up, knowing just what he was going to see. Terry was trying to turn. The fierce rip tide was dragging at her, pulling her off-shore, downward, dragging at her slim body. As if giant hands held her. No wonder that the Japanese believed that some god welcomed dying lovers. A water god.

He swam higher, eyes on the girl. He felt the first horrible drag of the under-tow now.

"Hand on shoulder," Sam snapped. He felt Terry's grasp. "Hold on." He shifted to a slow, powerful breast stroke to get his legs away from the continual pulling of the deadly water. Didn't work. The tide had it on him, too. Without hesitation Sam returned to a desperate rapid crawl, feet kicking high and breaking water as they churned . . . not getting anywhere? . . . or . . . got to increase his stroke somehow . . . dig his hands in . . . harder . . . faster . . .

He couldn't keep it up any longer. He had to keep it up. Terry. Faster. In some way he felt that the grip on his shoulder was relaxing, and fear clutched at him; then he knew that she was swimming beside him. . . .

Standing knee-deep in the water, Sam stormed, "You little idiot! I told you not to swim! I ought to . . ."

Terry was looking at him, and suddenly she was in Sam's arms.

"I . . . I didn't want us to . . . to go out to sea like . . . like unhappy lovers," she whispered. "I wasn't afraid of anything else."

Before Sam could answer, a tremendous cry broke out from the headland path. Japanese from the village, aroused by the innkeeper, were rushing toward the beach, howling, "*Shinju! Shinju!*" as they ran. In no time at all, they were splashing into the water and grabbing at the man and girl, as if preventing them from walking out to the forbidden lovers' death.

Sam shouted, "What fool's talk is this? The *jini-san* forgot the rule and wished to swim. We were coming out of the water before you arrived. She is very sorry she forgot."

"Are we blind?" screamed an excited official. "We saw you standing there, together, preparing to go out to the gods. *Hai!* You still stand side by side. Can you deny it? No! If we had not come—"

Above the terrific din of agreement, Terry cried, "Tell them it was all my fault, Sam."

"Of course it was. And mine. I was rotten at the teahouse. I thought you were just sorry for me."

"I am, Sam. I can be a friend. You haven't said you loved me."

"And," continued the official, "it is therefore necessary, according to regulations, to place you both in jail for having attempted *shinju*." He blinked, because what he had to add did not seem to fit the case of the white girl and man, but, since it was a part of his instructions, continued nevertheless, "You may not be released until a marriage ceremony is performed, after which you must pay a fine and leave the island. . . ."

SAM said slowly, "We don't get out of jail until we're married, darling. That's the law. They'll insist on a ceremony, even though we're supposed to be married already."

"What a nice law," Terry said. "Sam, everyone will insist that I ought to be ashamed of myself, running off with you and catching you on the rebound. *Are* you caught, Sam?"

"Caught? Caught, arrested, going to jail. Do you love me, Terry?"

"I've never been married in jail," said Terry.

Sam said, "It's something you'll never experience any younger. Do you really love me?"

Terry's nose crinkled. She managed to wriggle a hand through the mass of Japanese and find Sam's. "Aren't I going to jail with you?" she demanded. "Isn't that a real test of true love, darling?"

It would be like that, Sam knew, forever. Lovers. And good companions. "Anyhow," Sam grinned, "there isn't any rock pile." He squeezed Terry's fingers. "It's a swell world," said Sam.

"Isn't it?" said Terry.

HOW A FAMOUS SLEUTH TRAILED TAXI DRIVERS–QUIZZED FARMERS, SALESMEN –EVEN SHADOWED POLICEMEN

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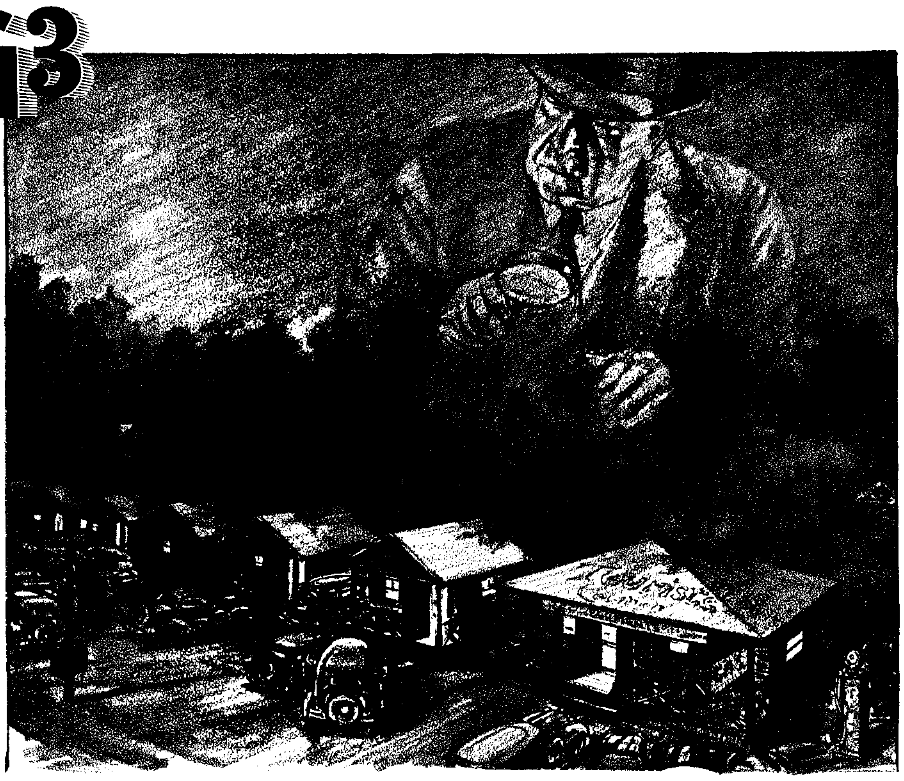
The saga of a spectacular tire hunt—which sent America's pioneer fingerprint expert on a 7,000-mile search for cold-turkey facts—with an ace reporter hot on his heels



(**EDITORIAL NOTE:** *We believe the man who pays out his good money for any product wants to read advertising based on something more than a good imagination and a good dictionary. Guided by this belief, we first introduced the now famous "G-3" All-Weather by presenting evidence of its performance taken straight from Goodyear test-fleet records. Now we carry our search for authentic evidence even farther by hiring a famous former operative from the New York Detective Bureau and present Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission, to find out how this tire is behaving on owners' cars. Here is the true story of what he discovered, written for you by an ace reporter who went along.*)

---

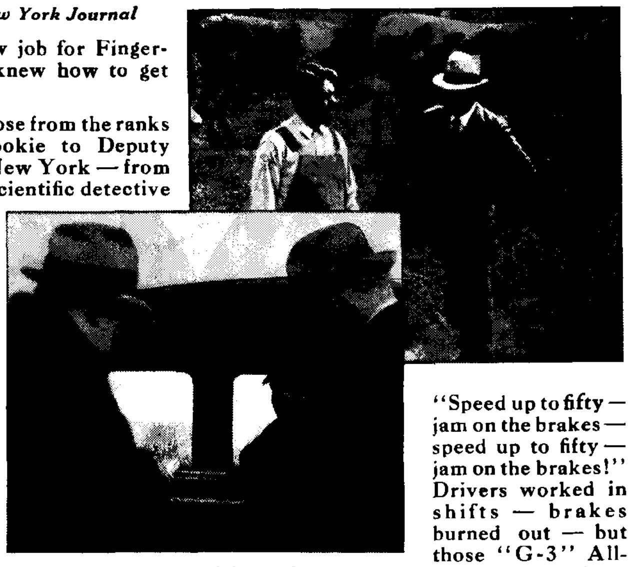
by JAMES CANNON

Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal

TIRE hunting was a new job for Fingerprint Faurot, but he knew how to get the facts.

This famous man-tracker rose from the ranks—from beat-pounding rookie to Deputy Police Commissioner of New York—from uniformed cop to greatest scientific detective of his day—the first man to use fingerprints as evidence in an American court room.

So Goodyear sought out Faurot. They needed a super-sleuth for a daring job. They wanted to put their own tire under suspicion. They wanted to know how in the hands of actual users the famed "G-3" All-Weather was living up to its reputation for giving 43% more safety mileage. They wanted unimpeachable evidence, and Faurot was the man to bring it in.



... quizzed farmers, prowled around tourist camps, cross-examined car owners by the hundred, to get the truth about that famous tire. (Joseph A. Faurot, famous detective, at the right.)

That's how "the case of the "G-3" All-Weather Tire" came to challenge the skill of a great detective—and sent him zigzagging across the country. Tall towers and tumbleweeds—cow country and traffic-knotted streets—boulevards and back yards—byroads and Broadway—he covered them all in the greatest tire hunt in history.

Could any tire match this record?

You may remember how Goodyear "G-3" All-Weathers first made the headlines just about a year ago.

The problem on all tires then—even on Goodyears—was fast tread wear, due to the higher speeds and quicker stops and starts of the nimbler, more powerful new cars.

People wanted longer-wearing tires—and more non-skid safety, too—both of which came down to longer non-skid mileage.

In trying to find the answer, Goodyear even shipped granite grit from desert and mountain districts—made grindstones to test tread toughness.

Rubber smoked and shredded under that punishment. But one design stood out above all others. It was marked with the laboratory symbol "G-3."

And then came the road tests—a round-the-clock third degree on the test fleet.

"Speed up to fifty—jam on the brakes—speed up to fifty—jam on the brakes!" Drivers worked in shifts—brakes burned out—but those "G-3" All-Weathers took it on the chin and came back for more. They beat their own famous predecessors in non-skid mileage by 43%—stood up twice as long as other tires tested against them.

But the question remained, how would this "G-3" All-Weather, despite its magnificent performance under test, stand up under the varying usage it would get in the hands of different drivers.

A full, true and complete answer to this question was Goodyear's demand—so the bold step was taken—and Fingerprint Faurot took up the trail.

Now comes the evidence!

Let's skip the patient hours of checking, shadowing, trailing every "G-3" tire and "G-3" user—and let the records speak for themselves. Here, in the crisply accurate notes of a scientific detective—shorn of everything except bare facts—are typical cases from the notebooks of Inspector Faurot:

Tire No. 35203277K—*one of set, all "G-3" All-Weathers—on light sedan. Spotted on Grand Boulevard, Detroit. Wyoming license number.*

Speedometer reading: *13,475. Tire mileage same. Upon examination of tread, felt slight prickling sensation in fingertips when passed along tire shoulder. Under magnifying glass, tiny slivers in rubber were discovered. Extracted samples, found them to be cactus thorns.*

Statement of owner: *Explained thorns by fact car is used for rabbit hunting, cutting straight across open prairie. Also formerly used Goodyear tires. Drove last set until worn to fabric at 30,000 miles. Refused to estimate comparison between former tires and "G-3."*

Evidence in tire: *Tread shows very slight wear. Mileage now 44% of total received from former tires, and tread still in excellent condition. Non-skid mileage should equal* total *mileage received from former Goodyears.*

Let's try some more

Here are a few, packed down for brevity. Hundreds more like them are now locked in Goodyear's files:

Chicago salesman—*buying new "G-3's" to replace tires of other make on rear wheels. Mileage of "G-3's" on front 22,454 miles. Tread pattern still showing. Mileage of tires replaced 16,000.*

Michigan state police—*radio squad car, travels 24 hours a day. Speeds, 35 to 80 m.p.h. Mileage 20,341. Practically no sign of wear. At least 45% better than former tires.*

Georgia farmer—*mileage 21,113. Tread still so good no accurate comparison is possible of longer non-skid mileage.*

San Francisco credit manager—*mileage 19,501. Travels 15% dirt and gravel roads, 85% paved. Non-skid tread about half gone. Easily 50% better than former tires.*

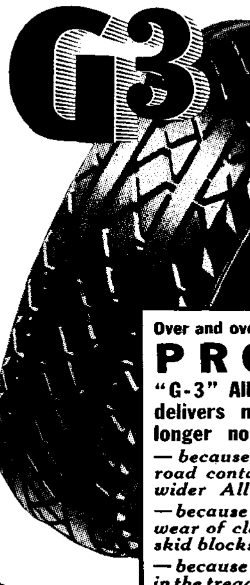
• • •

We let those records speak for themselves.

But one thing is missing to complete the real story of "G-3" All-Weathers—and that is the credit due to Supertwist, that super-resilient, extra-durable ply material inside every Goodyear tire—the one thing which could make this bigger, heavier, wider, flatter "G-3" tread a complete success.

With all their extra miles of safety—with all their added protection from blowouts built in every ply—these great tires *do not cost an extra cent to buy.*

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO



Over and over Faurot's reports

PROVED

"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

—because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread

—because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs

—because of more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire

AND QUICKER STOPPING SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

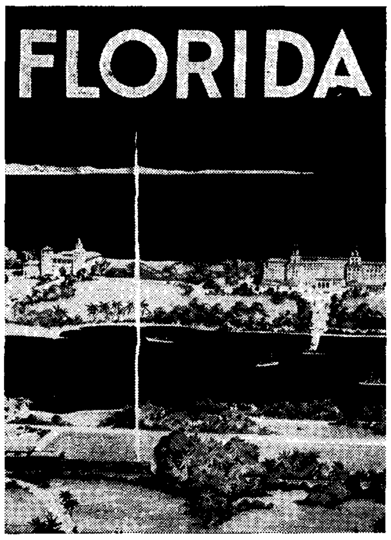
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

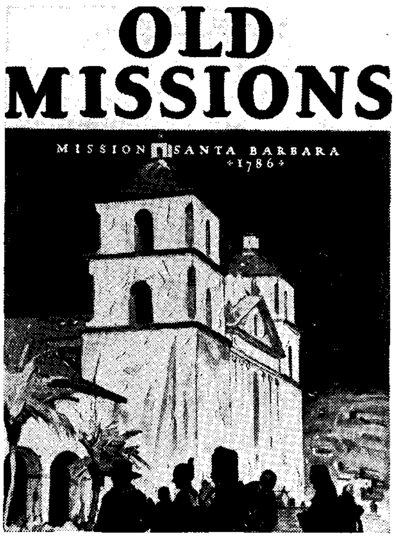
GOODYEAR

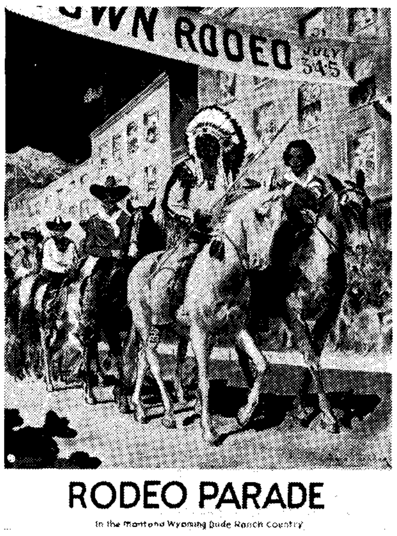
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*






RODEO
RODEO PARADE
In the Montana Wyoming Dude Ranch Country

AROUND
ACROSS
and
OVER
AMERICA

Footloose and Fancy-Free

As a people we are roaming this summer. Railroads, steamships, motorcars and airplanes are moving millions of us hither and yon. Those who have the price patronize elaborate hotels. They who have less put up at the transient camps. The great majority find accommodations suited to taste and purse somewhere between the extreme luxury of the palatial hostelries and the public hospitality of the relief rendezvous. Tens of millions of us are on the move.

Never before has such a migration of people been witnessed. Bad times are receding and as a nation we seem to be celebrating the change in prospect. A very good thing it is to see new faces and new places and to widen the circle of acquaintance. Try as we will our minds refuse to stay closed and our sympathies do broaden.

There is much to see in any kind of journey about the country. If you have the time and the money, take a look at the San Diego Fair. Of course San Diego is a long way off from much of the United States, but travel is pleasant and Southern California has the temperate records to back up the boasts about its celebrated climate.

San Diego's Fair is beautiful even though it does not rival in size Chicago's recent celebration of a Century of Progress. If you are fortunate enough to be able to visit San Diego this summer or autumn, you will treasure the memory of a beautiful display of architecture set in gorgeous country.

You will enjoy the trip, too, however you travel. Those in a hurry and with the price of a ticket may by airplane reach the southwest corner of the United States from almost anywhere else in less than twenty-four hours. Chicago was farther from the Eastern Seaboard in time when the famous World's Fair of 1893 was held.

Whatever means of transportation you employ, unless you walk, offers novelty this summer. The Western railroads are all proud of their air-conditioned trains. You can cross the hot dry spaces, once called the American Desert, with no fear of discomfort. Some of the roads have already in operation the new trains of tremendous speed.

The airlines have their new huge planes which are wonders of ingenious achievement. To cross the continent at a speed of three or even four miles a minute is a sensation not to be missed. You can see a lot of land from the vantage point of a high plane. Rivers, fields and forests take on new aspects. Seen from above, the earth comes to resemble the maps we pored over in schools.

Driving out in your own car or by bus gives the largest opportunity for detailed observation. If you travel by automobile you have the chance to get first-hand information. Excellent roads are ready for you. Thousands of Americans are driving to Mexico City this summer. Fine highways open some of Mexico and most of nearby Canada to American travelers.

Of course it isn't necessary to cross the continent or to go to foreign lands north or south. Wherever we live there are inviting places within easy reach of our automobiles.

One interesting opportunity is to visit the CCC camps and the other relief and public works projects near home or your projected route. Boulder Dam may be somewhat hot for a summer's visit, but the Tennessee Valley operations are located in pleasant mountains in easy reach of most of the South, East and Middle West.

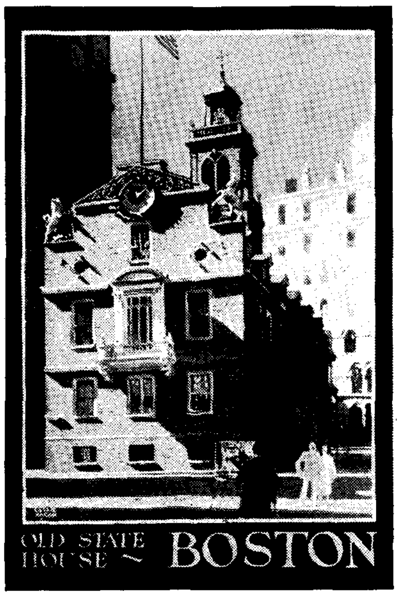
There is much to see in the Tennessee Valley and much to remember and ponder. New efforts are being made there by our national government. Whatever our preconceptions and prejudices, we won't be hurt by knowing in detail what eyes and ears will report on an actual visit.

Everywhere some CCC camp is near at hand. Here is a public activity which so far seems to have evoked general approbation. Look in on the boys and the camp administrators. They will be glad to see you.

Naturally, you don't have to be civic-minded or sociological or even an admirer of Spanish architecture on these trips. There is enjoyment enough in seeing a new city or a new lake or range of hills or bit of shore.

Whatever your special interest, the open road may have something to offer. Certainly it will present the opportunity to see with your own eyes the wholesome stirring throughout the country and the signs of healing and recovery. It will offer the privilege of observing some of the magnificent enterprises which have been undertaken and accomplished during long years of extraordinary difficulties. These achievements will long be a source of pride to all Americans.

More important still, a journey somewhere or almost anywhere breaks the routine of old habits and enables us to bring new zest, new energy and new imagination to the familiar obligations and routine. America is celebrating this summer and in doing so is giving a vote of confidence to the future.



Masterpieces

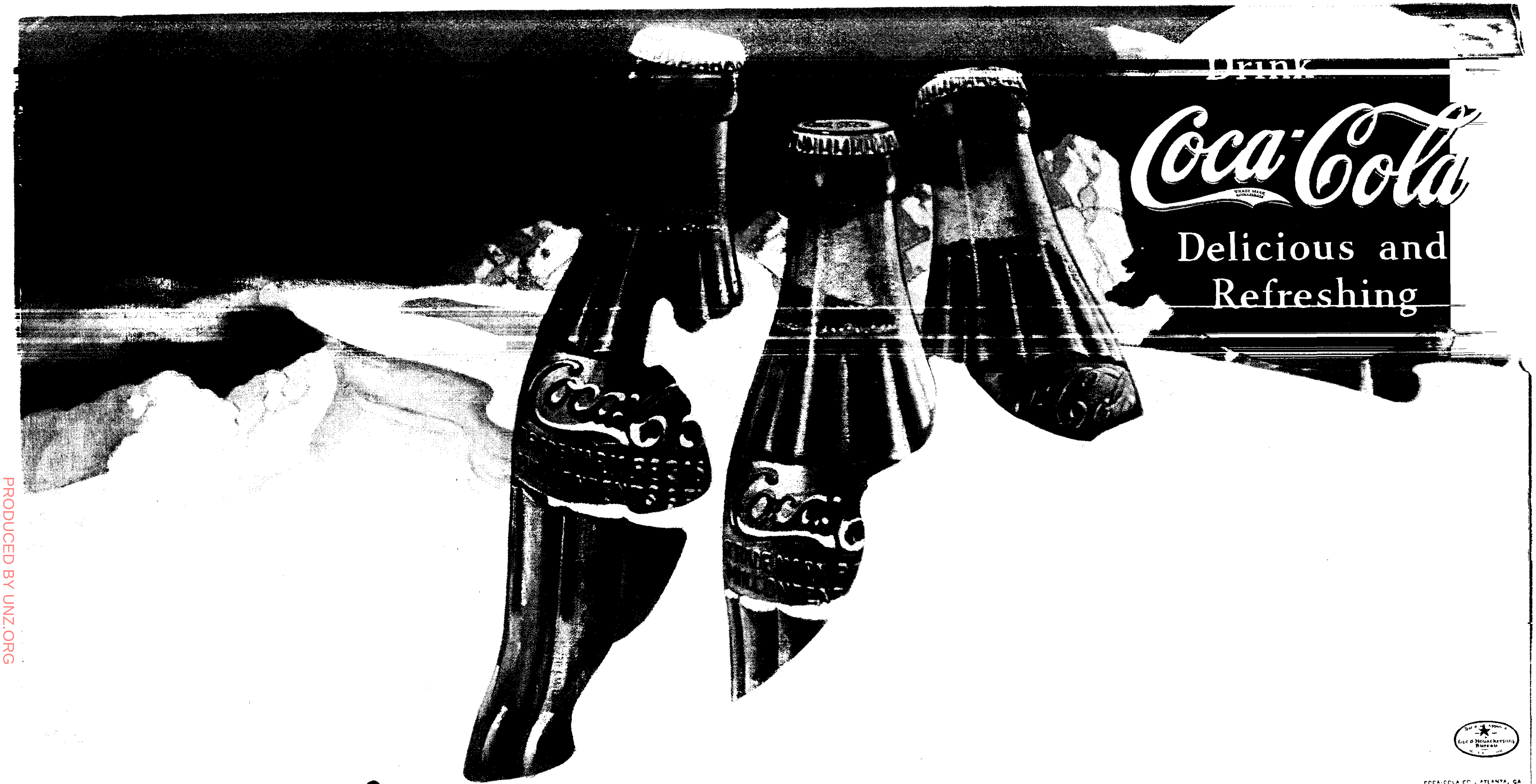
Time can mellow and make famous only the creations of Master Craftsmen + + +

SEAGRAM'S "V. O." AND SEAGRAM'S "83"—CANADIAN WHISKIES
SEAGRAM'S "ANCIENT BOTTLE" STRAIGHT RYE · SEAGRAM'S STRAIGHT BOURBON
PEDIGREE DE LUXE STRAIGHT RYE AND PEDIGREE DE LUXE STRAIGHT BOURBON

Seagram's
Bottled-in-Bond Whiskies

[illegible] CANADIAN GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Seagram's
V.O.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Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA

Ice-cold every day in the year

Days are hot? Coca-Cola is cold,— ice-cold. Weather depressing? Coca-Cola is refreshing,— so refreshing. Heat is everywhere; ice-cold Coca-Cola is around the corner from anywhere. Why wait?

Coca-Cola is a pure drink of wholesome, natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring . . . complying with pure food laws all over the world.

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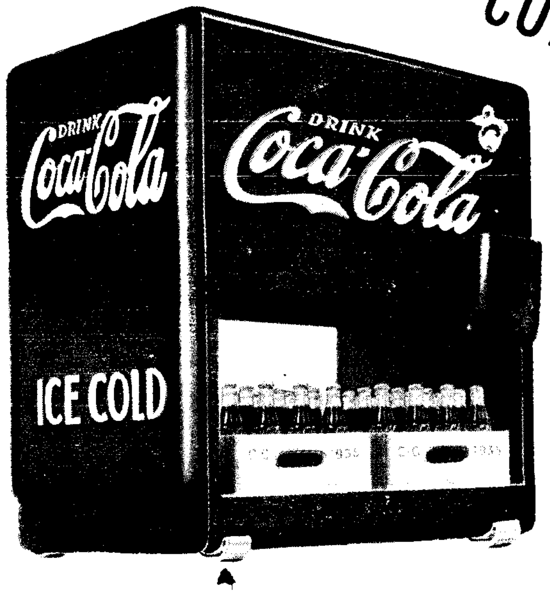
DRINK Coca-Cola
DRINK Coca-Cola
ICE COLD